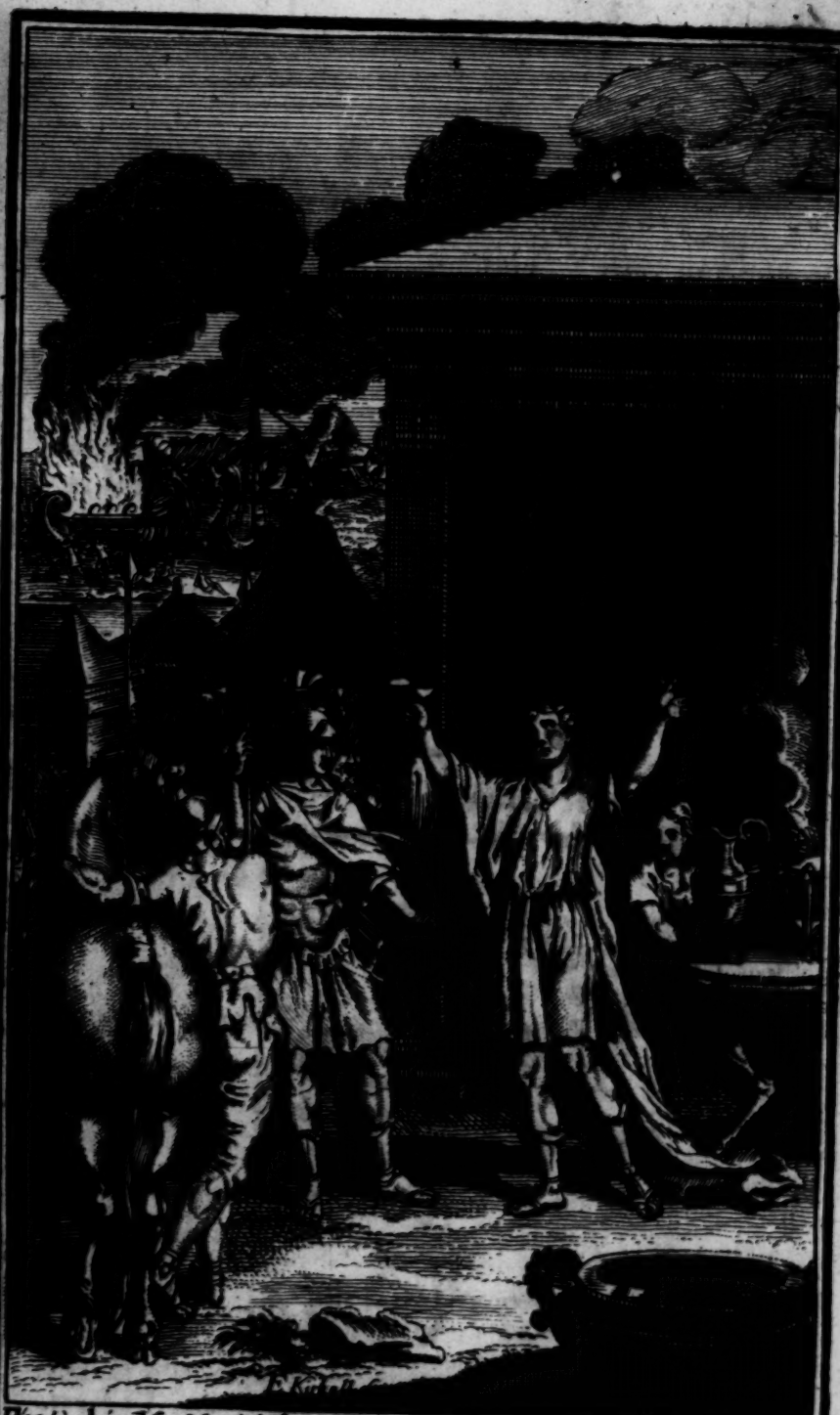


*Patroclus Mov'd with y<sup>e</sup> Misfortunes of y<sup>e</sup> Greeks & having obtain'd leave  
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THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER,  
WITH  
NOTES.  
BY  
*Madam DACIER.*

---

Done from the *French* by  
Mr. OLDISWORTH,  
And by him compar'd with the *Greek*.

---

Illustrated with Twenty Six CUTS, by  
the best Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates,  
design'd by CORPEL.

---

VOL. IV.

---

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the  
*Cross-Keys*, between the Two *Temple-Gates*.

M DCC XII.

THE  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
HOMER  
WITH  
NOTES  
BY

Madame D. C. E. R.



Done from the original by

M. O. L. D. I. S. W. O. R. T. H.

And of the comparison with the Greek.

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V O L. IV.

L O N D O N.

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the  
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M DCCXII.

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.



**P**atroclus, afflicted at the Misfortune of the Greeks, presents himself before Achilles with Eyes drown'd in Tears to endeavour to soothe him, begging that he would send him in his stead, and send him his Arms and Troops. Achilles, who sees the Enemy's Fire already approaching towards his Ships, grants his Request, and gives him his Orders, which are, to content himself with saving the Ships, and not to push his Advantages further. Patroclus arms himself, whilst Automedon prepares Achilles's Chariot for him, and whilst Achilles himself presses his Troops to arm themselves. This done, and they being rang'd under their Chieftains, Achilles makes to them a short and lively Speech, and before he sends them he makes Libations to Jupiter, and accompanies his Libations with a Prayer. Patroclus, at the Head of these Thessalian Bands, pours  
A 2  
upon



# ARGUMENT.

upon the Trojans, who, taking him for Achilles, are presently put into Disorder. Hector's Horses run away with him: Sarpedon, General of the Lycians, is kill'd by Patroclus, and his Death is attended by a Shower of Blood: Great struggling between the Trojans and Greeks for that Hero's Body. The Trojans are at length put to Flight. Patroclus, forgetting Achilles's Orders, pursues them to their very Walls, which he won'd have forc'd had not Apollo himself repuls'd him. Hector, re-animated by that God, marches against Patroclus. The Battle begins again with fresh Fury. Patroclus thrice charges the Trojans with horrible Execution. The fourth time he is disarm'd by Apollo, wounded by Euphorbus, and at last kill'd by Hector, who insults him with opprobrious Language. Patroclus, dying, returns the Affronts with a Haughtiness and Grandeur of Spirit worthy of Achilles's Friend, and foretels the Death of his Enemy, who laughs at his Prophecy.



THE



THE  
ILLIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

---

BOOK XVI.

---



**W**HILST *Greeks and Trojans*  
fought with equal Rage, A-  
round the Ship of fam'd *Pro-*  
*tefilas*; *Patroclus* to *Achilles*  
weeping came: His Eyes a  
Torrent pour'd of gushing  
Tears Down his wet Cheeks,  
as when some Fountain sheds Continual Riv-  
lets (a) from a shelving Rock. Touch'd with

(a) *From a shelving Rock*] *Proteus* gave *Homer* this I-  
'Tis the large Stature of *Pa-* *idea*.



# 6 THE ILIAD BOOK XVI.

the fight, *Achilles*, the Gods Off-spring, Preventing, thus bespake his Mournful Friend.  
 " Dearest *Patroclus*! whence these Childish  
 " Tears? (b) So weeps the tender Infant  
 " so pursues Her Mother, hanging on her  
 " Gown, and begs Safe Refuge in her Arms  
 " with soft Intreaty, And humid Eyes. Dost  
 " thou some Message bring, Of fatal Issue to  
 " my Troops or me? Hast thou some secret  
 " News from *Phthia* heard? Surely *Menæti*  
 " lives, and my Great Sire *Peleus*, tho' aged,  
 " sways his Realm in Safety. (c) A Loss  
 " like this would melt me too to Tears. Or  
 " dost thou weep, because the Perjur'd *Greeks*  
 " Are justly slain, and to their Ships retire?  
 " Speak freely, let thy Friend thy Sorrows  
 " Share. (d) Then Generous *Patroclus* thus  
 " reply'd. *Achilles*, Son of *Peleus*, Flow'r of  
 " Greece, (e) Reproach me not: My Coun-

(b) So weeps the tender Infant, &c.] This Comparison naturally represents the Posture of *Patroclus*, who standing near *Achilles*, with his Eyes fix'd upon him, weeps without daring to tell the Occasion of his Tears. This is what furnish'd *Homer* with the Idea of a young Girl, who follows her Mother, &c.

(c) A Loss like this would melt me too to Tears.] *Achilles*, as much a Hero and Goddess's Son as he is, does not fail to shew the Tenderness he has for his Father, who was only a Mortal Man.

(d) Then generous *Patroclus*.] This Apostrophe does very well here; it shews the Sentiments *Homer* has of *Patroclus*, and makes appear that those great Men after their Deaths were look'd upon as Living. We have elsewhere spoke of this.

(e) Reproach me not.] *Achilles* has just said to *Patroclus*, Weep you to see the *Greeks* upon their Ships Destroy'd? and as that is the only true Reason of his Tears, *Patroclus* begins his Discourse by it, Reproach not my Tears. This is what p<sup>u</sup>

try claims my Tears, For all her bravest  
 Heroes are retreated; (f) Prudent *Ulysses*,  
*Agamemnon*, *Diomed*; Droop with their  
 Wounds: *Euryppylus* was smit Deep in the  
 Thigh, and bleeds afresh beneath The Artist's  
 Hand: whilst You inexorable Indulge a Pas-  
 sion that ne'er reach'd my Breast. (g) Why  
 is your Rage spent in your Country's  
 Wrong? For whom, if not for *Greece*, do  
 you reserve Your Fury and your Strength?  
 Relentless Man! 'Twas not a Goddess, nor  
 the Hero *Peleus* That gave you Birth: your  
 Parent was the Ocean, Untam'd and raging,  
 and the Rocks your Nurses, From whom  
 you learn'd that Fierceness in your Mind.  
 If Omens or Predictions keep you back, Or  
 if your Mother, in the Name of *Jove*, Has  
 warn'd you from the Combat: Let me fill  
 Your Station, and command your Troops to

*μῦθος* signifies, and nor  
 preserve no Resentment against  
 the Greeks. *Patroclus* was  
 not so imprudent as to be-  
 gin in that Manner; there  
 was need of something more  
 Insinuating. This Speech is ve-  
 ry cunning and very pathetic.

(f) Prudent *Ulysses*, *Agamemnon*.] *Patroclus* In speak-  
 ing of the Wounded, takes  
 care not to name *Agamem-  
 non* first, lest that odious  
 Name striking *Achilles*'s Ear  
 on a sudden, shou'd shut it  
 against the rest of his Dis-  
 course: Neither does he put  
 it last, for fear *Achilles*

dwelling upon it should fall  
 into a Passion, but he slides  
 it into the middle, mixing  
 and confounding it, if I may  
 so say, with the rest, so that  
 it may roul on without be-  
 ing taken too much Notice  
 of, and that the Names  
 which precede and follow it  
 may diminish the Hatred it  
 might excite. Wherefore he  
 does not so much as accom-  
 pany it with an Epithet.

(g) Why is your Rage spent  
 in your Country's Wrong.] The  
 Greek says all this in one  
 Word, viz. ἀναστήν. *Anastēn*,  
 is a Term compos'd of

" follow, Where I shall lead them; I perhaps  
 " may bring (b) A Ray of Comfort to the  
 " Greeks Distress'd. Lend me your Arms; and  
 " the Victorious Trojans, Mistaking the Dis-  
 " guise, may think *Achilles* Is to the Field re-  
 " turn'd, and so retire, And give some Re-  
 " spite to our weary'd Men, Spent with Fa-  
 " tigue, and wanting time to breathe. I and  
 " your *Myrmidons*, a fresh Reserve, With ease  
 " may drive them from our Fleet and Camp.

Thus spake *Patroclus*, and with warm In-  
 treaty Insisted on the Grant. Vain headless  
 Youth! Who asks for Death, and pleads his  
 own Destruction. To him *Achilles*, with a  
 Sigh, reply'd: " My Dear *Patroclus*, with  
 " your Words you wound me. No Omens  
 " nor Predictions keep me back: Nor has my  
 " Mother, by Command from *Jove*, With-held  
 " me from the Combat, but Resentment Con-  
 " ceiv'd at Him, who Haughty, as he is, A-  
 " busing his just Pow'r, has ravish'd from me  
 " The sweet Reward of all my Toils in  
 " War; Hence all the Grief and Rage that  
 " rend my Soul: That Princess, whom the  
 " Greeks, to crown my Valour, Allotted me,  
 " the Purchase of my Arms, And a long

Praise and Blame, as if we  
 shou'd say *unhappily Great*.  
 There is nothing more hor-  
 rible than being great only  
 by the Misfortunes of Man-  
 kind.

(b) A Ray of Comfort to the  
 Greeks distress'd. ] *Patroclus*

speaks here of himself with  
 a Modesty natural to him,  
 and which *Nestor* had taught  
 him in the eleventh Book.  
 He says, *One Ray of Light*,  
 for there is none but *Achil-*  
*les* who can be truly the  
 Light of the Greeks.

" Siege.

“Siege, (i) this Tyrannizing Man Detains,  
 “(k) and treats me like a Vagabond: But I  
 “pass o’er my Wrongs, nor think it just To  
 “harbour endless Anger and Revenge: E’er  
 “this I had relented, and appear’d In Arms,  
 “if to my Ships the Foe had push’d Their  
 “Battle, and provok’d me to the War. (l)  
 “Mean time, take you mine Arms, and lead  
 “my Men Forth to the Field; the *Trojans*  
 “like a Cloud Hover around our Fleet; the  
 “winding Shore Hems in our *Greeks*, nor  
 “gives them room to fight: The City pours  
 “its numerous Forces out, All confident of  
 “Victory, (m) because They do not see my  
 “shining Crest erect, As once it glitter’d.  
 “Would the Haughty King Relent, and treat

(i) *This Man.*—] He calls  
*Agamemnon, This Man*; he  
 cou’d not resolve to utter  
 his Name till he had shewn  
 his Contempt of him.

(k) *And treats me like a  
 Vagabond.*] The Greek says,  
*ὁσὲν τις ἀλμυρὸν περὶ  
 τῆς πατρίδος*, is a Man  
 who has left his Coun-  
 try, and who wanders from  
 Town to Town. This sort  
 of People was very much  
 disdain’d, they were look’d  
 upon as Wretches who cou’d  
 not endure their Country,  
 or whom their Country cou’d  
 not endure. See what is re-  
 mark’d on the IXth Book,  
 where *Achilles* has already  
 us’d the same Comparison!

(l) *Mean time take you  
 mine Arms.*] *Achilles* very  
 well preserves his Character  
 of Inexorable, even when he  
 lets himself be prevail’d up-  
 on, and when he yields to  
 what is desir’d of him, he  
 takes care to shew that he  
 does not surrender himself  
 to Prayers; he yields because  
 Wrath cannot be eternal, and  
 because he promis’d to re-  
 nounce it when Danger shou’d  
 approach.

(m) *Because they do not see  
 my shining Crest.*] As if the  
 sole Brightness of his Arms  
 wou’d put the *Trojans* to  
 flight. This great Idea which  
*Achilles* thereby gives of him-  
 self is not ill founded, since



me decently, e'er this (n) I would have  
fill'd the Rivers with the Slain, And soon  
dispers'd the Troops that now encompass  
Our vanquish'd Greeks. I look in vain to  
find Brave *Diomed* amidst the Rout, (o)  
whose Spear Succours our Men, and deals  
Destruction round: (p) Nor do I hear the  
most distressed Voice Of *Atreus* Son, whilst  
*Hector* calls aloud, And bids his Soldiers  
follow to the Slaughter! They shout, and  
drive our Armies o'er the Plain. (q) Haste  
then *Patroclus*, save our Ships from Fire,  
Preserve our Fleet, nor let us lose the  
Hope Of seeing Greece again: Take my  
Advice, Attempt not *Hector's* Valour; on

what he says will soon come  
to pass.

(n) I would have fill'd the  
Rivers, &c.] This too will  
soon happen; You need only  
see the XXIst Book, where  
*Xanthus* says to *Achilles*:  
My Bed is so filled with dead  
Bodies that my Current is no  
longer free, &c.

(o) Whose Spear succours  
our Men, and deals Destruction  
round.] Why does *Achil-  
les* speak thus of *Diomed*, and  
only to shew that with all  
his Valour he is not capable  
of saving the Greeks? 'tis to  
revenge himself for the con-  
temptuous Speeches *Diomed*  
had made of him, in saying  
to *Agamemnon* after the Em-  
bassy, at the End of the IXth  
Book: I wish to God that you

had never prostituted to *Pele-  
us's* haughty Son your Prayers  
and Gifts. *Achilles* was in-  
form'd of it, and remembers it.

(p) Nor do I hear the most  
distressed Voice, &c.] This is  
a bitter Investive against *A-  
gamemnon*, whom he accuses  
of Cowardice because he  
does not come to animate  
the Troops: But he is woun-  
ded; no matter; the Gene-  
ral, in the Extremity to which  
the Greeks were reduc'd, ought  
to die at their Head.

(q) Haste then *Patroclus*,  
save our Ships from Fire.]  
'Tis not to save the Greeks  
that *Achilles* sends *Patroclus*  
to the Battle with his Arms,  
'tis for fear the *Trojans* shou'd  
burn his Ships, and so cut  
off his Return.

“ the

" the Rest Thou may'st without Distinction  
 " deal thy Courage. Thus shalt thou win  
 " new Glory for thy Friend, Amongst the  
 " *Grecian* Chiefs, and force the King (r) To  
 " yield my Lovely Prize, and bring me Pre-  
 " sents: Only observe my Orders, (s) and  
 " Retire, When you have forc'd the *Trojans*  
 " from our Fleet; And if Great *Jove* should  
 " crown you with Success, Uncommon and  
 " Surprising, yet be temperate, Nor without  
 " me presume to lead the Troops, Least with  
 " some rash Attempt (t) you shame your  
 " Friend. Beware how with the Victory e-  
 " late, And flush'd with Slaughter, you pursue  
 " the Foe Quite to their Walls: Perhaps some  
 " God descending May bring them Aid; *A-*  
 " *pollo* is their Friend: But when the Fleet is  
 " safe, retreat in Time, And leave both sides  
 " to skirmish on the Plain. Ye Gods, *Jove*,  
 " *Pallas*, and *Apollo*, grant, That neither  
 " *Greeks* nor *Trojans* may this Day, Protect-

(r) To yield my lovely  
 Prize. — ] But this is  
 what the *Greeks* have alrea-  
 dy offered to do, and which  
 he has refus'd; This then is  
 an Inequality in *Achilles's*  
 Manner? Not at all. *Achil-*  
*les* is still ambitious; when  
 he refus'd these same Pre-  
 sents, the *Greeks* were not  
 slow enough, he wou'd not  
 receive them till they were  
 reduc'd to the last Extremi-  
 ty, and till he was suffici-

ently reveng'd by their Los-  
ses.

(s) And retire, &c.] *A-*  
*chilles* wou'd neither have  
*Patroclus* gain too great a Vi-  
 ctory, nor perish in the Bat-  
 tle, as he fear'd it wou'd  
 happen, if he shou'd give the  
*Trojans* time to know that it  
 was not *Achilles* that fought,  
 but *Patroclus* in *Achilles's* Ar-  
 mour.

(t) Thou shames your Friend.]  
*Achilles* says to *Patroclus*,



"ed by your Pow'r, be sav'd from Death, (u)  
 "But both together undistinguish'd fall; Only  
 "permit *Patroclus* and *Achilles* To live, till  
 "they lay waste the Walls of *Troy*.

With Words like these the Friends each o-  
 ther greeted: Mean while, unable to sustain  
 the Combat, *Ajax* grew faint, oppress'd with  
 Show'rs of Darts: *Jove* had declar'd against  
 him, and inforc'd The *Trojans*, pressing on him  
 from all Sides. His glitt'ring Helmet rung at  
 every Blow, Nor could its well-wrought  
 Frame endure the Shock Of thick redoubled  
 Strokes: His manly Shoulders Sunk under-  
 neath his pondrous Shield: Yet still He kept  
 his Ground, nor could the *Trojans* move him:  
 Still he maintain'd the Fight, tho' with short  
 Breath His Valiant Bosome heav'd, and down  
 his Limbs The trickling Sweat descended; no

Too shame your Friend, whe-  
 ther you be Victor or Van-  
 quish'd: By the former, you  
 will cause that the *Greeks*,  
 having no more need of my  
 Arm, will not render me  
 my Captive, nor try any  
 more to appease me by  
 Presents: By the latter, you  
 will leave my Arms in the  
 Enemy's Hands, and I shall  
 be upbraided with your  
 Death.

(u) But both together un-  
 distinguish'd fall.] This is a  
 Sentiment worthy of *Achilles*;  
 he hates the *Greeks* as much  
 as the *Trojans*, and he alone

would have the Glory of  
 sacking *Troy*. We thereby  
 see, as I have already said,  
 that it is not necessary for  
 the Hero of a Poem to be a  
 Moral Good Man, for such  
 a Man would never be guilty  
 of a Wish of that Nature.  
*Achilles* is a vicious Hero,  
 but one whose Vices are hid  
 under the Brightness of an  
 extraordinary Valour. Some  
 ancient Critics, who were for  
 retrenching these Imprecations  
 as too violent, shew'd  
 plainly, that they did not  
 in the least understand either  
*Achilles's* Manners, or Ho-

Relief

Relief No Respite could he find, whilst Foes  
 on Foes Press'd on him, and refus'd him  
 Time to breathe. Ye Muses, Offspring of the  
 Gods, inspire me, To tell, how first the Trojan  
 Flames assaulted The Grecian Fleet. *Hector*,  
 who much disdain'd To meet such stout Re-  
 sistance, with his Sword Struck *Ajax* Spear,  
 and cut the well-made Point From the smooth  
 Staff, which yet the Hero brandish'd Useless,  
 unfit for War; it's better Part Lay on the  
 Ground: At length (w) he saw and own'd  
 The Partial Gods, for *Jove* oppos'd his Va-  
 lour, And gave the Vict'ry to the Trojan Side,  
 Then from th' unequal Fight in time with-  
 drew. Mean while the Trojans to the Ship  
 apply'd Their Hostile Fires, which spread their  
 wild Contagion, And gain'd the Deck: Which  
 when *Achilles* saw, He smote his Knees, and  
 calling to *Patroclus*, Thus urg'd him to the  
 War: "(x) Make haste, my Friend, For see the  
 "Trojan Fires surround our Fleet, And leave  
 "us in despair of seeing Greece: Arm Instant-  
 "ly, whilst I the Troops assemble.

mer's Wit. See *Eustathius's*  
 Remark. p. 147.

(w) He saw and own'd  
 the partial Gods. How well  
 is this Character of *Ajax*  
 sustain'd! That Hero has the  
 Trojans and *Jupiter* against  
 him, nevertheless he does  
 not give Way till his Spear  
 is broken, and even in this  
 Condition, *Homer*, to favour  
 him, weighs his Words, and

does not say, he retir'd, he  
 flew, but he remov'd himself  
 from the Shafes: *ἤλαττο*  
*αὐτὸν*.

(x) Make haste, my Friend.]  
 The sight of the Flames does  
 more with *Achilles* than all  
 the Prayers and Supplications  
 of his Friends. This Event  
 is prepar'd with a great deal  
 of Art and Probability.

He

He spake, and soon *Patroclus* clad himself  
 In Shining Brass, (y) about his Legs he ty'd  
 His well-shap'd Buskins, with bright Silver  
 button'd: His Breast-plate was (z) with vari-  
 ous Colours painted, And stuck with Stars of  
 Gold: His Shoulders bore, Hung in a Belt,  
 his Sword, with Silver studded: His Shield  
 was Brass, solid and ponderous; And on his  
 Head he fix'd the massy Helmet, Crested with  
 Horse-Hair, waving terribly. Two Javelins  
 fitted to his Strength he bore, (a) Unable  
 well to poise *Achilles'* Spear, Strong, Large,  
 and Heavy, which no other Greek, Besides its  
 Master, could presume to wield: Old *Chiron*  
 cut it from the Top of *Pelion*, And gave it to  
 his Pupil, who should dye The massy Point  
 in many a Hero's Blood.

Mean while *Automedon*, by his Command,  
 Whom more than all the *Myrmidons* he lov'd,

(y) About his Legs he ty'd  
 his well-shap'd Buskins. ] Ho-  
 mer does not amuse himself  
 here to describe these Arms  
 of *Achilles* at length, for  
 besides that the Time permits  
 it not, he reserves this De-  
 scription for the New Arms  
 which *Thetis* shall bring that  
 Hero, a Description that he  
 will place in a more quiet  
 Moment, and which will  
 give him all the Leisure of  
 making it, without forcing  
 any thing.

(z) With various Colours  
 painted, &c. ] The two Greek

words, ποικίλον, ἀσπρίντα  
 may admit another significa-  
 tion. ποικίλον may signify on  
 which divers Figures were  
 grav'd, and ἀσπρίντα may  
 simply be put for shining as  
 the Stars, and so *Eustathius*  
 has explain'd it.

(a) Unable well to poise  
*Achilles'* Spear. ] *Eustathius*  
 observes, that if *Vulcan* cou'd  
 have made a Spear as he did  
 the other Arms of *Achilles*,  
*Homer* wou'd not have fail'd  
 to have given it *Patroclus*;  
 but *Vulcan*, being only a  
 Smith, cou'd not give A-

Next

Next to *Achilles* self, for much he priz'd His  
Courage, which in Battle ne'er drew back,  
Nor left his Friends expos'd, the Chariot har-  
nass'd, And join'd the Warlike Steeds, *Xan-  
thus* and *Belius*, Whose nimble Heels out-ran  
the fleeting Winds; (b) A Harpye was their  
Parent, nam'd *Podarge*, Bred near the Ocean,  
and their Sire was *Zephyr*: (c) Then to the  
Spring-Tree Bar put *Pedafus*, Made Captive  
when *Achilles* slew *Estian*, Who tho' of Mor-  
tal Race, was not unequal To those descend-  
ed of a Heav'nly Breed.

Nor was *Achilles* unemploy'd, but march'd  
From Tent to Tent, and rous'd his *Myrmi-  
dons* To Arms: (d) As when the Wolves  
have chas'd a Stag, And slain him on the

*chilles* another Spear; where-  
fore the Poet finds a likely  
Reason for reserving this, and  
keeping it for *Achilles*.

(b) A Harpye was their  
Parent, nam'd *Podarge*, &c.]  
*Hom*er having just said that  
these Horses were as swift  
as the Winds, it brought in  
this Idea, that they were  
born of *Zephyr*, and a Harpye  
call'd *Podarge*, that is to say  
of a sort of Mares famous  
for their Swiftnes, and which  
ran as if they had Wings;  
for the Ancients call'd cer-  
tain wing'd Monsters *Har-  
pyes*, and from thence that  
Name has been given to e-  
very thing that flies or runs  
with an extream Rapidity.

Tempests and Whirlwinds  
have been call'd *Harpyes*.

(c) Then to the Spring-tree  
Bar put *Pedafus*.] Here is a  
Chariot drawn by 3 Horses,  
but it must be remember'd  
that in these Chariots of  
the Ancients, the additional  
Horses were not before the  
Wheel-Horses, as now-a-days,  
but sideways on the same  
line.

(d) As when the Wolves  
have chas'd a Stag, and slain  
him, &c.] One wou'd think  
that the Soldiers of *Achilles*,  
who for several Days had  
done nothing but fight after  
Combats, ought rather to  
be compar'd to hungry  
Wolves, than to Wolves

Mountains,



Mountains, gorg'd with Blood, They form  
 a Troop, and to the Springs repair To quench  
 their Heat, then from their sparkling Eyes E-  
 mit fresh Flames, the Marks of Inward Fury:  
 In such Array, all eager for the Fight, The  
*Myrmidons* embattled by their Chiefs, Assem-  
 bled, with *Patroclus* at their Head. *Achilles*  
 view'd them, and his Orders gave, And Horse  
 and Foot encourag'd in their March. When  
 first to *Troy* he came, with *Jove's* Protection,  
 His Fleet was Fifty Ships, each Vessel Mann'd  
 With Fifty Soldiers, (e) led by Five Command-  
 ers, Of most approv'd Fidelity and Courage.

Valiant *Menesthius*, with a Breast-plate arm'd  
 Of divers Colours, led the first Battalions:  
 The River *Sperchius* was his Sire, descended  
 From *Jove* himself: His Mother *Polydora*, From  
*Peleus* sprung, and by a God admir'd; This  
 was his Real Lineage, (f) but he pass'd For  
*Borus'* Son, who with large Presents won,  
 And publickly espous'd that Lovely Princess.

that had already asswag'd  
 their Hunger: But *Homer*  
 means to render the Com-  
 parison more new, more re-  
 markable, and even more  
 strong: for it's said that  
 Wolves can with more ease  
 bear Hunger than Thirst;  
 the Prey they have devour'd  
 only encrease their Droughts,  
 and they run with more Ar-  
 dor to the Springs to quench  
 it. This renders the Image  
 livelier.

(e) Led by five Comman-

ders.] Each Body had 500  
 Men in it.

(f) But he pass'd for *Bo-  
 rus' Son.*] Several have been  
 deceiv'd in this Passage by  
 taking *Sperchius* and *Borus*  
 for the same. *Passerat* has  
 made the same Mistake in  
 the third Book of *Apollod.*  
*Peleus*, says he, marry'd *An-  
 tigena* *Eurytion's* Daughter,  
 by whom he had *Polydora*,  
 whom the River *Sperchius*  
 surnam'd *Borus* Son of *Perieres*  
 took to Wife, of whom was

Renown'd

Renown'd *Endorus* led the second Troop,  
 Fair *Polymele's* Son, expert in Dancing: Whom  
 as she sported at *Diana's* Feast, Swift *Mercury*  
 beheld, and seeing lov'd; Then when the  
 Sports were done, (g) up to her Chamber  
 He went, and won her to his Bed: The God-  
 dess *Ilithyia*, who presides o'er teeming Ma-  
 trons, Assisted her, and brought *Endorus* forth,  
 Swift in the Race, and Valiant in the Com-  
 bat; Not knowing this, *Echecles Actor's* Son  
 Espous'd her, rich in Nuptial Gifts and Pre-  
 sents, Whilst *Polymele's* Father, good old  
*Phylas*, Receiv'd her Son *Endorus* to his Care,  
 And brought him up, and lov'd him as his  
 Own.

The Third Troop was Commanded by *Pi-  
 sander*, The Valiant Son of *Maimalus*, re-  
 nown'd For wielding well the Lance; no  
*Myrmidon*, Except *Patroclus*, match'd him at  
 that Weapon.

Old *Phoenix* was Commander of the Fourth,  
 Than whom the Age no better Horseman  
 knew.

*Alcimedon*, *Laerces* valiant Offspring, Head-  
 ed the Fifth, and led them to the Field.

born Menesthius. He shou'd  
 have said, Polydora whom  
 the River Sperchius lov'd se-  
 cretly, convers'd with, and by  
 whom he had Menesthius,  
 who pass'd for the Son of Bo-  
 rus, Perieres' Son. Who e-  
 ver said that the River Sper-  
 chius was Son of Perieres?

(g) Up to her Chamber,  
 &c.] In Greece the Apart-  
 ment of the Virgins was al-  
 ways at the top of the House,  
 that they might be the fur-  
 ther from all Commerce; but  
 that did not always succeed,  
 as is seen by this Example.  
 The *Lacedemonians* call'd

These



These when *Achilles* had survey'd, and  
form'd The Order of the Battle : He bespake  
His Troops, and thus encourag'd to the Fight.

“(b) Ye *Myrmidons* ! remember how you  
“ threaten'd The *Trojans*, when on Shipboard  
“ safe you lay, Detain'd by my Resentment  
“ from the Battle : How often you reproach'd  
“ me, Angry Man, Sure you were fed with  
“ your own Mother's Gall ! Implacable *A-*  
“ *chilles* ! to Forbid Your willing Troops the  
“ Field. Remit your Anger, Or let us in  
“ our Ships return to *Greece*. These were  
“ your Words, and your Desires are heard :  
“ The Day is come that calls you forth  
“ to Fight ; See an Occasion offers, as you  
“ wish'd, To try your Courage, and convince  
“ the *Trojans*, What Dangers they have shunn'd  
“ whilst you were Idle.

With Words like these he rous'd his Soldi-  
ers Valour ; And, as he spake, the Ranks to  
hear him clos'd, And wedg'd each other in :  
(i) As when the Builder Cements the fitted  
Stones, compact and solid, Defensive against  
Winds and Storms : So close The firm Batta-  
lions knit themselves together, And joyning

these high Apartments &c.,  
and as this Word also signifies  
Eggs, it is likely that it was  
this that gave occasion to the  
Fable of *Helen's* Birth, who  
is said to be born of an  
Egg.

(b) Ye *Myrmidons* remem-  
ber how you threaten'd, &c.]  
This Speech of *Achilles* is

very eloquent and nervous.  
It is a military Harangue wor-  
thy of *Achilles*.

(i) As when the Builder,  
&c.] *Homer* compares these  
well compacted Battalions  
to a great Edifice whose  
Stones are so well fasten'd,  
that it easily resists both  
Tempests and Torrents. And

lions

Shield to Shield, Helmet to Helmet, And Man to Man, one Warlike Body form'd; So thick they stood, their Plumes each other met, And like a Forest wav'd before the Wind.

Among the rest, *Patroclus* and his faithful *Automedon* appear'd in Arms, both eager To Lead the *Myrmidons* with equal Courage, Forth to the Field; *Achilles* to his Tent Withdrew, and from a Chest of curious Work, Presented him by *Thetis*, when he first Took Shipping, (k) fill'd with Tapestry and Cloathing Of divers Sorts, to answer every Season. He took a Cup most exquisitely wrought, Which never Man had fill'd with Wine, nor offer'd Libations to the Gods, but only *Jove*: (l) With Sulphur first he purg'd the Massy Vessel, Then wash'd it at the Spring, and having cleans'd His Hands, he fill'd the Wine, and stood erect Forth in the midst; then pour'd the Draught to *Jove*, And with up-lifted Eyes to Heav'n, thus pray'd.

this Comparifon is fo much the more juft, as in the military Arts of the *Greeks* the greateft part of the Terms, which were us'd to exprefs the different Orders of Battle, were borrow'd from Building.

(k) Fill'd with Tapestry and Cloathing. ] *Homer* here well describes the Affection of a Mother, who feeing her

Son setting out for the War, takes care to put in his Equipage all that he thinks he will have need of.

(l) With Sulphur first he purg'd the massy Vessel. ] *Homer* gives *Achilles* the Sentiments of a common Piety, which are compatible enough with the Character of a fierce and implacable Man.

“ Almighty

“ Almighty Jove ! who far above us Mor-  
 “ tals, Sway’st the High Heav’ns, (m) upon  
 “ Dodona worshipp’d, On whose cold Top  
 “ thy Subjects, the Pelasgians, Have Built a  
 “ stately Temple, where the Selli (n) The

(m) Upon Dodona wor-  
 shipp’d, on whose cold Top thy  
 Subjects, the Pelasgians, have  
 built a stately Temple, where  
 the Selli.] At Dodona, in the  
 Country of the Molossi, be-  
 tween Thessaly and Epirus,  
 there was a Temple of Ju-  
 piter founded by the Pelas-  
 gians, and whose Priests, call’d  
 the Selli, led a very austere  
 Life. I shall not enter here  
 into the Criticism whether  
 these Priests are call’d Selli  
 or Helli, since Hesiod has  
 call’d Dodona Hellopia, and  
 not Sellopia. See thereupon  
 Strabo.

(n) The Priests who on thy  
 Oracles attend.] Homer here  
 uses a Word which I think  
 Singular and Remarkable,  
 ἱερόφῃτας; I cannot believe  
 that it was put simply for  
 ἱερόφῃται, but I am persua-  
 ded that this Term includes  
 some particular Sense, and  
 shews some Custom but lit-  
 tle known, and this is what I  
 will try to discover. In the  
 Scholia of Didymus we read  
 this Remark: ἱερόφῃται,  
 &c. They call’d those who  
 serv’d in the Temple, and who  
 explain’d the Oracles render’d

by the Priests, Hypophets, Un-  
 der-prophets. It is certain  
 that there were in the Tem-  
 ples Servitors or Subaltern  
 Ministers, who without  
 doubt to gain Money under-  
 took to explain the Oracles  
 which were obscure. This  
 Custom seems very well e-  
 stablish’d in the Ion of Eur-  
 ipides, where that Young  
 Child, after having said that  
 the Priestess is seated on the  
 Tripod and renders the O-  
 racles which Apollo dictates  
 to her, addresses himself to  
 those who serve in that  
 Temple, and bids them go  
 and wash in the Castalian  
 Fountain, to come again in-  
 to the Temple and to ex-  
 plain the Oracles to those  
 who shou’d demand the Ex-  
 plication of them. Homer  
 therefore means to shew that  
 these Selli were, in the Tem-  
 ple of Dodona, those Subal-  
 tern Ministers that inter-  
 preted the Oracles. But this  
 does not appear to me to a-  
 gree in this Passage, for, be-  
 sides that this Custom was  
 not yet establish’d in Homer’s  
 time, and that there is no  
 Footstep of it found in that

“ Priests,

"Priests, who on thy Oracles attend, (e)"

early Age, these *Selli* of whom *Homer* speaks, are not here Ministers Subordinate to others, they are the chief Priests. The Explication of this Word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and this is my Conjecture, which I found upon the Nature itself of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles; in all other Temples the Priest deliver'd the Oracle which they had receiv'd from their Gods immediately; but in the Temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not render his Oracles to his Priests, to his *Selli*; he render'd them to the *Oaks*, and the wonderful *Oaks* render'd them to the Priests, who render'd them to those who had consulted them. Thus these Priests were not properly *προφῆται*, Prophets, since they did not receive these Answers from the Mouth of their God immediately, but they were *ὑποφῆται*, Under-prophets, because they receiv'd them from the Mouth of *Oaks*, if I may so say. The *Oaks*, properly speaking, were the Prophets, the first Interpreters of *Jupiter's* Oracles; and the *Selli* were *ὑποφῆται*, Under-prophets, because they pronounc'd what the *Oaks* had said. Thus *Homer* in one single Word includes

a very curious piece of Antiquity.

(e) *With holy Discipline thy Pity move.*] *Homer* seems to me to say here clearly enough, that these Priests lay on the Ground and forbore the Baths to honour by these Austerities the God they serv'd; for he says, *οὐ γὰρ οὐδ' ἀνδρῶν ἔστιν ὁδὸς*, and this *οὐ* can in my Opinion only signify for you, that is to say to please you, and for your Honour. This Example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular, and the earliest Antiquity may furnish us with the like of Pagans who by an austere Life try'd to please their Gods; nevertheless I am oblig'd to say, that *Strabo*, who speaks very much at length of these *Selli* in his 7th Book, has not taken this Austerity of Life for an Effect of their Devotion, as I have explain'd it, but for a Remain of the Grossness of their Ancestors, who being Barbarians, and straying from Country to Country, had no Bed but the Earth, and never us'd a Bath. But nothing hinders that what was in the first *Pelassians* only Custom and Use, might be continu'd in these Priests thro' Devotion. How many things do we at this Day see which were in their Original only

"With



# THE ILIAD BOOK XVI.

“With Holy Discipline thy Pity move, (p)”

ancient Manner, and which are continu'd thro' Zeal and a Spirit of Religion! It is very likely that these Priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the Admiration and Confidence of a People who lov'd Luxury and Delicacy so much. I was willing to search in Antiquity for the Original of these *Selli*, Priests of *Jupiter*; but found nothing so ancient as *Homer*. *Herodotus* writes in his X<sup>th</sup> Book that the Oracle of *Dodona* was the ancientest in *Greece*, and that it even was long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyptian* Woman, who was the Priestess of it, is contradicted by this Passage of *Homer*, who shews that in the Time of the *Trojan* War this Temple was serv'd by Men call'd *Selli*, and not by Women. *Strabo* informs us of a very curious ancient Tradition, importing that this Temple was at first built in *Thessaly*, that from thence it was carry'd into *Dodona*; (God knows how); that several Women who had plac'd their Devotion there follow'd it, and that in process of time the Priestesses therein settled us'd to be chosen among the Descendants of those Women. To

return to these *Selli*, *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* Poets is he who has most imitated *Homer*, speaks in like manner of these Priests in one of his Plays, where *Hercules* says to his Son *Hyllus*; I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with this ancient one; my self being entered into the Sacred Wood inhabited by the austere *Selli*, who lie on the Ground, writ this Answer of the Oak, which is consecrated to my Father *Jupiter*, which renders his Oracles in all Languages. But this Subject shall be treated on more at length in my Remarks on the XIV<sup>th</sup> Book of the *Odyssey*.

(p) *Their Feet whetted*, &c. I am very sensible that Austerity of Life is meritorious when it is chose thro' a good Motive, for Mortification. But I could never comprehend that any one could imagine that they honour'd God by Nastiness; God, I say, who has given Water, Linen, Oyl, Baths, and who has ordered us to perfume our selves even in our Fasts. I think *Pythagoras* very Wise for having order'd his Scholars to use themselves to a way of living that was near, tho' not luxurious.

“ Their

" Their Feet unwash'd, their Bedding on the  
 " Ground, And burn continual Incense on  
 " thy Shrine: Already thou hast daign'd to  
 " hear my Prayers, And giv'n me Honour on  
 " the Vanquish'd *Greeks*, Expos'd to thy Re-  
 " sentment, as I wish'd. Hear me once more:  
 " Thou seest, I am detain'd Here in my Tent,  
 " but my good Troops are march'd To Battle,  
 " and *Patroclus*, my dear Friend, (v) And  
 " Servant, leads them: Bless him with Suc-  
 " cess: Let *Hector* know, that he can fight  
 " alone, Unaided ev'n by me, and that he owes  
 " His Fame in War not all to my Assistance;  
 " When he has sav'd the Fleet, repuls'd the  
 " *Trojans*, Then bring him back in Safety to  
 " my Tent, Nor let him lose his Armour  
 " or his Men.

This was his Pray'r; *Jove* heard it, and as-  
 sented To Part of what he ask'd, the rest de-  
 ny'd: 'Twas Granted, that *Patroclus* should  
 repulse The *Trojan* Troops, but not return in  
 Safety. *Achilles*, when his Prayer and Liba-  
 tion Were done, return'd the Vessel to its  
 place, And to the Entrance of his Tent re-  
 pair'd, Where he might see the *Greeks* and  
*Trojans* Combat.

Mean while the Troops by Brave *Patroclus*  
 led, In order march'd, and rush'd upon the  
*Trojans*: As when a Nest of (r) angry Bees,

(q) And Servant.] Tho'  
*Achilles* has call'd *Patroclus*  
 his dear Friend, he does how-  
 ever call him his Servant;  
 in the Text, as indeed

he was. *Achilles* always pre-  
 serves his Rank, and Superio-  
 rity, (v) Of angry Bees.] It is  
 in the Text Wasps, but I have



whose Mansion Is near the Road, are by the  
sporting Boys Rous'd from their Hive, or  
unawares disturb'd By Travellers; they gather  
all their Rage, Fly out in Troops, and all de-  
fend their Young; Just so enrag'd, and ea-  
ger for the Fight, The shouting *Myrmidons*  
march'd on, to whom *Patroclus* spake, and  
cheer'd his brave Companions.

" Ye *Myrmidons*, Companions of *Achilles*!  
" Recall your wonted Courage and Renown,  
" And add new Glory to the Son of *Peleus*:  
" That *Agamemnon's* self may know, he has  
" not Honour'd enough the Bravest of the  
" *Greeks*.

With Words like these he stir'd the Sol-  
diers Valour, Who with Impetuous Shock  
rush'd on the *Trojans*, All in a Body rang'd,  
with mighty Shouts That eccho'd from the  
Fleet and neighb'ring Hills.

The *Trojans*, when they saw *Menetius* Son,  
And Brave *Eurymedon* in shining Armour,  
Rebated in their Courage, and their Troops  
Gave back; for they imagin'd Great *Achilles*,  
Forgetful of his Wrath, was reconcil'd To  
*Agamemnon*; Therefore all dismay'd Look'd  
round, and sought their Safety in their Flight.  
*Patroclus* first his shining Jav'lin darted Amidst  
the Throng and Crowd, that press'd in Num-  
bers (s) Near to *Protefilas's* Ship's large Poop,

put *Bees*, because this Image  
is more agreeable in our Lan-  
guage, and because I think it  
more suitable to disciplin'd  
Troops.

(s) Near to *Protefilas's*  
Ship's large Poop. It must be  
remembered that this Ship was  
in the Second Line, and that  
the Battle is fought between the

And smote *Pyrachme*, the *Peonian* Chief, (Who led his Men from *Axius* winding Stream) In the Right Shoulder; down he fell to Earth And with a Groan expir'd: His Troops affrighted Fled o'er the Plain, when they beheld their Captain, The most Renown'd in all their Army, slain. *Patroclus*' Valour soon dispers'd the rest, And quench'd the Fire: The *Trojans* in Confusion Quitted the half-burnt Vessel, and retir'd; The *Greeks* from ev'ry side crowd to their Ships, And as they press redouble the Disorder. (t) As when the Thund'rer downward darts his Bolts, And dissipates some pitchy Cloud, that shades A Mountain's Top, the craggy Cliffs appear, The Woods, the Vales, for all the Airy Region Is purg'd, and made

two Lines. Wherefore he mentions here the Poop of *Protesilas*'s Ship, for the Prow was turn'd towards the Sea.

(t) As when the Thund'rer downward darts his Bolts, &c.] In the Speech which *Patroclus* made to *Achilles*, he pray'd him to lend him his Arms to see if he cou'd not cast some Ray of Light on the *Greeks*. *Homer* has respect to these Words in this Comparison, and he has drawn from thence this Idea of *Patroclus* under the Image of *Jupiter*, who suddenly clearing the Air with a Flash of Lightning, covers with a Gleam of Light a high Mountain which a black Cloud held as it were bury'd in

obscurity. The Image in its natural State in this: As when *Jupiter* darts his Lightning from the Top of Heaven, presently what was drown'd in Darkness, is plainly discover'd; so *Patroclus* pouring upon the *Trojans* at the Head of his Troops, draws the *Greeks* out of the Obscurity wherein they were plung'd, and makes a Ray of Light to shine upon them, that is to say, he gives them some Respite, and makes them Breathe again. And this Comparison is so much the more just, as this Ray of Light is as transient as real Lightning, and is extinguish'd at the same time that it breaks out.

transparent: So the *Grecians* After some Respite shew'd themselves, exerting Their wonted Valour, when the Hostile Fires Were from the Fleet dispell'd: Yet still the *Trojans* Maintain'd the War, tho' beaten from the Ships. Each *Grecian* Captain in the Slaughter shar'd, Contributing to Conquest: First *Patroclus* (u) Smote *Areilycus*, and with his Jav'lin Transfixt his Thigh, and broke the massy Bone, Just as he turn'd to fly; but down he fell. Next *Thoas* dy'd by *Menelaus*' Hand, For near his Shield he stabb'd him in the Breast. *Meges*, the Son of *Phyleus*, as he saw *Amphiclus* rushing to the Fight, prevented His Halte, and struck him in the Brawny Calve: His Nerves were cut, and Darkness clos'd his Eyes. *Anziloebus*, old *Nestor*'s Off-spring, flung His Lance, and fell'd *Atymnius* at his Feet, Piercing his Side. His brother *Maris* try'd T'avenge his Fall, and standing o'er his Body, Struck at the Victor, but stout *Thrasymedes* Ran timely to his Brother's Aid, and wounded The fierce Assailant with his Spear, whose Point Went thro' his Arm, quite where it joins the Shoulder, And cut the Muscles, crush'd the hardy

(u) *Smote Areilycus.*] This is a Picture very well vary'd. It is wonderful that *Homer*, after having describ'd so many Battles, shou'd yet find such a great Diversity, not only in Wounds, and the Falls of the Dead, and those that were dying, but likewise in the Expression; nothing is repeated in these

Descriptions, and even the Verb *to dye*, is diversify'd a thousand and a thousand ways. Τοιαύτη τις καὶ ταῦτα τῷ Ὀμήρῳ πέπλωτο κίχιδαι, ἐμπάσσεται, says *Eustathius*, καὶ ἐ μόνον καὶ τοὺς τρόπους τῶ πλεονάζει καὶ πλεμμάτων, ἀλλὰ καὶ καὶ φράσιν τὴν αὐτῇ τῇ ἰδαίον.

Bone,

Bone, Whilst on the Ground, his rattling Arms  
resounding, The Hero fell, and shut his Eyes  
in Darkness: And thus two Brothers by two  
Brothers slain, Were sent to *Styx*, both Friends  
to stout *Sarpedon*, Both skilful in the Bow,  
(w) Renown'd *Amisodar* Begot them, who  
the fam'd *Chimæra* fed, A Monster justly  
dreaded by Mankind.

*Ajax*, the Son of *Oileus*, took Captive The  
Brave *Cleobulus* without a Wound, Surrounded  
by the Throng; but soon he plung'd His Sword  
into his Throat, the reaking Blade Was fol-  
low'd by his Blood, and generous Soul.

*Lycon* and *Peneleus* their Jav'lines threw With  
equal Fury, but without Success: Then drew  
their Swords, and rush'd on one another, A-  
like enrag'd; *Lycon* discharg'd a Blow Upon  
the floating Crest of *Peneleus*, But the weak  
Sword, unequal to the Strok, Broke near the  
Hilt: His Foe th' Advantage saw, And smote  
him in the Neck with so much Fury, The Head  
was parted from the Trunk, and hung But by  
a Piece of Skin, so down he tumbled.

*Merion* through the Field pursu'd on  
Foot Retreating *Neamas*, and as he try'd To

<p>(w) Renown'd <i>Amisodar</i> begot them, who the fam'd <i>Chimæra</i> fed. ] <i>Amisodar</i> was King of <i>Caria</i>; <i>Bellerophon</i> marry'd his Daughter. The Ancients guess'd from this Passage that the <i>Chimæra</i> was not a Fiction, since <i>Homer</i> marks the time where-</p>	<p>in the liv'd, and the Prince with whom she liv'd; they thought it was some Beatt of that Prince's Herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the <i>Calydonian</i> Boar.</p>
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mount his Chariot, smote him on the Shoulder,  
Brought him to Earth, and shut his Eyes in  
Death.

*Idomeneus* on *Erymas* discharg'd A dreadful  
Stroke, the Iron pierc'd his Mouth, And Head,  
and Brains ; his Teeth forsook his Gums, His  
Mouth, and Eyes, and Nostrils gush'd with  
Blood, And endless Night with a thick Cloud  
o'er-whelm'd him.

With such Exploits and Slaughter of the *Tro-*  
*jans* The *Grecian* Captains signaliz'd their Va-  
lour: As when a Troop of Wolves espye  
some Flock Neglected by the foolish careless  
Shepherd, They rush upon the tender Kids  
and Lambs, And chace them to the Moun-  
tains, and devour The unresisting Prey, and  
stanch their Hunger: So rush'd the *Grecians*  
on their scatter'd Foes, Who fled, unmindful  
of their former Valour.

But *Ajax*, covetous of *Hector's* Blood, With  
his sharp Spear redoubl'd Blow on Blow:  
Whilst he, experienc'd in the Art of War, Ob-  
serv'd each Lance and Arrow as they flew,  
And caught their Points upon his massy Shield;  
He saw the Victory to the *Greeks* inclin'd, Yet  
still he kept the Field, maintain'd his Ground,  
(x) And often turn'd about to save his Troops:

(x) And often turn'd about  
to save his Troops.] Homer  
here represents *Hector*, who, as  
he retires, stands from time to  
time to save his Troops: and he  
expresses it by this single word

*ἀνέμμεν*; for *ἀναμμεν* does  
not only signifie to stay, but  
likewise in retiring to stop  
and stay from time to time;  
for this is the Power of the  
Preposition *ἀν*, as in these



As when amidst a Calm, a gloomy Cloud Is sent by *Jove*, along the middle Air, Threanting a Tempest to the World below: (y) So Flight and Terror from the Navy flew Along the Plain, and reach'd the Walls of *Ilium*. But *Hector* sought his Safety in his Chariot, Oblig'd to leave some Troops expos'd to Slaughter Behind him in the Ditch, where many Chariots In narrow Passes were detain'd and broken, Deserted by their Steeds: Mean while *Patroclus*, Encouraging his Soldiers, push'd the Battel, And ev'ry where distress'd the *Trojan* Troops, Who fill'd the Plains with Cries and wild Confusion. The Horses fled along the Field, and rais'd A Cloud of Dust beneath their nimble Hoofs, That fill'd the Air, and hid the Fleet and Town. Amidst the thickest Rout, and where the *Trojans* Were most in Number, there *Patroclus* fought: He saw the Field with

words *ἀνὰ χεῖρας*, which signifies to fight by fits and starts: *ἀνὰ πάλαιον*, to wrestle several times, and in many others. This is a Remark of *Eufratius's*, which I relate, to shew the Propriety of *Homer's* Term.

(y) So Flight and Terror from the Navy flew.] *Homer* has already compar'd the *Trojans*, pouring upon the Ships to a black Cloud which falls and discharges a furious Tempest; and here he compares the Flight of these same *Trojans*, to the same

Cloud which mounts towards Heaven: But what is here very fine and poetical, is that, of these Troops frighten'd and put to Flight, he has made two Persons, Terror and Flight, which rush from the *Grecian* Navy and bend their Course towards *Troy*. Though our Language (the *French*) is not accusom'd to such strong Poetry, yet I have ventur'd it in the Translation, encourag'd by the Confusion and Danger which this Scene is full of.

broken Chariots strow'd, And bleeding Heroes underneath their Wheels: Th' Immortal Steeds which *Thetis* gave her Son No Obstacle endur'd, (z) but pass'd the Ditch, And follow'd where the *Trojan* Squadrons fled; For much *Patroclus* wish'd t' encounter *Hector*, And therefore drove his whirling Chariot on. As when in Autumn *Jove* resolv'd on Vengeance To punish Mortals, that despise his Laws, Regardless of his Deity, unjust, Slaves to their Passions, and their Interest, A mighty Tempest sends, (a) lets loose the Floods That overflow the Hills, and drown the Trees, Thence to the Sea run roaring, and disgorge The Plenty of the Plain and Plow-man's Labour: With such wild Force the *Trojan* Steeds ran scouring Along the Field, and fled in loose Disorder.

*Patroclus* having turn'd the foremost Troops, Drove back, and forc'd the Squadrons to the Fleet, Nor would permit them to return to *Ilium*, But brought them to a Bay between the Ships, (b) The Banks of *Simois*, and the deep

(z) *But pass'd the Ditch.*] *Homer* has made, of *Hector's* Horses, all that Poetry cou'd make of common and mortal Horses; they stand on the Bank of the Ditch foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal Horses of *Achilles* find no Obstacle, they leap the Ditch and fly into the Plain.

(a) *Lets loose the Floods, &c.*] It appears, by this Passage, that *Homer* had heard of *Noah's Flood*, or *Deucalion's*, and knew that God sent these Deluges to punish the Iniquity of Mankind.

(b) *The Banks of Simois and the deep Intrenchments*] *Patroclus* remembers here that he has already acted contrary to *Achilles's* Orders,

Intrench-

# BOOK XVI. OF HOMER. 31

Intrenchment, And there renew'd the Fight  
and dreadful Slaughter, Amply avenging the  
late conquer'd *Greeks*. With his bright Spear  
he pierc'd the valiant Breast Of *Pronous*, below  
his Shield, and slew him: On *Thestor*, Son to  
*Enops*, next he flew, As in his well-wrought  
Chariot he sat careless, Neglecting the loose  
Reins, and with his Jav'lin Smote his left Cheek,  
and forc'd his Teeth all inward, Then drew  
him from his Seat; (c) as a good Angler, Sit-  
ting on some high Rock, draws out (d) a Fish  
Of mighty size, and plays him with his Hook:  
With the same ease *Patroclus* drew the Hero  
Forth of his Seat, and dash'd him to the  
Ground, At his Spear's Length, where Dark-  
ness clos'd his Eyes. Then lifting a huge  
Stone, he fell'd *Euryalus*, And cleft his Head  
and Helmet; down he tumbl'd, And Death  
receiv'd him in his deadly Arms. With these  
*Amphoterus*, and *Erymas*, *Epaltus*, and *Da-  
mastor's* Son, *Tlepolemus*, *Echius*, and *Pyres*,  
*Iphis*, and *Enippus*, And *Polymelus*, Son of *Ar-*

by driving the *Trojans* so  
far, wherefore he turns back,  
and stops between *Simois*,  
the Ships and the *Grecian*  
Wall, which was beaten  
down in several Places, but  
which still remain'd in o-  
thers.

(c) *As a good Angler,*  
&c.] There cou'd not be a  
juster Image. *Homer* there-  
by gives a great Idea of *Pa-  
troclus's* Strength.

(d) *A Fish of mighty size.*

The *Greek* says a sacred Fish,  
and the Ancients have very  
much disputed about this E-  
pithet. As for me, I am of  
their Opinion who believe  
that sacred signifies here on-  
ly great; for there are sever-  
al Passages which prove that  
the Ancients us'd the Terms  
of sacred and divine to de-  
note Largeness only.

geas, fell, All by the bloody Spear of stout *Patroclus*.

This when *Sarpedon* saw, and what sad Slaughter The Hero made among his flying *Lycians*, (e) Who threw away their Arms, thus he bespoke them.

“ Turn, my Companions, turn for shame,  
 “ and rouse Your wonted Valour; I alone will  
 “ meet This mighty Conqueror, and try his  
 “ Strength, Who thus with Slaughter ravages  
 “ the Plain, And glories in the Numbers he  
 “ has slain.

He spake, and ran on Foot to meet *Patroclus*, Who soon, by his Example, left his Chariot: Both met, and with a Shout began the Combat, With the same Fury, as when Vultures fight On some tall Rock, they raise a dreadful Cry, And arm their pointed Beaks and clenching Talons.

*Jove* saw the Strife, and pity'd the two Champions, Then thus bespoke his Sister and his Spouse.

“ With great Affliction I behold *Sarpedon*,  
 “ Than whom I cannot love a Mortal more,  
 “ Destin'd to fall beneath *Patroclus*' Sword;  
 “ Doubtful I am, and cannot yet resolve,  
 “ Whether to let him perish in the Combat,

(e) *Who threw away their Arms.*] The Greek says all this in one Word, *ἀσπασσάντας*, which the Ancients have very differently explain'd. For my part I am

persuaded that it signifies Men who are in a Vest without a Cuirass, that is to say, who have left off their Cuirasses to fly the better.



“ (f) Or snatch him thence, (g) and bear him  
 “ into *Lycia*. Thus *Jove*, and thus the Queen  
 of *Heav’n* reply’d. “ Could *Saturn’s* Son pro-  
 “ nounce so rash a Sentence? How can you  
 “ rescue from the Pow’r of Death A Mortal,  
 “ when the Fates have pass’d his Doom, And  
 “ your Decrees confirm’d it? Be assur’d, The  
 “ other Gods will not approve your Pity.  
 “ Take my Advice; should you assist *Sarpedon*,  
 “ And bear him from the Combat into *Lycia*,  
 “ (h) The other Deities might justly claim  
 “ The same Advantage, to relieve their Friends  
 “ Or Sons engag’d in War, and save their  
 “ Lives: And well you know they have a nume-  
 “ rous Off-spring, Who now are fighting at the  
 “ Walls of *Troy*: Therefore beware the Envy  
 “ of the Gods. But since you love *Sarpedon*,  
 “ let the Fates Accomplish their Designs,  
 “ and let him fall Under *Patroclus’* Sword;

(f) Or snatch him thence.] *Homer* therefore knew this  
 Truth, that God is the Ma-  
 ster of Destiny, and that he  
 can change it as he pleases.

(g) And bear him into *Ly-*  
*cia*.] It appears by this Pas-  
 sage that even the Pagans  
 were persuaded that God  
 cou’d take up a Man and  
 transport him in a Moment  
 into a very remote Country,  
 as we see Examples of it in  
 holy Scripture.

(h) The other Deities might  
 justly claim, &c.] And if

you suffer it, *Achilles* him-  
 self will not dye, thus all  
 will be confounded. Destiny  
 of no effect; and History  
 violated in its principal Foun-  
 dation; and if you do not  
 suffer it, and reserve this Pri-  
 vilege for your self alone,  
 then you usurp a tyrannical  
 Power against the Gods. This  
 is what *Juno* means, and these  
 are the Reflections which *Ju-*  
*piter* shews that he had made  
 when he said, *Doubtful I am,*  
*and cannot yet resolve, &c.*

B f

then

“(i) then *Death* and *Sleep*, By your Com-  
 “mand, (k) to *Lycia* may convey him, Where  
 “o’er his Tomb his Kindred and his Servants  
 “May weep, and near his Urn erect a Column,  
 “And give him all the Honours of the Dead.

Thus she: Nor did great *Jove* neglect her  
 Councel, (l) Yet down he pour’d a Show’r of  
 purple Blood Upon the Earth, so much he  
 lov’d *Sarpedon*, Doom’d to be slain by young  
*Patroclus*’ Hand, In *Trojan* Plains, far from his  
 Native Soil.

(i) *Then Death and Sleep,*  
 &c.] How shall Sleep and  
 Death carry *Sarpedon*? *Ho-*  
*mer* made this Image only  
 to shew that *Sarpedon* will be  
 so well embalm’d, that in  
 his Bed, on which he will  
 be carry’d, he shall rather  
 seem to be a Man asleep  
 than dead. Besides he joins  
 here Sleep with Death, to  
 shew that Death is only a  
 Sleep, and a state of Rest,  
 which leads to another Life.  
 And this Idea seems to me  
 very fine in that Sense.

(k) *To Lycia.*] The Fi-  
 story or Fable receiv’d in  
*Homer*’s time importeth that  
*Sarpedon* was interr’d in *Ly-*  
*cia*, but it says nothing of  
 his Death. This gives the  
 Poet the Liberty of making  
 him die at *Troy*, provided  
 that after his Death he is  
 carry’d into *Lycia*, to pre-  
 serve the Fable. This Ex-  
 pedient propos’d by *Juno*

saves all; *Sarpedon* dies at  
*Troy*, and is interr’d at *Ly-*  
*cia*. And what renders this  
 probable, is, that in those  
 times, as at this Day, Prin-  
 ces and Persons of Quality,  
 who dy’d in foreign Parts,  
 were carry’d into their own  
 Country to be laid in the  
 Tombs of their Fathers.  
 The Antiquity of this Cu-  
 stom cannot be doubted, since  
 it was practis’d in the Pa-  
 triarchs times. *Jacob* dying  
 in *Egypt*, orders his Chil-  
 dren to carry him into the  
 Land of *Canaan*, where he  
 desir’d to be bury’d, *Gen.* 49.  
 29.

(l) *Yet down he pour’d a*  
*Show’r of purple Blood.*] *Homer*  
 knew that when the Son of  
*Jupiter* dy’d, all Nature ought  
 to suffer; and that Tears of  
 Blood ought to weep that  
 Death. This Miracle is pro-  
 bable as wrought for *Sarpe-*  
*don*, who was the only Son

Mean while the Heroes rushing on each other, *Patroclus* first smote valiant *Thrasymedes*, *Sarpedon's* dearest Friend; the Wound was fatal, Deep in his Belly; down he fell, and dy'd. *Sarpedon* threw his Spear, which miss'd *Patroclus*, But the Right Shoulder pierc'd of *Pedafus*, One of his Steeds, who falling, with a Groan Resign'd his Life: Th' Immortal Horses started, The Reins were hamper'd, and the Axel crackt. *Automedon*, to remedy this Mischief, Rose in his Seat, and drawing out his Sword, Cut off the Traces from dead *Pedafus*, Then disengag'd the Reins, and made his Steeds More pliant to the Guidance of their Master. The Combatants with equal Fury fought: *Sarpedon's* Jav'lin o'er *Patroclus* flew, And gave no Wound: The other more successful, Threw not in vain, (*m*) but pierc'd *Sarpedon's* Heart, Who like some Oak, or Pine, or lofty Poplar, Fell'd by the Workmen, on a Mountain's Top, Tumbl'd to Earth, just by his Chariot stretch'd: Gnashing his Teeth,

of *Jupiter* that was in either Army.

(*m*) But pierc'd *Sarpedon's* Heart.] The Text says, strikes *Sarpedon* on the place where the Diaphragm closes it self round the compacted Heart. That is to say, he pierc'd that Membrane which is fasten'd by a Ligament to the Pericardion. By all the Descriptions which *Homer* makes of the Wounds, and Accidents that ensue upon them,

he seems to have had a great Knowledge of the Structure of a human Body, and of the Offices of all its Parts, for the Masters of the Art do affirm they are all exact: I only judge upon their Report, for I never apply'd my self to that Study; it always seeming to me not only melancholly and disagreeable, but likewise somewhat unsuitable to Persons of my Sex.

and

he tore the Bloody Ground: As when a Lyon preying on some Herd, Tears down a yellow Bull, Lord of the Field, Who groans beneath his Gripe and bloody Jaws; So fell *Sarpedon*, groaning in his Soul, Disdaining his young Conqueror; then thus To *Glaucus*, his Companion in the War, He spake. "O Friend, approv'd in Fight By many signal Actions, and esteem'd Inferior to no Leader in the Army; Maintain that Character, and give this Day New Marks of your known Valour, lead my *Lycians* On to the Fight, to win their Gen'ral's Body, And animate the Chiefs with your Example. Eternal Infamy will blast your Fame, If you permit *Patroclus* and the *Grecians* (n) To triumph in my Spoils, then haste, lead on The Troops, exhort them to avenge my Death. He spake, and Death in Shades shut up his Eyes: For treading on his Breast, *Patroclus* drew The Jav'lin from the Wound, whose bloody Point Was follow'd by his Life; mean while the

(n) To Triumph in my spoils.] It is in the Text, If the Greeks despoil'd me of my Arms after I am kill'd at the attack of the Ships, *νῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι περὶ ὅντα*. These Words, *νῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι*, signify properly in the place where the Ships are, in the middle of the Ships, and it has been already us'd in that Sense: But *Sarpedon* cannot say so here, for he is not wounded in

the *Grecian* Camp, but in the Plain without the Retrenchments, for he had repass'd the Ditch. To support this Meaning, 'tis said that *Sarpedon* talks deliriously, being at the Point of Death; but I don't think that necessary; I am of Opinion *νῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι* may very naturally signify at the attack of the Ships.

*Myrmi-*



*Myrmidons* Seiz'd on his Horses, just prepar'd to fly, And left without a Guide, their Master slain.

*Glaucus*, who heard his dying Words, was struck With sudden Grief, unable to assist him: For *Teucer*, succouring his Men distress'd, From a high Turret smote him with his Spear Deep in the Arm, that useless hung in Pain, Supported by his other Hand from falling: His last Recourse was to *Apollo's* Aid, To whom he thus address'd himself with Pray'r.

" Great *Phœbus*, whether Thou in *Troy* residest, Or *Lycia*, Hear me; (a) thou, tho' far remote, Canst hear thy humble Suppliants, who invoke thee, Or are like me reduc'd to ask thy Aid; (p) Thou seest me wounded and oppress'd with Pain, My Arm grown useless, and my Blood descending Not to be stanch'd: I cannot wield my Spear, Nor meet my Foe, nor try the rough Encounter: And see *Sarpedon*, valiant Chief, is slain, Nor would Great *Jove* vouchsafe to aid his Son; Be Thou propitious then, and

(a) *Thou, tho' far remote,* &c.] *Homer* knew this Truth, that God can hear those who invoke him, as far off as well as near at hand; he is every where, and fills every Thing.

(p) *Thou seest me wounded.*] I have here made use of *Enstathius's* Remark to represent the Art of *Homer*, who always knows how to suit himself to the Conditions and Strength of those he

makes speak; he tells us that this Speech of *Glaucus* is not connected but disjointed. A Man under a sense of very sharp Pains does not speak in long Periods; as he is oblig'd to frequent fetchings of his Breath, he interrupts his Discourse, and speaks only *per incisa*. This is what I have imitated in my Translation.

" beat

“ heal my Wound, Allay my Pains, and give  
 “ me Strength to lead The *Lycians* on, and  
 “ save *Sarpedon's* Body.

Thus He: (q) *Apollo* to his Pray'r gave Ear,  
 Allay'd his Pains, and heal'd the gaping Wound,  
 Dry'd up his Blood, and arm'd his Mind with  
 Courage; *Glaucus* perceiv'd the Cure, with Joy  
 transported, And own'd the God indulgent to  
 his Wishes: Then round the Field he ran,  
 rous'd all the *Lycians*, Soldiers and Chiefs, to  
 rescue dead *Sarpedon*, and call'd the *Trojan*  
 Captains to assist them. From brave *Agenor*,  
 and *Polydamas*, And from *Aeneas* he intreated  
 Aid: Then thus at last address'd himself to  
*Hector*.

“ O *Hector*! You neglect your best Allies,  
 “ Who for your sake far from their Native  
 “ Country Fight in Defence of *Troy*; yet you  
 “ refuse them Your Succour in Distress: See  
 “ brave *Sarpedon* Lyes slain by *Mars*, beneath  
 “ *Patroclus's* Spear: A Hero, fam'd for Valour  
 “ and for Justice, Under whose Sway (r) the  
 “ *Lycian* Kingdom flourish'd. Come on, my  
 “ Friends, let Indignation raise Your Courage,

(q) *Apollo* to his Prayer gave Ear.] It is observed, as I have elsewhere said, that in *Homer* reasonable Prayers are generally granted. And this Benefit of Prayer acknowledg'd by this Poet is a good Argument, as *Eusebius* says, against the Dreams of the *Peripatetics*, who thought Prayer to be of no Use.

(r) The *Lycian* Kingdom

flourish'd.] See here an Elogium worthy of a Son of *Jupiter*, and thereby *Homer* gives to understand that it is an Elogium which Kings should endeavour to deserve. They cannot make their People flourishing and safe without Fortitude and Justice. By Fortitude they repel their Enemies, and by Justice they protect their Subjects.

“ to

“ to redeem his Captive Body From those In-  
 “ dignities his Foes may offer, Revengeful  
 “ for the *Grecians* we have slain, In this Day’s  
 “ Enterprize, to burn their Fleet.

He spake : and Consternation seiz’d the  
 Troops At brave *Sarpedon*’s Death ; for tho’ a  
 Stranger , *Troy* own’d him her best Safe-  
 guard : For he led A numerous Host of Sol-  
 diers to the Field, And taught them Valour  
 by his own Example. All therefore in a well-  
 form’d Body join’d Against the *Greeks*, bent to  
 revenge his Death, Headed by *Hector*, whom  
 the Loss affected In the most moving manner  
 of Distress.

Mean while *Patroclus* cheer’d his Con-  
 qu’ring Troops, And to both *Ajax* thus address’d  
 his Speech, Who gave no Respite to the dread-  
 ful Slaughter.

“ Illustrious Heroes , an Occasion offers  
 “ Worthy the Bravery of Men like you, In  
 “ which you may exert your utmost Courage ;  
 “ The Champion who first forc’d our high  
 “ Intrenchments Is slain , the *Trojans* fly to  
 “ save his Body. But let us still be Masters  
 “ of the Prize, And spoil him of his Arms, and  
 “ o’er his Trunk Some of his best Compa-  
 “ nions Sacrifice.

Thus He : The Heroes both impatient were,  
 And eager for the Fight ; then either Side In  
 Order form’d the firm Battalions close. The  
*Lycian* and the *Trojan* Troops began The  
 Charge, and rush’d upon the *Greeks* with Shouts,  
 Mixt with the Clangors of their Arms, re-  
 sounding. Both for *Sarpedon*’s prostrate Trunk  
 en-

engag'd. *Jove*, to augment the Horrour of the Fight, And Numbers of the Slain, for his Son's sake, (s) Cover'd the Field of Battle with a Cloud. At the first Shock the *Grecian* Troops retir'd, And *Epigeus* fell, *Agacles* Son, Of generous Blood, the Bravest of the *Greeks*, That follow'd Great *Achilles*: long he reign'd In *Budium*, but at last was forc'd to fly, For Murdering his Kinsman, and take Refuge With *Peleus* and with *Thetis*, who well knew His Quality, and sent him with *Achilles* To *Troy*, his Friend and Partner in the War: He fell, and grasp'd the body of *Sarpedon*, For *Hector* smote him with a mighty Stone, And cleft his Head and Helmet; cross *Sarpedon* He lay, and Shades of Night o'erwhelm'd his Eyes.

*Patroclus* mourning his Companion's Death, Sprang forward to the Van, swift as a Hawk Chacing the fearful Doves, and to revenge His Friend, with Rage and Valour more than common, Pour'd on the *Lycian* and the *Trojan* Troops. Stout *Stebenelaus* the Son of *Ithemeneus*, Struck with a Stone, fell by his valiant Arm. The foremost *Trojans* at the Sight retir'd, And *Hector* too gave back: the *Grecians* push'd

(s) Cover'd the Field of Battle with a Cloud. ] *Homer* calls here, by the Name of *Night*, the Whirlwinds of thick Dust which rise from beneath the Feet of Combatants, and which oftentimes hinders them from knowing one another. Thus you see that Poetry knows how to

convert the most natural things into Miracles; These two Armies are bury'd in Dust round *Sarpedon's* Body, 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obscure Night, to make the Battle bloodier, and to honour the Funeral of his Son by a greater Number of Victims.

them



them A Jav'lin's Cast, which some young War-  
riour throws With all his Strength, when tilt-  
ing at the Lists, Or when engag'd in real War  
and Combat.

First *Glaucus* turn'd, and rally'd all his Troops :  
*Batbycles*, *Chalcon's* Son, he slew, who dwelt In  
Greece, for Plenty and for Wealth reputed The  
first of all the Nobles in *Thessalia* ; Him eager  
in pursuing, *Glaucus* met At a short Turn, and  
stabb'd him in the Belly, Who with a mighty  
Noise rush'd to the Earth : New Terrors seiz'd  
the *Greeks* who saw him fall, So Brave, so  
Valiant : Whilst the *Trojans* shouted, And ga-  
ther'd round his Trunk to spoil his Arms,  
Which to defend the *Greeks* renew'd their Va-  
lour.

*Merion* advancing to *Onetor's* Son, *Laogonus*,  
whose Father was the Priest Of *Jove*, on *Ida*, and  
like *Jove* was honour'd, Smote him between  
the Ear and Cheek, and brought The Hero low,  
who soon resign'd to Death.

*Aeneas*, in revenge, at *Merion* flung His Lance,  
as under Covert of his Shield He forward  
came, but stooping down he shunn'd The  
Stroke : Far o'er his Head the Jav'lin flew, And  
smote the Ground with so much violence, The  
thrilling Staff long quiver'd where it stuck. *Æ-  
neas*, disappointed of his Aim, With Raillery  
reveng'd him on his Foe.

“ *Merion*, thy Skill in Dancing is success-  
ful, For it has sav'd thy Life ; else my good  
Lance Ere this had sent thee to the Shades  
“ be-

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" below, (t) To shew thy nimble Tricks in  
 " *Pluto's* Presence.

To him Renowned *Merion* thus reply'd.

" Brave tho' thou art, *Aeneas*, 'tis in vain To  
 " think thy Valour can outbrave all Odds.

" Thou, tho' the Son of *Venus*, yet like me

" Art Mortal : Be not Confident : My Spear

" Perhaps may be more Fortunate than thine.

" If it succeed and hit thee, I and *Pluto* Will

" amicably share the Spoils between us, Mine

" be the Glory, (u) his thy parting Soul.

This when *Patroclus* heard, with just Dis-  
 dain He chid the Hero thus. " Why, *Merion*,

" why Wouldst thou, a Man of Courage, ral-

" ly thus ? Then is the time to Triumph with

" Reproaches, When we have forc'd the *Tro-*

" *jans* from the Body Of dead *Sarpedon*. Words

" were made for Councils, But Actions for

" the Field ; then cease this Strife : This is a

" Time to Fight, and not to Talk.

This said, he stept before, and *Merion* fol-  
 low'd With God-like Mein, as when the  
 Workmen fell Some lofty Trees, that shade a  
 Mountain's Top, Their Fall is heard far off,

(t) To shew thy nimble  
 Tricks, &c ] *Homer* says  
 plainly ; *Meriones*, if I had  
 reach'd thee, my *Jav'lin* wou'd  
 soon put an End to your Dan-  
 cing, as good a Dancer as you  
 are. The turn I have giv'n  
 it is methinks stronger, and  
 the Raillery more home.  
 To conclude, this Stroke is  
 founded upon *Meriones'* be-  
 ing a *Cretan*, and the *Cretans*

having a certain Dance nam'd  
*Pyrric*, which they danc'd clad  
 in Armour.

(u) His thy parting Soul. ]  
*Homer* has already elsewhere  
 made use of the same Rail-  
 lery. It must be remember'd  
 that here the Soul is what  
 they call'd *Image*, which was  
 made according to the Mold  
 of the Body, as I shall endea-  
 vour to explain elsewhere.

and

and fills the Vale : So terrible a Noise the Warriours made, With Spears and Swords, that rung on Massy Shields, Helmets, and Armour, ecchoing thro' the Plain. *Sarpedon's* Trunk no longer was distinguish'd Among the slain, from Head to Foot disfigur'd, And in a mixture hid of Blood and Dirt.

Both Armies gather'd round him where he lay, Cluster'd like Flies, that hover in the Spring Around a Pail, that foams with snowy Milk. *Jove* saw the Combat, nor could turn his Eyes To any other Object, in suspense He stood, long doubting if to suffer *Patroclus* to be slain by *Hector's* Hand, A Victim to *Sarpedon*, or continue The Fight, till many other Hero's fell : At length resolv'd, *Patroclus* should repulse The Foe to *Ilium*, and increase the Slaughter. For once he stay'd the Courage of Bold *Hector*, And broke his Spirit, straight he climb'd his Chariot Intent on Flight, and call'd his Troops to follow : (w) He saw which way the Scales of *Jove* inclin'd. The *Lycians*, who were taught to stand all Dangers, Turn'd back, and left great Numbers of their Captains Slain by their Prince's Side, whom cruel *Jove* Ordain'd to fall amidst the dreadful Slaughter.

(w) He saw which way the Scales of *Jove* inclin'd. ] *Homer* has already employ'd this Idea to represent that *Jupiter* holds in his Hands the Fates of all Men, and weighs them in a Balance ever just ; and his Reader

being already inform'd of it, he here passes it over in two Words, to comply with the Vivacity of the Action, which does not give him time to make a more particulariz'd Image.

The

The *Greeks* victorious, when the Troops were fled, Spoil'd the dead Hero, by *Patroclus* order, Of all his Arms, and bore them to their Fleet.

Mean while, to *Phæbus* thus his Father *Jove* Gave his Commands. "(\*) My dearest Son, this  
 " Moment Fly down, and take *Sarpedon* from  
 " the Slain, Wash his disfigur'd Body in the  
 " Stream From Blood and Dirt, then with  
 " *Ambrosian* Sweets Perfume it, and array him  
 " with a Robe Such as Gods wear: then give  
 " him to the Sisters, To *Sleep* and *Death*, who  
 " shall to *Lycia* bear him; Where mourning  
 " o'er his Trunk, his Friends and Servants,  
 " Shall bear him to his Urn, and build a  
 " Tomb, Grac'd with a Column, that may  
 " speak his Fame, And give him all the Ho-  
 " nours of the Dead.

Thus he: *Apollo* soon obey'd his Orders, And leaving *Ida's* Summits, quickly flew Down to the Field of Battle: Thence he bore *Sarpedon's* Body, wash'd it in the Stream, Perfum'd it with *Ambrosia*, and put on The Habit of a God; then *Sleep* and *Death* Convey'd him into *Lycia* to his Subjects.

And now *Patroclus* animates his Steeds And Charioteer to push the flying *Trojans*, And *Lycian* Troops, not knowing he pursu'd His own

(\*) My Dearest Son. ]  
 What the *Lycians* do to embalm the Body of *Sarpedon*, *Homer*, by an Idea perfectly poetical, makes to be done by *Apollo* himself; for as that

God is by his Heat the Cause of the Corruption of Bodies, he is likewise the Cause of their Preservation by the Spices and Druggs which he gives Birth to.



Destruction, careless of the Counsel *Achilles* gave, to save himself from Death ; But Man resolves in vain, if *Jove* oppose His just Decrees, who often turns to flight The stoutest Mortals, and denies Success, Ev'n where himself inspires the greatest Courage. 'Twas he, who gave *Patroclus* double Strength, Still pushing on, and scorning all Resistance.

(y) O Valiant Greek! what Tongue can tell the Numbers Of Mighty Men, the Victims to thy Fame, Ere thou resign'st thy Life to *Jove* and Fate, Who first and last fell by thy Warlike Arm? *Autonous*, *Adrastus*, and *Echeclus*, *Epistor*, *Perimus*, the Son of *Megas*, And *Melanippus*, *Mulius*, and *Pylartes*, And *Elarnus*, all to his Sword gave up their Lives, While others fled his Presence o'er the Plains. *Patroclus*' Spear dealt Death in ev'ry Place, And so increas'd the Slaughter, that he thought *Troy* would that Day surrender to his Valour. But *Phœbus* on a Turret took his Station, Designing how to succour his lov'd *Trojans*, And to distress *Patroclus*: Thrice the Hero Attempted to ascend the Wall, and thrice The God repuls'd him, smiting on his Buckler With his Immortal Arms: Once more *Patroclus* Renew'd

(y) O valiant Greek!'] This Apostrophe of *Homer* is full of Tenderness and Energy. The Poet, being hurry'd away on a sudden by his Poetical Spirit, addresses himself to the dead *Patroclus*, as if he were still living, and thereby makes that Hero Immor-

tal, and treats him as a God. This Passage furnish'd *Demosthenes*, *Homer's* great Imitator, with the Apostrophe reported by *Longinus* in the XIVth Book, of which he so well illustrates the Beauty.

46 THE ILIAD BOOK XVI.

th' Assault, with more than Mortal Force :  
And then *Latona's* Son thus menac'd him.

" Retire, Brave Youth ! the Fates have not  
" decreed, That *Troy* should fall a Victim to  
" your Valour ; Nor shall *Achilles* self that  
" Work accomplish, Exceeding thee in Cou-  
" rage, and in Strength.

He spake, and fearing to provoke his An-  
ger, The Hero was obedient, and retir'd.

*Hector* mean while ( 2 ) within the *Scean*  
Gate Stay'd in his Chariot, doubtful if to turn  
His Warlike Horses, and renew the Fight, Or  
draw his Troops together, to defend The  
Walls of *Ilium* : Midst his doubts, *Apollo* Ap-  
proach'd him, in the Shape of valiant *Asius*,  
His Uncle, Brother to Queen *Hecuba*, And  
Son of *Dymas*, who near *Sangar's* Banks In  
*Phrygia* reign'd, and thus the God express'd  
His Anger to the Hero. " Wherefore is it,  
" That you retire ? Can *Hector* fly with Ho-  
" nour ? Had I your Strength and Spirit, I  
" would soon Convince you of your Fault ;  
" turn back your Steeds, And meet *Patroclus*,  
" and wash out your Shame In his warm  
" Blood ; *Phœbus* perhaps designs Your Ho-  
" nour in his Death should be compleat.

( 2 ) Within the *Scean* Gate,  
&c.] I forgot to inform the  
Reader that the *Scean* Gates  
were so call'd because they  
were on the left hand of  
*Troy*, that is to say, West-  
ward, towards the Sea, where  
the Attacks were made ; for

the *Greeks* and *Oriental*s plac'd  
the East on the right of the  
World, and the West on the  
left. *οικαισι πύλαις*, &c. says  
*Hesychius*. This is a good  
Reason ; those he adds are  
false.

Thus

Thus spake the God, and mingled with the Troops; Then *Hector* charg'd his Charioteer, stout *Cebrion*, To drive his warlike Coursers to the Field: Whilst *Phæbus* with new Force inspir'd his Breast, But struck with Mortal Fear the fainting *Greeks*. The Hero to *Patroclus* bent his Course, Regardless of all other Combatants: He from his Chariot on the Field alighted, And ran to meet him, shaking his long Spear In his left Hand, whilst with his Right he chose A massy Stone, and flung with all his force: Nor was it flung in vain; it fell, and smote *Cebrion*, a Bastard Son of old King *Priam*, Who guided *Hector's* Steeds, just on the Forehead, And crush'd the Bone: his Eyes outstarting fell To Earth, and he unfortunate soon follow'd, Like a swift Diver rushing headlong down. Then thus *Patroclus* with a Laugh insulted. "Alas! see how the Tro-  
"jan nimbly dives! (a) What Pity 'tis he

(a) *What pity 'tis he were not near the Sea, &c.* ] It is certain that old *Troy* was further from the Sea than new *Troy*, which was afterwards rebuilt. There are in *Homer* several Passages which prove it, as *Strabo* has observ'd in his XIIth Book. The Railery which *Patroclus* uses here is a proof of it. The Ancients did not fail to turn it to their Advantage, for the Astonishment of *Patroclus* is founded upon this Distance, which being near 40 Stadia did not admit of there being

at *Troy* profess'd Fishermen or Divers; such sort of People dwell only upon the Edges of the Sea and along the Rivers. To conclude, I have somewhat abridg'd the Railery in my Translation, because we do not love such sort of Pleasantries, unless they are lively and full of Salt, which they cannot be if they are long; the Length enervates them and drowns them, if I may so say. But that every Body may make a Judgment of it, I shall give the whole Passage. *It is a*

"were

“ were not near the Sea To show his Tricks,  
 “ and from some lofty Ship Ev’n in a Tempest  
 “ plunge, and fish for Oysters, Who can at  
 “ Land such mighty Feats perform. Troy cer-  
 “ tainly the nimblest Divers breeds.

Thus he, upraising wretched *Cebrion*, stood,  
 Proud of his Strength; then ran t’ encounter  
*Hector*, Mad as a raging Lyon, when he  
 ranges Some Stall, his Courage is his Ruin,  
 Nor turns untill he meet some Mortal Wound;  
 He left his Chariot; then with equal Fury,  
 O’er *Cebrion*’s lifeless Trunk they both engag’d,  
 As when two Lyons on a Mountain meet,

pity he is not nearer to the Sea, he wou’d furnish good Quantities of excellent Oysters, and the Storms would not frighten him; see how, to breathe himself, he exercises and plunges from the Top of his Chariot into the Plain; Who wou’d think that there were such good Divers at Troy. This seems to me a little too long, and if this Passage be really *Homer*’s, I cou’d almost swear that he thereby intended to let us know that a good Soldier may be an indifferent Jester, but I very much doubt whether this Passage be his. It is very likely that these five last Verses were added by some of the ancient Critics, whose Caprices *Homer* has frequently undergone, or perhaps some of the *Rhapsodes*, who in reciting his Verses made Additions of their own to please

their Auditors. And what persuades me of its being so is, that ’tis by no means probable that *Patroclus*, who had lately blam’d *Merione* for his little Raillery against *Aeneas*, and told him, that it was not by way of Raillery or Invektive they wou’d repell the Trojans but by Dint of Blows, that Counsel requir’d Words, but War, Deed, it is by no Means probable, I say, that this same *Patroclus* should forget that excellent Precept, and amuse himself with playing the Wagg, especially in the sight of *Hector*. I am therefore of Opinion that *Patroclus* said no more than this Verse, *Ωρωτος*, &c. Good Gods! what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly He dives! And that the five following are Strangers, tho’ very ancient.



And for a Deer just slain, begin the Combat,  
Both hungry, both enrag'd to win the Prey;  
So fought *Patroclus* and illustrious *Hector*, For  
*Cebrion's* Arms, and aim'd their hardy Spears  
At one another's Breasts: First *Hector* seiz'd  
On *Cebrion's* Head, *Patroclus* on his Feet,  
And both with manly Force dispute the Prize.

Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* charg'd  
each other With Rage redoubled, like conten-  
ding Winds, As when the Eastern and the  
Southern Blasts Meet in a Vale, and join their  
stormy Forces, To level some large Wood,  
the Beech, the Ash, And all the lofty Mon-  
sters of the Forest, Yield to the dreadful  
Shock, their Boughs and Limbs Are torn, dis-  
rob'd, and mingled with each other, A dread-  
ful Crack attends the wild Confusion; With  
the same Fury both the Armies met, And both  
disdain'd to fly: The Trunk of *Cebrion* Was  
cover'd o'er with Lances and with Arrows,  
Sent from the sounding Bow, and Stones that  
dash'd On the hard Armour, ecchoing in the  
Air; Stretch'd on the Plain he lay extended  
wide, And with him dy'd his Skill to guide the  
Reins.

The Battle lasted (b) whilst the Sun was  
climbing The Middle Air, and many Heroes

(b) *Whilst the Sun, &c.* ]  
*Homer* does not content him-  
self with setting down the  
Days of his Action, he like-  
wise takes care to mark the  
Hours of its Duration. Here  
he shews that this Day, which  
is the 17th from *Achilles's*  
Wrath, and the 6th since

the War recommenc'd, and  
which continues from the  
Beginning of the Xth Book,  
is as yet hardly above half  
ended, and that *Patroclus* is  
kill'd towards the Evening,  
a little before the Setting of  
the Sun.

fell; But when declining to the West he drove,  
 The Victory was on the *Grecian* side, (c) Nor  
 could the Fates prevent it: Then they seiz'd  
 On *Cebrion's* Body, and his shining Arms, And  
 still *Patroclus* raging more and more, Pursu'd  
 the Slaughter, with a dreadful Shout. Three  
 times he charg'd, and slew at ev'ry Charge Nine  
 valiant Chiefs; but when like *Mars* undaunted  
 He hasten'd to the Fourth, the Gods forsook  
 him (d) And left him to his Fate; (e) *Apollo*  
 crossing The Ranks unseen, hid in a dusky  
 cloud, Encounter'd him behind, and with his  
 Hand Dealt him a Blow between the manly  
 Shoulders, And stagger'd him: a Dimness seiz'd  
 his Eyes, And from his Head his Helmet fell  
 to Earth, And rung against the Ground: the  
 Triple Crest Was stain'd with Blood and Dust,  
 (f) that ne'er till then Stoop'd to the Ground,

(c) *Nor could the Fates prevent it.*] He does not content himself with saying, that the *Greeks* begin to have the Advantage, but still higher to raise their Courage and their Glory, he says they have the Advantage even against the Command of Fate. Brave Men! compel Destiny to change and declare it self in their Favour.

(d) *And left him to his Fate.*] In pieces of Tapestry, or in Pictures which are rowl'd up; by degrees as they are unroll'd, the Figures and the Actions therein trac'd are discover'd. Thus far we

have beheld the Exploits of *Patroclus*, and now the Scene of his Death is going to present it self. This is the Idea arising from this Verse.

(e) *Apollo crossing, &c.*] This Fiction is founded upon this, viz. That *Apoll'o* being the same with the Sun, and measuring of Time, is suppos'd to bring Destiny, and to accomplish its Decrees.

(f) *That ne'er till then stoop'd to the Ground.*] This Reflection of *Achilles's* Cask seems to me marvellous. What an Elogium for this Hero!

but

# BOOK XVI. OF HOMER. 51

but shaded the fair Front Of *Thetis* Son, amidst the loud Alarms. This *Jove* ordain'd should now be worn by *Hector*; For in that Hour *Patroclus*' Fate drew near, His Spear so long, so firm, pointed with Brass, Brake in his Hand, his Buckler that o'er-shaded His manly Breast fell to the Earth, unlac'd: *Apollo* beat his Breast-plate off, and fill'd His Mind with Terrors, all his Strength went from him, And he remain'd astonish'd without Motion. A *Trojan* Chief, *Euphorbus*, fam'd for Courage, And Strength, and Swiftnefs in the Race, and Skill To manage warlike Steeds, whose early Arms Already had been crown'd with good Success, (g) O'er twenty Warriors in their Chariots slain, Espying his Advantage, smote *Patroclus* Between the Shoulders, and first wounded him: But 'twas not he whom Fate ordain'd to triumph In such a Hero's Fall, a Task unequal To young *Euphorbus*; therefore out he drew His Spear, unable to engage *Patroclus*' Altho' disarm'd, and mingled with the Ranks. *Meneæti*'s valiant Off-spring, when he saw Himself disabled by *Apollo*'s Anger And mighty Arm, endeavour'd to Retreat; And gain the Center of his valiant Troops: *Hector* perceiv'd it, and advancing near him, Deep in his Bosom lodg'd his deadly Spear. *Patroclus* fell, and shook the sounding Earth: His *Greeks* astonish'd stood, and mourn'd their Loss. As

(g) O'er Twenty Warriors, | more Honour to *Patroclus*.  
&c.] This Poet magnifies | There was but one Hero that  
*Euphorbus*'s Valour to do the | durst approach him.

when a Lyon scorch'd with Heat, and thirsty,  
 Ranges to find some Spring, and there encounters  
 A mighty Boar, washing his deadly Tusks,  
 All bloody with the Prey ; they both engage,  
 And both dispute Possession of the Fountain ;  
 Till after many Shocks the Boar is conquer'd :  
 So *Hector* on *Patroclus* rush'd, and slew him,  
 Cover'd with *Trojan* Blood, then as he fell,  
 Thus o'er the Prostrate Hero he insulted.

“ Vain Man, thou thought'st to raze the  
 “ Walls of *Troy*, And bear to *Greece*, aboard  
 “ your Fleet, our Youth And Captive Virgins.  
 “ Wretch ! that couldst not know, (b) I  
 “ fought to save them from the Day of  
 “ Slav'ry, A Rampart to the Town. Let *Tro-*  
 “ *jans* fear No *Grecian* Chains, whilst I can  
 “ wield my Lance. But now the Vulturs on  
 “ thy Trunk shall feed. Unfortunate *Patro-*  
 “ *clus* ! thy *Achilles* Cannot assist thee now,  
 “ confin'd far off Within his Ship, who when  
 “ he sent thee forth To Fight, thus spake. Do  
 “ nor return, my Friend, 'Till thou hast slain  
 “ that Enemy to *Greece*, And brought me *He-*  
 “ *ctor's* Arms, all red with Blood. These  
 “ were his Orders, which thy Vanity Led thee  
 “ to undertake, in hopes of Conquest.

(b) *I fought to save them from a Day of Slavery.* The Greek Expression deserves to be remark'd; Homer says, the Day of Necessity, ἡμᾶρ ἀνάγκης, that is to say the Day of Slavery. The Day when one is forc'd to do what one wou'd not do, and

when one is reduc'd to the last Servitude. ἡμᾶρ ἀνάγκης is oppos'd to ἡμᾶρ ἐλευθέρου, to the Day of Liberty. *Sophocles*, *Homer's* Imitator, took from hence ἀνάγκη τύχη, The Fate of Necessity, meaning Servitude.



To him with feeble Voice raising himself,  
*Patroclus*, just expiring, thus reply'd. " En-  
 joy thy Conquest, *Hector*! (i) Boast thy  
 " Valour! (k) *Jove* and *Apollo* were thy  
 " great Allies; To them thou ow'st the Vi-  
 " ctory; by odds I die, and they disarm'd me  
 " e'er I fell. If twenty Mortals such as thou  
 " had met me Without their Aid, they should  
 " have kiss'd the Dust; *Apollo*, seconded by  
 " Fate, has slain me, *Euphorbus* too assisted to  
 " destroy me: Thou claim'st but the third  
 " Honours in my Death. But hear me, and  
 " attend to what I say: Thou with thy boast-  
 " ing hast but a short time To live: (l) For  
 " Fate pursues thee close behind, And thou  
 " shalt fall by Great *Achilles*' Hand.

(i) Boast thy Valour, &c.] This Speech is very strenuous and worthy of a Hero. *Patroclus*, vanquish'd and dying, represents the Advantage he had over his Enemy, and the Reasons he had to despise him.

(k) *Jove* and *Apollo* were thy great Allies.] He puts *Jupiter* with *Apollo*; *Jupiter* as the Author and Master of Destiny, and *Apollo* as one that executed his Orders. Wherefore he says lower, the Son of *Latona*, seconded by my cruel Destiny, that is to say seconded by *Jupiter* himself whose Decrees make the Destiny of Men.

(l) For Fate pursues thee.] *Homer* makes *Patroclus* pro-

phesie here, because he was of the Opinion with those Ancient Philosophers, who believ'd that the Soul, in the Moment she is going to disengage herself from the incumbrances of the Body, looks with Certainty into Futurity and sees all things in God, to whom she is going to be reunited. This was likewise the Sentiment of *Socrates*, who as he was going to his Death said to the *Athenians* in his Apology, I will foretel to you what will come to pass, for this is a Moment wherein Men have the most certain Views, and are most capable of prophesying. &c.

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Thus he; and Death in Darkness clos'd his  
Eyes: His Soul, unwilling to resign the Flow'r  
Of Youth and Beauty, to the Shades retir'd.

To him disdain'g his Prophetick Words,  
*Hector* reply'd. " And why am I, *Patroclus*!  
" Doom'd by thy Sentence to a sudden Death?  
" Who knows but *Hector* may once more  
" prevail, And great *Achilles* fall beneath his  
" Sword?

This said, he set his Foot upon his Breast,  
Drew out his Spear, and left his Carcass breath-  
less.

Then turning to *Automedon*, had slain The  
Valiant Charioteer of *Thetis*' Son, But the Im-  
mortal Steeds, (m) the noble Present Made  
by the Gods to *Peleus* at his Nuptials, Bore  
him far off, and fled o'er the Plain.

(m) The noble Present, &c.]  
For at the Nuptials of *The-  
tis* and *Peleus*, all the Gods,  
according to Custom, made

Presents to the Bridegroom.  
*Neptune* gave him Horses,  
*Vulcan* Arms, &c.



VI.

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Patroclus being kill'd & stript of Achilles's Armour, & both Sides having a long time fought for his Body the Greeks at length carry it off, while the two Ajaxes courageously sustain the Efforts of the Trojans. B 37.





# ARGUMENT

OF THE

## SEVENTEENTH BOOK.



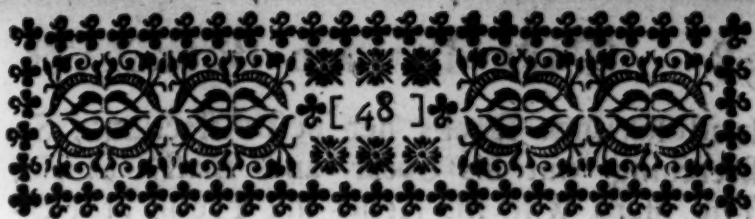
**P**ATROCLUS being slain, the Armies renew the Fight for his Body. Menelaus defends it with wonderful Bravery, and kills Euphorbus, who attempted to bear it off. Hector at the head of his Troops advances against him. Menelaus retires, but soon after returns with Ajax, just as Hector had stript Patroclus of his Arms, and was preparing to strike off his Head. Hector at their Approach retreats, and Glaucus accuses him of Flying. He returns into the Battle, when he had dress'd himself in the Armour of Achilles. Jupiter observes him glorying in these Spoils, which would prove so fatal to him: He expresses his Pity on this Occasion, and at the same time makes the Armour sit easie upon him. The Greeks retire at the Approach of Hector. Ajax repairs this Loss by a great Slaughter of the Trojans, whom he Routs and puts into Disorder. Æneas rallies the Troops, at the instance of Apollo. The

## ARGUMENT.

*Contest for the Body of Patroclus is renew'd with fresh Vigour. The Horses of Achilles are advertis'd of Patroclus's Death. Their Grief on that Occasion. Jupiter's Compassion for them. The Slaughter continues. Pallas encourages the Grecians: Whilst Apollo incites Hector to engage. The Grecians fly. Ajax perceiving that by the favour of Jupiter the Victory inclin'd to the Trojans; prevails on Menelaus to go in search of Antilochus, in order to dispatch him with the News of Patroclus's Death to Achilles. Menelaus quits the Body of Patroclus with Regret. He passes the Ranks; finds Antilochus; gives him his Message, and in his stead places Thrasymedes at the head of the Pylians, then returns to assist Merion, in saving the Body of Patroclus. The Trojans charge them with great Fury. They are supported by the two Ajaces; and in the mean time carry off the Body to their Ships.*



THE



THE  
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---

B O O K X V H.

---



RAVE *Menelaus*, *Atreus'*  
Son, beheld When by the  
*Trojan Arms Patroclus* fell:  
Then to the foremost Ranks  
he threw himself, And stood  
before his Body to defend it;  
(a) As when some Heifer has  
brought forth her Young, The first she ever  
bore; with watchful care She walks around,  
and guards her tender Off-spring, And with

(a) *As when some Heifer.]* | lent or fierce Creature, but  
*Homer* does not here com- | to a Heifer, who is so full  
pare *Menelaus* to any vio- | of Tenderness, especially for

loud Iowings speaks her best Affections: So stretching out his Spear and massy Shield, The Hero with his Arms the Trunk protected, Prepar'd to kill whoever should oppose him; The Son of *Panthus* when he saw th' Advantage, Approaching thus to *Menelaus* spake.

" O Son of *Atreus*, and from *Jove* descended! Great King! retire, and leave *Patroclus*' Body, And let me spoil his Arms; I was the first Of all the *Trojan* Troops and their Allies, Who dipt a Jav'lin in that Warrior's Blood; Deprive me not of my just Right to Glory, Or I will strike this Moment and destroy thee.

To whom indignant *Menelaus* spoke, " Gods! can such Boasting from such Weakness come? No Panther, Lion, or huge Savage Boar, Whose Fury is supported by their Strength, Could be more confident than *Panthus*' Son: So boasted *Hyperenor*,

her first Calf, that she will never abandon it; for this Poet, as *Eustathius* has very well observ'd, accommodating himself to the Occasion, means only here to describe the Affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the Manner in which he presented himself to defend his Body: And this Comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of Goodness and

Mildness. He must have very little Sense and Knowledge in Poetry, that thinks that this Comparison ought to be suppress'd. It is true that we shou'd not use it now-a-days, by reason of the Ideas which we have of the Creatures from which it is borrow'd; but these Ideas not being in *Homer's* Time, they could not hinder him from making use of this Comparison.

"but



“ but not long: His Strength and youthful  
 “ Vigour soon forsook him, When to the  
 “ Fight he dar’d me, and insulted With Me-  
 “ naces, as tho’ I’d been the meanest Of all  
 “ the *Grecian* Chiefs; his Skill in Racing  
 “ Scarce sav’d him, when I stretch’d him on  
 “ the Plain: Nor do I think he e’er return’d  
 “ to ease The fears his Father and his Wife  
 “ conceiv’d: You too shall follow him, if  
 “ you presume T’ engage with me. But be  
 “ advis’d: retire Among your Troops, and do  
 “ not match with me, Least unexpected Mis-  
 “ chiefs should o’er-take you. Fools, when  
 “ the thing is done, are wise too late.

Thus he: *Euphorbus*; scorning his Advice,  
 Thus answer’d. “ Son of *Atreus*! I’ll re-  
 “ venge The Slaughter of my Brother, which  
 “ thou boastest Ev’n in my Presence, and re-  
 “ pay his Death; For whom my Parents mourn,  
 “ and (b) his young Wife Ev’n in the Bride’s  
 “ Apartment weeps his Loss: To Sorrow thou

(b) His Young Wife even  
 in the Bride’s Apartment.] The  
 Text adds a thing with which  
 our Language cannot be made  
 to agree, for *Homer* says, You  
 have made a Wife a Widow in  
 the inmost Recesses of her new  
 Apartment; to shew the Cu-  
 stoms of the Wives of those  
 Days, who kept themselves  
 lock’d up in their Apartment  
 without seeing any one, and  
 never going out of it, but

upon religious Occasions,  
 to ἡ ἐν μυχῷ δαμάμοιο νύκτο,  
 says *Eustathius*, &c. In the  
 Recesses of her new Apartment,  
 shew’s a young marry’d Wo-  
 man, and one that is withal ve-  
 ry Prudent, who discretely keeps  
 her self in her Apartment  
 without going abroad. But I  
 know not which wou’d seem  
 strangest now-a-days, this Ex-  
 pression or these Manners.

“ hast

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“ hast turn’d the Joys (c) of *Hymen*, But I  
 “ shall ease their Grief, when I have brought  
 “ Thy Head a Present, and resign’d thy Arms  
 “ To gentle *Phrontis*, and to aged *Panthus*:  
 “ ’Tis now no time to talk; (d). let Strength  
 “ and Valour, And rough Encounter end the  
 “ Strife between us.

He spake; and with his Jav’lin smote the  
 Shield Of valiant *Menelaus*, firm and solid,  
 Not yielding to the Blow; whilst his weak  
 Weapon Was blunted with the force: The Hero  
 bore The Shock, then rousing with a Pray’r  
 to *Jove*, Darted his Spear just as *Euphorbus*  
 turn’d, Which struck his Throat, and pierc’d  
 his tender Neck Quite thro’: (e) he fell, and  
 clashing his bright Armour Amaz’d the *Trojan*

(c) Of *Hymen*.] This is what *Homer* means by these two Words, *δαδάμωιο νύστο*, of her new Apartment. For it was the Custom to make new Apartments for young marry’d Women.

(d) Let Strength and Valour, and rough Encounter.] When we cannot translate literally, we must endeavour at least to catch the Poet’s Idea, and to give it as nobly as possible without digressing from it. This is what I always study to do. when I cannot follow *Homer*, and this is what I believe I have done here; *Homer* word for word says, But this Work (this Battle) will not be long without ma-

king a Tryal of Terror and Strength, and without being disputed. What is fine in the Greek wou’d not at all be so in our Language, I have therefore taken the Idea, and have express’d it by another turn; the Learned will judge of it.

(e) He Fell.] *Homer* does not stop so long to mourn the Death of any *Trojan* as that of *Euphorbus*, and he does it to do more Honour to *Patroclus*, because it was *Euphorbus* that first wounded him. Besides he said at the end of the preceding Book, that the Plume of *Achilles*’s Cask was soil’d with Blood and Dust, and one wou’d think that he here means to

Troops:

Troops; his lovely Hair, Such as adorns the Graces, buckled up (f) In Gold and Silver Knots, was stain'd with Blood. (g) As when some tender Olive just exerting its verdant Bows, in some sweet Solitude Grows by a River's side, till a rude Tempest Whirls round it, roots it from its Genial Bed, And leaves it dead, extended on the Plain: Such was the Youth and Beauty of *Euphorbus*, And such his Fall, whom *Menelaus* slew, And stript him of his Arms; (h) as when a Lion, Bred on the Mountains on his Strength relying, Selects

comfort his Reader, that is a Favourer of the *Greeks*, by shewing him *Euphorbus's* Hair swimming in Blood. This is a Remark of *Eustatius's*, which I think worthy of being quoted.

(f) In Gold and Silver Knots.] Here is a Trojan who uses Gold and Silver to adorn his Hair, which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the Women were the first that us'd those Ornaments. *Est quidem apud eundem Homerum virorum crinibus aurum implexum: ideo nescio an prior usus à feminis caperit.* Lib. 33. Chap. 1. He might likewise have strengthened his Doubt by the Custom of the *Athenians*, who put into their Hair little Grasshoppers of Gold.

(g) As when some tender Olive.] He compares a young

Handsom Soldier to an Olive rather than any other Tree, because the Olive constantly preserves its Beauty, and the Orientals did not think any Tree exceeded it for Beauty. Wherefore *David* promises as a Recompence of a good Man, Children which shall be round his Table like young Olive Trees, *Psalms* 127. and in *Ecclesiasticus*, Wisdom compares herself to an Olive Tree.

(h) As when a Lion.] From a Comparison of a tender and gentle Nature, *Homer* passes of a sudden to one of an impetuous and terrible Nature; and this Contrast makes here as great a Beauty as in Painting, where Contrarieties, judiciously placed, are wonderful; for it may be said that in Poetry and Painting Opposition is all in

a Bull the glory of the Herd, Then sets his  
Teeth (i) deep in his brawny Neck, Drinks  
up his Blood, and draws his reeking Entrails  
Forth from his Breast; the Shepherds and the  
Dogs Surround him at a Distance with loud  
Clamours, Not daring to approach: So stood  
the Trojans Aghast, nor durst encounter *Menelaus*,  
Who had with ease and glory born a-  
way *Euphorbus*' Arms. But jealous of his Glo-  
ry, *Phaebus* incited *Hector* to engage him: And  
taking *Mentor*'s Shape, who to the War The  
stout *Ciconians* led, he thus began. "*Hector*!  
" in vain you follow, but can ne'er Overtake  
" "*Achilles*' Chariot, for his Steeds Are of im-  
" mortal Race, nor will submit To bear the  
" Rein from any other Hand Than his, to  
" whom his Mother Goddess gave them. But  
" see, *Euphorbus*, a most valiant Trojan, By  
" "*Menelaus* dies, bereft of Strength.

all. To conclude, the Ex-  
actness of this Image, where-  
in that which compares and  
that which is compared a-  
grees in every part, mani-  
fests very plainly that when  
*Homer* makes any imperfect  
Comparisons, I mean such  
as only agree in only single  
Respect, it is not that he  
wants Genius or Strength  
to find others entirely exact,  
but because those very Com-  
parisons which he makes  
have likewise their Beauty,  
as I have elsewhere made  
appear.

(i) Deep in his brawny  
Neck,] I am very sorry that  
our Language is not capable  
of expressing it in a more  
noble Manner, but I chose  
rather to give it in vulgar  
Terms than not to give it  
at all. For this Particu-  
larity shews that *Homer* very  
well knew the Practice of  
brute Beasts. The Lion, as-  
soon as he has seiz'd a Bull,  
begins with breaking his  
Neck, because the Head of  
a Bull is the only Part that  
is to be fear'd.

He



He spake, and threw himself amidst the Slaughter. Then *Hector* found his Soul attack'd with Grief; And rowling round his Eyes amongst the Troops, Saw where *Euphorbus* lay, his Wound ejecting The Purple Blood, and *Menelaus* busie Unlading his bright Arms: He saw, but could not Sustain the Sight; then rushing thro' the Ranks, Rais'd a tremendous Outcry, like the noise Of crackling Flames, which cannot be extinguish'd; *Atrides* heard his Voice and was astonish'd, Then sighing inward to himself, thus spake.

“ Unhappy *Menelaus*, to abandon Thy shining Prize, and quit *Patroclus* Body, Slain in my Quarrel, fighting to Revenge My injur'd Honour. Can I be so base, And not expect the *Grecians* should upbraid me? But tho' I scorn to fly, can I alone Sustain the shock of *Hector* and his Troops, Who soon will hem me in? for where he leads The *Trojans* follow: But my Doubts are Trifles, And I debate in vain; for where a Mortal Fights with a Hero by a God assisted, Death and Disgrace pursue the rash Attempt, For against *Jove* he Fights; then let not Greece Insult me, (k) if from *Hector* I retire, Since *Jove* is on his side. (l) Yet could I hear My *Ajax* Voice, advancing to

(k) If from *Hector* I retire, since *Jove* is on his side.] *Homer* makes *Menelaus* great even in his Flight; he orders it so that this Prince does not retire from before *Hector* and all the *Trojans*,

which one wou'd think a pretty just Reason for retreating, but he makes him yield to *Apollo* himself, who Fights for his Enemy.

(l) For could I hear my *Ajax* Voice.] I can never be  
“ assist

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“ assist me, We two would join our Forces,  
 “ (m) and in spite Of an opposing God try the  
 “ Encounter, To save *Patroclus* Body, and re-  
 “ store it To great *Achilles*; this would ease  
 “ his Grief, And well atone the Slaughter of  
 “ this Day.

Whilst Doubts like these divide the Hero's  
 Mind, The *Trojans* led by *Hector* were ad-  
 vanc'd; At last with Indignation he retreated,  
 (n) And often turn'd his Head, and oft look'd  
 back As he withdrew: So an old generous Li-  
 on, Unwilling leaves the Stall, by numbers  
 forc'd Of Dogs and Herdsmen, arm'd with  
 mighty Clubs, That raise loud Shouts and drive

tir'd with admiring *Homer's*  
 Artfulness in illustrating the  
 Valour and Glory of his He-  
 roes. *Menelaus*, who sees  
*Hector* and all the *Trojans*  
 rushing upon him, wou'd not  
 retire if *Apollo* did not sup-  
 port them; and though *A-*  
*pollo* does support them, he  
 wou'd oppose even *Apollo*,  
 were *Ajax* near him. This  
 is glorious for *Menelaus*, and  
 yet more glorious for *Ajax*,  
 and very suitable to his Cha-  
 racter; for *Ajax* was the  
 bravest of the *Greeks*; next  
 to *Achilles*.

(m) And in spite of an op-  
 posing God.] That is to say,  
 not only against a Man ani-  
 mated by a God, but against  
 that God himself. *Eusebius*  
 upon this makes a Re-  
 mark worthy of an Archbi-  
 shop; he says that these

Verses of *Homer*, Yet if I  
 heard near me the Voice of the  
 valiant *Ajax*, &c. might come  
 out of the Mouth of a vir-  
 tuous Man, who seeing him-  
 self ready to be overcome  
 by Temptations, and not  
 finding himself sufficiently  
 strong to resist them,  
 might cry out: Ah! if I  
 heard near me the Voice of a real  
 good Man, I shou'd not only  
 resist this Temptation, but even  
 the Devil himself.

(n) And often turn'd his  
 Head.] With what Address  
 does *Homer* soften this flight,  
 in order to excuse *Menelaus*?  
 That Prince yields to a whole  
 Army, and to an Army  
 strengthen'd by *Apollo*, and  
 yet he does not so yield but  
 that from time to time he  
 turns his Face, as if he  
 were ready to stand it out.

him

him from his Prey: Thus *Menelaus* with Regret retir'd, And piercing through the foremost Ranks and Troops, Look'd round, and search'd the Plains for valiant *Ajax*; At length he found him to the Left, inciting His Men to stand the Charge, all fearful grown: For *Phæbus* with new Terrors had amus'd them; To him he ran, and thus approaching spake.

" My dearest *Ajax*, let us haste and rescue  
 " *Patroclus*' Body, naked as it is, Perhaps we  
 " may convey it to *Achilles*: (o) For *Hector*  
 " has already seiz'd his Arms.

Thus he; and *Ajax* with new Rage transported Follow'd the Hero to the foremost Ranks: But *Hector* priding in *Patroclus*' Spoils (p) Dragg'd him along the Plain, and would have lopp'd

(o) For *Hector* has already seiz'd his Arms.] *Homer* never does any thing without Reason: The Ancients have observ'd here that he causes the Arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector*'s Power, to equal in some sort those two Heroes in the Battle wherein he is going to engage them. Without this, it might be urg'd that *Achilles* cou'd not have kill'd *Hector* if his Armor had not been made by the Hand of a God, and *Hector*'s by the Hand of a Mortal; whereas they being both clad in Armor made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles*'s Victory will be compleat, and in it's full Lustre. Besides this Reason, which is for Necessity

and Probability, there is another, which is only for Ornament; which is, that thereby *Homer* prepares the Episode in which he will describe the Fabrick of those new Arms, which *Vulcan* is going to make for *Achilles*; an Episode which containing allegorically the Fabrick of the World, will throw into his Poem an admirable Variety.

(p) Dragg'd him along the Plain.] *Homer* labours already beforehand to lessen in his Reader's Mind the Horror which he may conceive from the Cruelty that *Achilles* will soon exercise upon the Body of *Hector*. This Cruelty will be only the Pu-

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The Head from off the Carcass, and then thrown it A Prey to Vulturs and the Trojan Dogs; To him thus busie, *Ajax* with his Shield Before him born, like a vast Tow'r, drew near: At his Approach the valiant Chief withdrew Amidst the Throng, and reach'd his lofty Chariot: His Men convey'd *Patroclus*' Arms to *Troy*, The Ensigns of his Glory won that Day. Then *Ajax* o'er the mangled Body spread His spacious Shield, like some mad Lioness That guards her Whelps, when from the Forest side A Troop of Hunters rush to slay her Young: Her rowling Eyes proclaim her inward Rage, (q) O'er which with Anger knit, her Brows hang low'r-ing: So *Ajax* look'd, when hov'ring o'er *Patroclus*, Whilst *Menelaus* with full Strength sustain'd him. (r) And yet the sight of the

nishment of that which *Hector* here exercises upon the Body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he is forcutting off his Head, and designs to leave his Body upon the Ramparts, expos'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey.

(q) O'er which with Anger knit, her Brows hang low'r-ing.] It is in the Greek, He drops the Skin which is over his Eyebrows, and covers his Eyes with it. It is pretended that the Lion has above his Eyebrows a Skin which lets down when he is enraged, as if he wou'd not see the Danger. And this is what *Homer* here expresses,

as being perfectly well instructed in the Customs of irrational Creatures: but this Particularity wou'd not be over beautiful in our Language, which wants noble Words to express these Details in a happy Manner. What I have put for it is shorter and says almost the same thing, and that too according to our own Manner.

(r) And yet the sight of the dead Coarse.] This Sentiment agrees mighty well with *Menelaus*, who sees *Patroclus* dead in his Defence, and *Homer* thereby conceals in some manner the too sen-

dead



# BOOK XVII. OF HOMER. 67

dead Coarse redoubled His Grief, and oft he  
turn'd to vent his Sighs.

*Glaucus*, mean while, the *Lycian* General,  
With a stern Aspect thus upbraided *Hector*.

“ *Hector*, thy Beauty and thy Mien are taking,  
“ Not so thy Courage; and I wonder much  
“ Whence thou, so prone to Flight, hast gain'd  
“ the Name Of a most valiant Leader: Think in  
“ time How to preserve your Self, your Town  
“ and Troops, Without our Aid; for not a  
“ *Lycian* Soldier Shall ever combat in defence  
“ of *Troy*, Whilst you Ungrateful thus requite  
“ our Valour. Which of our Men amidst the  
“ deadly Slaughter, When in Distress, was e'er  
“ reliev'd by you? Inglorious *Hector*! meanly  
“ to abandon *Sarpedon*, your Allie, your Friend,  
“ your Guest, Who when alive succour'd so  
“ oft your Town, Your Self, your Troops;  
“ yet you permitted him To be by *Grecians*  
“ plunder'd, and (s) by Dogs Devour'd.  
“ Now would the *Lycians* be advis'd, This  
“ Moment we would march into our Country,  
“ And let the Fate you merit fall on *Troy*. Had  
“ you that Bravery, which should inspire Those  
“ Men, who for their Country fight, with  
“ ease We might convey *Patroclus*' Body hence  
“ To *Ilium*, and present it to Old *Priam*.  
“ This would induce the *Greeks* to send us

able Advantage *Ajax* has o-  
ver him upon that Occa-  
sion.

(s) By Dogs devour'd.]  
*Glaucus* speaks thus, because

he does not know that *Sar-  
pedon's* Body was carry'd off  
to *Troy*, and that it was send-  
ing embalm'd into *Lycia*.

“ back (t) *Sarpedon's* Arms and Body in ex-  
 “ change; *Achilles*, who much lov'd him, and  
 “ whose Valour And numerous Host oblige the  
 “ *Greeks* to' esteem him, Will soon engage the  
 “ Leaders to consent: But thou, afraid and  
 “ weak, wouldst not encounter With valiant  
 “ *Ajax*, nor endure the Onset, And hast ac-  
 “ knowledg'd him the braver Man.

Him *Hector*, with Disdain regarding, an-  
 “ swer'd. “ Who can with Patience to thy  
 “ Words attend, *Glaucus*, so full of Insolence  
 “ and Fury? I once esteem'd thee as the wisest  
 “ Leader In all the *Lycian* Army, but I find  
 “ My Error, and with Reason now I question  
 “ Thy Sense and thy Discretion, who so falsely  
 “ Hast slander'd me, as if I fled from *Ajax*.  
 “ 'Tis not the Battle nor the numerous Foe  
 “ That can repell my Valour; but great *Jove*,  
 “ Whose Councils are above all human Wis-  
 “ dom, Oft fills the most Intrepid Heart with  
 “ Fear, And where he gives most Courage,  
 “ oft denies Success. But come and see, if I  
 “ have been Unactive, or deserve thy vile Re-  
 “ proaches, Unable to repel from dead *Patro-*  
 “ *clus* This *Greek*, who in thy Judgment far  
 “ exceeds me.

Thus he; then turning to the Troops. “ Ye  
 “ *Trojans*! he cry'd, And *Lycians* and *Al-*  
 “ *lies*, fight on, And signalize your Valour  
 “ with fresh Slaughter, Whilst I retire to' array

(t) *Sarpedon's Arms and* | did not only use to exchange  
*Body.* In those Times they | Prisoners but Arms also.

“ me

# BOOK XVII. OF HOMER. 69

“ me in the Arms Of dead *Patroclus*, who by  
 “ this right Hand Was slain amidst the Throng  
 “ of his own Troops.

He spake, and from the Field of Battel flew,  
 To overtake his Servants, at a distance (u)  
 Bearing *Patroclus*' Armour to the Town; But  
 ere they could reach *Ilium*, *Hector* came,  
 Then stripping off his own, he charg'd his Men  
 With the bright Load, and soon adorn'd him-  
 self In the Immortal Arms of great *Achilles*,  
 Which the Celestial Pow'rs to *Peleus* gave,  
 And he grown old deliver'd to his Son, Who  
 ere he reach'd that Age was doom'd to lose  
 them.

Him glittering afar in glorious Armour When  
*Jove* perceiv'd, he shook his Head, and said :

“ Unhappy Pince! who dost not see how  
 “ near Death presses to o'ertake thee: Thou  
 “ transported With Joy art clad in the Immor-  
 “ tal Arms Of *Thetis*' Son, a Terror to all War-

(u) Bearing *Patroclus*'  
*Armour to the Town.*] A  
 Difficulty may arise here, and  
 the Question may be asked  
 why *Hector* sent these Arms  
 to *Troy*. Why did not he  
 take them at first? There are  
 three Answers, and I think  
 them all plausible. The first,  
 that *Hector* having kill'd *Pa-*  
*troclus*, and seeing the Day  
 very far advanced, was not  
 minded to take those Arms  
 for a Fight almost at an end.  
 The second, that he was im-  
 patient to shew to *Priam* and

*Andromache* those glorious  
 Spoils. Thirdly and lastly,  
 he perhaps at first intended  
 to hang them up in some  
 Temple. *Glaukus*'s Speech  
 makes him change his Reso-  
 lution, he runs after those  
 Arms to fight against *Ajax*,  
 and to take away *Patroclus*'s  
 Body from him. *Homer* never  
 fails to lay hold on the tender  
 Sentiments that any of the  
 Subjects he treats of can fur-  
 nish him with, and this has  
 a charming effect in his Poe-  
 try.

“ riors.

riors. His best and dearest Friend, re-  
 " nown'd for Goodness And Valour, (w)  
 " thou hast lately slain, and spoil'd him Of all  
 " his Arms with Infamy, to thee Alas most fa-  
 " tal Action! but thy Death Shall be with pre-  
 " sent Glory recompenc'd, Since from thy  
 " Limbs no more thy tender Wife, *Andro-*  
 " *mache*, with pleasure shall unlade Thy shi-  
 " ning Arms, returning safe from Battle.

He spake, and with a Nod confirm'd the  
 Promise. At his Command the Armour clos'd  
 round *Hector* (x) Well-fitted to his Limbs,  
 as was his own. The Hero like the God of  
 War appear'd, Breathing new Rage; a manly  
 Force and Vigour Spread sensibly, and all his  
 Veins enliven'd: Among the foremost Chiefs  
 he stood environ'd, Shining afar, who took  
 him for *Achilles*. He call'd the Leaders to a  
 grand Assembly, *Mestibles* and *Glaucus*, *Ther-*  
*silus* and *Medon*, *Asteropæus*, *Hippothous*, *Dise-*

(w) *Thou hast Slain.*] What a Funeral Elogium is  
 this; and by whom made?  
 By *Jupiter* himself.

(x) *Well fitted to his Limbs*  
*as were his own.*] The Arms  
 made for *Achilles* cou'd not  
 fit *Hector*. We see in Holy  
 Scripture, that when *David*  
 offer'd himself to fight *Goliath*, *Saul* gave that young  
 Shepherd all his own Armour,  
 but *David* having desired to  
 try whether he could walk  
 with those Arms, found that  
 they encumber'd him, and

so laid them aside. 1 Sam.  
 17. Behold Nature in her per-  
 fect Simplicity: Behold Poe-  
 try too; as it disposes of Di-  
 vinity, she has always Mira-  
 cles in store, and still within  
 Probability, for every thing  
 is possible to God. God  
 cou'd fit *Saul's* Arms to *Da-*  
*vid's* Shape; he does not do  
 this Miracle, in order that he  
 might do one altogether as  
 great, but Poetry seeks for  
 the most sensible Ornaments,  
 and *Homer* has therein per-  
 fectly well succeeded.



nor, With *Phorcys*, *Chromius* and *Eunomus*,  
The valiant Augur: These all gather'd round  
him. To whom the Hero thus, (y) " Allies  
" to *Troy*! Collected from the various Nati-  
ons round us: 'Twas not to People *Troy*  
" we brought you hither, Already full of Men,  
" but to assist us, And join our Forces to re-  
" pel the *Greeks*, And save the *Trojan* Dames  
" and Youth from Slav'ry. (z) For this our Peo-  
" ple furnish your Provisions, And recompence  
" your Services and Valour With Spoils, pro-  
" portion'd to your high Deserts. For me,

(y) *Allies to Troy, collect-  
ed from the various Nations  
round.* Eustathius has very  
well explain'd the Artifice of  
this Speech of *Hector's*, who  
indirectly answers all *Glaucus's*  
Investives, and humbles  
his Vanity. *Glaucus* had just  
spoke as if the *Lycians* were  
the only Allies of *Troy*, and  
*Hector* here speaks of the nu-  
merous Troops of different  
Nations, which he expressly  
designs by calling them *Bor-  
derers* upon his Kingdom, there-  
by in some manner to ex-  
clude the *Lycians*, who were  
of a Country more remote,  
as if he did not vouchsafe  
to reckon them. He after-  
wards confutes what *Glaucus*  
said, that if the *Lycians* would  
take his Advice they would  
go their ways home, for he  
gives them to understand  
that being hired Troops, they

are obliged to perform their  
Bargain, and to fight 'till the  
War was at an end.

(z) *For this our People fur-  
nish your Provisions.* In all  
Ages the Prince drew from the  
People wherewithal to main-  
tain the Expences of War,  
and pay his Allies - and to  
this Use were apply'd Tributes  
and Taxes. *Ad hoc Tributa  
praestamus*, says St. Austin, ut  
prout necessaria militi stipen-  
dium praebeatur. Lib. 22. *Con-  
tra Faustum*. Cap. 74. But  
here *Hector* does more than  
receive the ordinary Tri-  
butes, he oppresses, he exhausts  
his People, because his Ene-  
mies being the Masters of all  
the adjacent Parts, he could  
only draw from the *Trojans*  
wherewithal to defray the  
Charges he was oblig'd to  
be at in their Defence; and  
his own.

" my

“ my Gratitude and liberal Hand Merit the  
 “ Thanks and Praise of ev’ry Soldier. Do you  
 “ perform your part, and be prepar’d To’ ex-  
 “ pose your Lives with ours, to Dye or Con-  
 “ quer, (a) For that’s the chief Condition of  
 “ the War. Whatever Soldier in the Troops  
 “ assists me To win *Patroclus*’ Body in the  
 “ Combat, Shall be with me a Partner in his  
 “ Spoils, And share the Glory of his Death  
 “ with *Hector*.

He spake; and all the Troops with Spears e-  
 rect Began a furious Onset on the *Greeks*, Ho-  
 ping to win the Body from brave *Ajax*: Vain  
 hope to many, who in numbers fell Beneath  
 his Sword; as they drew near, the Hero Turn-  
 ing to *Menelaus*, thus began. “ My dearest  
 “ Friend, how shall we shun the Danger, Sur-  
 “ rounded by whole Troops? Fain I would  
 “ save *Patroclus*’ Body from the Dogs and  
 “ Vulturs, Expos’d a Prey, but now (b) my  
 “ greatest care Is to preserve my Life and  
 “ yours; for see, *Hector*, with all the *Trojan*  
 “ Troops advances, Like a black Cloud just  
 “ breaking on our Heads: Then haste, and call  
 “ the *Grecians* to assist us.

(a) For that’s the chief Con-  
 dition of the War.] The true  
 Sense of these Words, ἢ γὰρ  
 πολέμῳ δαριεύε, I take to  
 be Such is the Bargain of War.  
 They who hire Troops ought  
 to pay and maintain them, and  
 such hired Troops ought to  
 Fight without sparing them-  
 selves, and to submit to

whatever the Necessity of  
War requires of them.

(b) My greatest Care is to  
 preserve my Life and yours.]  
 This is certainly true, that a  
 live Man is more valuable  
 than a dead one; and it is  
 much better to save *Ajax* or  
*Menelaus*, than the Body of  
*Patroclus*.

Thus

Thus he; and *Menelaus* straight obey'd,  
Raising his Voice, and rous'd the drooping  
Troops.

" Ye *Greeks* and *Grecian* Leaders and Al-  
lies, Companions in the Banquet to our  
King, Great *Agamemnon*, who rewards your  
Valour: Commanders of the People, whom  
dread *Jove* Trusts to your care: (c) All  
Honour is from *Jove*: The Battel thickens,  
and the Noise rowls this way, Forbidding  
me to call the Heroes forth Each by his Name;  
who does not see with Horror The Shame  
that will o'ertake us, if we suffer *Patroclus*'  
Body, on the Walls of *Troy*, To lie expos'd  
a Prey to Dogs and Vulturs?

He spake, and *Ajax* Son of *Oileus* Obey'd  
him first, and for the Fight prepar'd; Valiant  
*Idomeneus*, and faithful *Merion* Who bore his  
Arms, stood forth to follow *Ajax*. Who  
could the Numbers tell of mighty Captains,  
All in the Combat mixt, to share the Glory?

The *Trojans*, marching under *Hector*'s Con-  
duct, Began the Charge, and rais'd a dreadful  
Shout: As when two Rivers, swoln with Rain,  
encounter Just where they join the Sea, the  
Waves drive back Far into Land, the hollow

(c) All Honour is from  
Jove.] This I take to be the  
Sense of *ἐκ τοῦ Διὸς τιμὴ*, &c.  
it is God who bestows Roy-  
alty, Command, Power. *Quo-  
niam dominatur excelsus in  
Regno hominum, & cuicunque*

*vulnerit dabit illud*, Dan. 4.  
14. Those who have receiv'd  
from him this Sacred Cha-  
racter, ought therefore to  
employ it upon every thing  
that is Great and Good.

Shores resound: With such a Noise the *Trojans* made their Onset, Whilst round *Patroclus*' Trunk the *Grecians* gather'd, With equal Courage, joining Shield to Shield, Like a firm brazen Rampart: But great (d) *Jove* Cover'd their Helmets with a Sable Cloud; (e) For as he did not hate *Patroclus* living, He would not suffer him, when dead, to be The Food of Beasts and Birds, and therefore rous'd The *Grecian* Forces to attempt his Rescue. At the first shock the *Trojans* push'd their Foes, But not a Man was slain; tho' all retir'd And left the Body, (f) which the Victors dragg'd Along the Plain; but soon the *Greeks* renew'd The Fight, for *Ajax* led them on, himself Companion of their Danger; who for Valour And Manly Grace, except the Son of *Thetis*, All other *Greeks* excell'd: He pierc'd the Ranks, And

(d) *Jove cover'd their Helmets with a Sable Cloud.*] As *Jupiter* honour'd *Sarpedon's* Death by raining down a shower of Blood, he here Honours *Patroclus's* Death by drawing a dark Cloud over the Combatants, and this Cloud is nothing but the Dust occasion'd by the Tumult of the Battel. Thus you see how Poetry magnifies and embellishes every thing.

(e) *For as he did not hate Patroclus living.*] That is to say, he loved him. *Jupiter* cou'd not but love such a Hero as *Patroclus*, who to a

proved Valour added a great deal of Goodness, for that is *Jupiter's* own Elogium of him. All valiant Men are not loved of God; but those who to their Valour join Goodness, those are such as he loves.

(f) *Which the Victors dragg'd along the Plain.*] *Homer* does not add this Particularity barely for the varying of his Poem, but to prepare his Reader to see *Achilles* exercise upon *Hector* the same Inhumanity that a *Trojan* here acts upon *Patroclus*, and thereby to lessen the Atrocity of the Thing.

drove



drove the *Trojans* back, who then were busie,  
 Dragging *Patroclus* to their Walls in Triumph.  
*Hippothous*, the valiant Son of *Lethus*, Fasten'd  
 a Cord, and drew him by the Legs Along the  
 Field, resolv'd to shew himself, By some im-  
 portant Service done to *Hector*: But he was  
 punish'd for the bold Adventure, Nor could  
 his best Companions, tho' most willing, Bring  
 him Relief: For *Ajax* rushing in, Smote him  
 upon the Helmet with such force, The Cask  
 gave way, and thro' the deadly Wound His  
 Brains rush'd out, immixt with Purple Blood:  
 He fell depriv'd of Strength, and lost his hold  
 Of the dead Coarse, but tumbling lay beside  
 it, Far from his Native Soil, fruitful *Larissa*,  
 Not living to requite his tender Parents For  
 all their Care in nourishing his Youth, Cut off  
 by cruel *Ajax* in his Prime. *Hector*, inspir'd  
 with Vengeance for his Death, His Lance at  
*Ajax* threw, who watch'd the Blow, And  
 stooping shunn'd it; but the Weapon, thirsting  
 For Blood, on *Schedius* fell, the valiant Son  
 Of *Iphitus*, the bravest of the *Phocians*, (g)  
 Who reign'd in *Panope*, a wealthy City, O'er

(g) Who reign'd in *Panope*.] *Panope* was a small  
 Town twenty *Stadia* from  
*Charonea* on the side of Mount  
*Parnassus*, and it is hard to  
 know why *Homer* gives it the  
 Epithet of famous, and makes  
 it the Residence of *Schedius*,  
 King of the *Phocians*; when  
 it was but nine hundred  
 Paces in Circuit, and had no  
 Palace, nor Gymnasium, nor

Theatre, nor Market, nor  
 Fountain, nothing in short  
 that ought to have been in a  
 Town which is the Resi-  
 dence of a King. *Pausanias*  
 gives the Reasons of it in  
 his *Phocicks*; he says, that as  
*Phocis* was exposed on that  
 side to the Inroads of the  
*Boeotians*, *Schedius* made of  
*Panope* a sort of Cittadel, or  
 Place of Arms; and as for

numerous Subjects: In the Throat it struck him, And to his Shoulder pierc'd: He fell to Earth, His pondrous Trunk and clashing Arms resounded.

Whilst *Phorcys*, the sage Son of *Phenops*, press'd To rescue the dead Body of *Hippothous*, *Ajax* inflicted a prodigious Blow, That pass'd his Breast-plate, and his manly Stomach, Thro' which his Entrails issued, and with them His Soul; he fell, and graspt the Earth, expiring.

By such Exploits *Ajax* grew terrible To all his Foes: The foremost Ranks gave back, Ev'n *Hector* was amaz'd: The *Greeks* victorious Shouted to Heav'n, pursuing their Advantage, And dragg'd the Trunks of *Phorcys* and *Hippothous* Out from the slain, and spoil'd them of their Arms.

That Day the *Trojans*, by their Foe repuls'd, Must have retir'd within their Walls for Safety, And the brave *Greeks* by manly Force and Courage, In spite of *Jove's* dread Counsels, bore away The Honour of the Field, had not *Apollo* Encourag'd brave *Aeneas* to the Fight, Taking the Shape of (*b*) *Peryphas* the Herald, the Son

the Epithet, he tells us, that this Poet calls *Panope* famous, as he calls it in his *Odyssey* καλλιχρον, a Place wherein are beautiful Choirs of Dancers; because the *Athenian* Women used to have Dancings there every Year, when they went to *Parnassus*, to celebrate the

Feasts of *Bacchus*, as shall be more at large explain'd in the 11d Book of the *Odyssey*.

(*b*) *Peryphas* the Herald.] *Eustathius* from hence conjectur'd that this *Epytus* was an Herald, and that his Son *Peryphas* follow'd the same Profession, according to the

of *Epytus*, a Sage grown old, Together with his Sire, yet full of Prudence And Courage: Thus disguis'd, *Apollo* spake. (i) "*Aeneas*, is it possible to save Your *Troy*, altho' great *Jove* decrees its Ruin? I've seen those Heroes who have forc'd the Fates To yield to Numbers, Strength and Fortitude, And that was their Relyance. You, alas! Would force ev'n *Jove* to ruin you, (k) in spite Of his own Counsels; for 'tis plain he's partial, And rather would bestow the Victory On *Troy* than *Greece*; whilst you, devoid of Courage, Forfeit his Bounty by a shameful Flight.

Custom in those times; for anciently the Children follow'd the Trade of their Fathers, which perhaps was not a bad Custom in point of Policy. The Offices of the Heralds were to regulate Sacrifices, and all other Ceremonies, to mediate Alliances and all other Treaties, to summon Assemblies, to impose Silence on the People, &c.

(i) *Aeneas*, is it possible to save your *Troy*?] This is one of the finest and strongest Passages in *Homer*, and one of those that have been most disfigured by the Translation; yet it is not obscure, and *Apollo* therein speaks with a Clearness and Eloquence worthy of that God. What cou'd be imagin'd more strong and more capable of animating

the Troops, than to say to them, *I have seen Armies gain by their Strength and Valour Victories against the Decrees of Destiny it self; and you, to whom Destiny is favourable, and for whom Jupiter himself fights, you by your Cowardice loose all these Advantages.* I do not believe that human Wit can carry it further, and 'tis these Touches that *Demosthenes* study'd in *Homer*, and which he so well knew how to imitate.

(k) *In spite of his own Counsels.*] What *Homer* says here of *Jupiter's* Orders being capable of Constraint, ought to be explain'd by the double *Destiny* which *Homer* has acknowledg'd, and which I have already mentioned. And there is nothing in it that is not conformable to

Struck with such piercing Words, *Aeneas* stood, Regarding well the Herald, but soon saw The God in that disguise, then fill'd with Joy Thus he began. "O *Hector*, *Trojan* Chiefs, And you Allies, with what Disgrace we suffer The *Greeks* to drive our Troops along the Plain; And, conquer'd by our selves and our own Fears, Retire, and seek our Safety in our Walls? Just now a God was sent from *Jove*, t' assure me He was propitious to the Arms of *Troy*: Only let us be worthy of his Aid, And once more try the Battle, nor permit The *Grecians* undisturb'd to bear away *Patroclus*' mangl'd Body to their Ships.

He spake, and forward rush'd before the Ranks, Advancing to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* follow'd; And first *Aeneas* smote *Leocritus*, *Arisbas*' Son, Companion of the War To *Lycomedes*, who beheld his Fall With Pity and Revenge; then threw his Spear At *Apisaon*, Son of *Hippasus*, In fair *Peonia* bred, in all that Nation The most renown'd, except *Asteropeus*; It pierc'd his Liver, and he tumbled dead. Struck with Compassion for his Death, the valiant *Asteropeus* rush'd forward to revenge

found Theology, which teaches that God sometimes revokes his Decrees; witness King *Hezekiah*, to whom the Prophet *Isaiah* threatens Death, and bids him set his House in Order to prepare for it. That Pious King by his

Prayers and Tears changes that Arrest of Death, and obtains five Years more of Life, 2 *Kings* 20. Here then the Decrees of God are forc'd, for God, who is the Master of them, revokes them.

him,



him, And break the firm Battalions of the  
*Greeks*, Who stood unmov'd about *Patroclus'*  
 Body, Joining their Shields, and lifting up  
 their Spears. *Ajax* thro' all the Ranks his Or-  
 ders gave, To keep their Ground, and neither  
 to retire Nor to advance, but (1) to sur-  
 round the Body, And foot to foot sustaining  
 their Companions, Abide the furious Onset of  
 the *Trojans*; What he commanded, all the  
*Greeks* obey'd. Then Streams of Purple Blood  
 bedew'd the Plain, And many Heroes fell on  
 either side, Of *Greeks*, and *Trojans*, and Con-  
 federates. But tho' the *Greeks* stood firmly, and  
 sustain'd Each other, yet their Men in numbers  
 fell, Tho' far inferior to the *Trojan* side. Both  
 fought with martial Fury, not unequal To  
 the most raging Fire; a pitchy Cloud Spread  
 round them, so obscure, the Sun and Moon  
 Were hardly safe, and fear'd to lose their  
 Beams, Whilst round *Patroclus'* Trunk both  
 Armies battled. In all the other Regions of  
 the Plain, 'Twas rather Skirmishing than real  
 Combat, The Air was clear, no Darkness  
 from the Field Or from the Hills arose, but  
 the bright Sun Darted his Beams and Glory  
 undisturb'd; The Troops by turns reliev'd the  
 Combatants, Sometimes they met, and some-  
 times fought at distance, With care avoiding  
 one anothers Darts. But where the Fight was

(1) But to surround the  
 Body.] For now the on-  
 ly business is to save the  
 Corps of that Prince, and e-

very thing ought to concur  
 to that End. This Order of  
*Ajax's* is very Wise, and like  
 an experienc'd Captain.

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hottest, Noise and Tumult, And Darkness mixt the Squadrons, undistinguish'd, And added to the Horror and the Slaughter: In which the most Adventrous soonest fell.

Mean while, two Heroes in the open Plain, *Antilochus* and *Thrasymedes*, fought, Who had not yet receiv'd the fatal News Of brave *Patroclus*' Death, but fancy'd him Engag'd in Combat 'midst the thickest Troops; Themselves unable to renew the Fight, By rallying their Troops, at distance skirmish'd Along the Plain, as *Nestor* had commanded, When from the Fleet he sent them to the Field.

But still the sharp Contention for the Body Of brave *Patroclus*, with fresh Rage continu'd: The Combatans with Dust, and Sweat, and Blood, Their Legs, their Feet, their Eyes, and Hands disfigur'd, Renew'd the Fight: the *Greeks* to save the Body, The other side to drag it to their Walls. (m) As when the Curriers, in a Circle standing, Stretch with main Force

(m) *As when the Curriers.*]  
A more noble Comparison could not so well have express'd the Action that *Homer* means to describe, of several Warriours disputing for a dead Body, and which each of them is for carrying off. The Antients have mightily commended the Clearness and Energy of this Image, *ἡ δὲ τοῦ σώματος ἡ εὐκρίτης*, says *Eufrathius*, *ἰσχυρὰ*, &c. Tho' this Image be low and common, yet does it not fail to shine for its

Evidence, as the Antients have judg'd of it, for it clearly exposes to the Sight, what it is to represent. If now-a-days it does not appear so fine as it is, the fault partly lies in our Conception, which can hardly descend to what is barely natural, and 'tis partly the fault of our Language, which having nothing but plain Words to express these Images borrow'd from the Arts, cannot ennoble them by the Style: Whereas Ho-

the

the Hide of some huge Bull Besmear'd with Fat ;  
 each tugs his brawny part, Then with fresh tin-  
 cture dawbs th' extended Surface: So to each  
 side both Armies dragg'd the Body, The *Tro-*  
*jans* to convey it into *Ilium*, The *Grecians* to  
 their Ships ; the Slaughter thicken'd, And Death  
 shew'd all his Rage: (x) Not *Mars* himself, De-  
 lighting in the exercise of War, Nor Warlike  
*Pallas*, tho' both join'd their Fury, Cou'd shew  
 a nobler Trial of fierce Combat: Such was  
 the hot Contention, which great *Jove* Decreed  
 in honour of *Patroclus*' Death.

Mean while *Achilles* in his Ships remain'd,  
 Not knowing that his dearest Friend was slain,  
 Who at a distance lay near *Ilium*'s Walls. The  
 Hero, not expecting such a Loss, Waited to see  
 him with his Spoils return, And full of Glory:  
 Well he knew, *Patroclus* Was not ordain'd to  
 sack the Walls of *Troy*, For to her Son fair  
*Thetis* had disclos'd So much of *Jove*'s De-  
 crees, but yet conceal'd, In Pity to his Grief,  
 that dire Event, That he should lose *Patroclus*  
 in the Fight.

*mer* had a wonderful Advan-  
 tage by his Language, which  
 furnish'd him with figurative  
 Words and an admirable Har-  
 mony. It appears by this  
 Passage that in *Homer*'s Time  
 their *Leather-Dressers* had  
 that done by Men, which  
 ours now-a-days do by Stakes  
 upon which the Hides are ex-  
 tended upon the Earth.

(x) Not *Mars* himself —  
 nor *Pallas*.] A greater En-

comium cannot be given to a  
 Fight, than to say that nei-  
 ther *Mars* nor *Pallas* cou'd  
 find any fault with it; it may  
 be said, that this Praise is  
 very exact; for nothing can  
 equal either the Ardour, or  
 Order of the Combatants,  
 nor the Clearness in which  
*Homer* sets before our Eyes  
 all that passes. We do not  
 read but see it.

But still with mutual Rage, the *Greeks* and *Trojans* Urg'd one another on to fresh Adventures; At length a Noble *Grecian* thus began.

" Can we for Shame retire and seek our Ships?  
 " Much rather let the yawning Earth devour,  
 " And swallow us up quick, ere with Disho-  
 " nour We leave the *Trojans* Masters of the  
 " Body, Or let them bear *Patroclus* to the  
 " Town.

With equal Bravery a *Trojan* Chief Stood forth, and animated thus his Troops. " Here  
 " let us die upon *Patroclus* Body, And not a  
 " Soldier be so base to fly.

These Words inspir'd the Troops with double Courage: The Horrour and the Slaughter still increas'd, Whilst thro' th' unbounded Regions of the Air The Noise of clashing Armour reach'd the Skies.

Thus whilst they fought, at distance from the Plain Th' Immortal Steeds of great *Achilles* stood, Who when they found *Patroclus* left behind, By *Hector* slain, whom next their War-like Master They willingly obey'd, (o) with flowing Tears They mourn'd his Loss; nor could *Automedon*, Tho' oft he us'd the Rein, and oft his Hand, And sometimes sooth'd and

(o) *With flowing Tears they mourn'd his Loss.*] Fable gives to Beasts all the Sentiments of Men, it makes them Weep, Reason, and Speak; much more had *Homer* the Liberty in his Fable to make the immortal Horses

of *Achilles* weep. This Poet animates every thing, the Heavens, the Sea, Forests, Jav'lins, Stones; every thing has Manners in his Verses, and this renders his Poetry so lively, that every thing after it appears languishing

some-



sometimes menac'd them, Prevail to drive them  
onward to the Fleet, Or to the field of Battle:  
they unmov'd (p) Stood, like a Column on  
some Sepulcher, Fix'd to the Ground; they  
droop'd their brawny Heads; Their Manes were  
stain'd with Dust, and from their Eyes Huge  
drops of Tears fell, and bedew'd the Plain,  
Such was their Love and Sorrow for *Patroclus*!  
(q) Great *Jove* with Pity saw their mournful  
State, Then shook his awful Head, and thus  
began.

“ Unhappy Steeds! why were you made a  
“ Present To *Peleus*, he of Mortal Race, and  
“ you Immortal, free from Death, and from  
“ Decay? Was it to make you share the Mi-  
“ series Of Man, than whom of all that Move  
“ and Breathe, (r) There lives not a more  
“ wretched helpless Creature? But be appeas'd,

and flat. *Virgil* has imita-  
ted this Passage of *Homer*,  
when in speaking of *Pallas's*  
Horse, he says:

*Post bellator equus positus insigni-*  
*nibus Aethon*  
*It lacrymans, guttisq; lumen-*  
*flat grandibus ora.*

(p) Stood like a Column  
on some Sepulcher.] *Homer*  
alludes to the Custom they  
had in those Days of put-  
ting Columns upon Tombs,  
on which Columns there  
were Chariots with two or  
four Horses. This furnish'd  
*Homer* with this beautiful I-  
mage, as if these Horses

meant to remain there, to  
serve for an Immortal Mo-  
nument to *Patroclus*.

(q) Great *Jove* with Pity.]  
I think this is very fine, that  
*Homer* shou'd make *Jupiter*  
to be touch'd at the Affli-  
ction of these immortal  
Horses. The Poet very well  
comprehended that God's  
Goodness extended over e-  
very thing, not only over  
Men but Beasts.

(r) There lives not a more  
wretched Creature.] He must  
certainly be very wretched,  
since he makes that wretched  
which is not of a Nature to  
be so.

“ for

" for *Hector's* not decreed To triumph in that  
 " Chariot, which you Draw; That Honour  
 " I'll refuse him: Is it not Enough, that he  
 " has won *Achilles'* Arms, (s) And prides  
 " him in those Spoils? Let that suffice; To  
 " you I'll send new Strength and matchless  
 " Courage, That you may bear *Automedon* in  
 " safety From the fierce Combat to *Achilles'*  
 " Tent: Since 'tis already fix'd by my Decrees,  
 " (t) The *Trojan* Troops should Conquer, and  
 " repell The *Grecians* to their Fleet, till the  
 " bright Sun Descends into the Ocean's watry  
 " Bed, And Night with mantling Clouds o'er-  
 " spread the Skies.

He spake, infusing all the Strength he pro-  
 mis'd them, Whilst the enliven'd Horses rais'd  
 their Heads, Shook off the Dust, that gather'd  
 on their Manes, (u) And bore the Rapid

(s) And Prides him.] For he did not gain these Arms in fair War, since he only kill'd *Patroclus* after *Euphorbus* had wounded him.

(t) The Trojan Troops should conquer.] It is worth observing with what Art and OEconomy *Homer* conducts his Fable, and brings on the Catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear of *Patroclus's* Death; *Hector* must fall by his Hand: This cannot happen if they still fight around the Body of *Patroclus* under the Walls of *Ilium*. Therefore, to change the Face of Affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise

the Courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their Fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth, tho' without Arms, and thereby every thing comes to an issue. He that translated it, I will be still favourable to the *Greeks*, was very far from perceiving the Art of the Poem, and *Homer's* Address. 'Tis a very gross Fault, which the Sequel only might have prevented him from being guilty of.

(u) And bore the Rapid Chariot into Battle.] This was against his Will, for the

Chariot

Chariot into Battle Amidst the thickest Throng  
 of *Greeks* and *Trojans*. *Automedon*, beset with  
 inward Grief, Gave way to Valour and Impe-  
 tuous Rage, And rush'd upon the Foe like a  
 swift Hawk, Chasing the frighted Doves; some-  
 times he push'd The Ranks, then nimbly shunn'd  
 the growing Danger: But as he was alone  
 within the Chariot, His Arms were useless,  
 which he could not wield At the same time,  
 and guide the flowing Reins. *Alcimedon*, *La-  
 erces'* valiant Son, Saw him at last, and came  
 behind the Chariot, Then thus. " What God,  
 " *Automedon*, inspiring Pernicious Counsel,  
 " has depriv'd your Mind Of all its wonted  
 " Wisdom, that alone You drive thus furi-  
 " ously into the Battle, In great *Achilles'* Cha-  
 " riot? Is it thus, (You would revenge *Patro-  
 " clus*, and recover His Arms, which *Hector*  
 " now in Triumph wears.  
 To him *Automedon*. " No other *Greek* In  
 " all the Troops can boast an equal Art With  
 " thee, to tame the Fury of these Steeds, By

Horses ran away with him, as he himself will soon acknowledge: These Horses do of themselves, and alone, what they were us'd to do when they bore *Achilles* to the Fight. Thus this Particularity is not added as a Rashness, or Madness in *Automedon*. Homer thereby makes the Elogium of these Horses, or rather that of *Achilles*, as our Troops one Day made that of one of the greatest

Leaders *France* ever had; That General was just kill'd; the Army was in a Consternation seeing it self deprived of their Leader, under whom that could not be vanquish'd, and not knowing what Course to take, in sight of the Enemy; strait the Soldiers cry'd out, *Let Pyeball loose*, (this was the Name of that great Man's Horse) *he will lead us where we ought to go*.

" Birth

“ Birth Immortal: None beside *Patroclus* Was  
 “ famous in that Art, who now lies slain;  
 “ Therefore do thou ascend into my Seat, And  
 “ take the Reins, whilst I on Foot engage.

Thus he: *Alcimedon* obey'd his Words, And  
 mounting the swift Chariot, (w) took the  
 Reins; *Automedon* alighting, join'd the Com-  
 bat: *Hector* beheld them, and address'd him-  
 self To brave *Aeneas*, fighting by his Side.

“ *Aeneas*, Trojan Prince, see, where the  
 “ Steeds Of Great *Achilles* mingle in the Bat-  
 “ tle, Under the Care of two weak Chario-  
 “ teers; With ease we may attempt to make  
 “ them Prize: Then join your Force with  
 “ mine, yon feeble *Greeks* Will soon retire,  
 “ unable to resist us.

*Anchises*' valiant Son obey'd his Words,  
 Glad of th' occasion to exert his Valour: Then  
 both advanc'd together, with their Shields Sha-  
 ding their manly Shoulders: With them march'd  
*Chromius*, and graceful *Aretus*, both big With

(w) Took the Reins.] There was but one Driver, since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the Chariot; and *Automedon* was got down to fight: But in Poetry, as well as in Painting, there is often but one Moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount the Chariot before *Automedon* was descended from it, and thereupon judging of their Intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the Chariot, he

cries, *Aeneas*, &c. and he calls them both Drivers, in Mockery, because he saw them take the Reins one after the other, and as it were saying, that this Chariot had two Drivers, but never a Fighter. 'Tis one single Moment that makes this Image. In Reading the Poets one often falls into great Perplexities, if one does not rightly distinguish the Moment in which they speak.



a vain Hope to slay *Automedon*, With his brave Friend, and seize *Achilles'* Steeds; Unhappy Youths! not destin'd to return, Both without Loss; whose fond ambitious Hopes The Spear of stout *Automedon* would tame: Who having pray'd to *Jove*, perceiv'd new Strength And Vigour in his Limbs, then to his Friend And Charioteer *Alcimedon* he spake.

" Keep near me with the Chariot, whilst I fight: (x) And let me feel the glowing Breath behind me Of the Immortal Steeds: For see, bold *Hector* Comes on us, resolute, when we are slain, To seize *Achilles'* Horses, mount his Chariot, And break the firm Battalions of the *Greeks*, Or in this Enterprize to meet his Death.

He added not; but to th' *Ajaces* call'd And *Menelaus*, " Ye renowned Leaders! Let other Heroes with their Spears defend *Patroclus'* Body, but do you make haste, And succour us who live, help to sustain us, Against the two most valiant Chiefs in *Troy*, *Aeneas* and Stout *Hector*, now advancing; Th' Event is with the Gods, let *Jove* decide it, But on my part no Courage shall be wanting.

He spake, and threw his Lance, which smote the Shield Of *Aretus*, and pierc'd the yielding

(x) *And let me feel the Glowing Breath behind.*] For he will always be at the Head of those Horses, lest *Hector* should find means to get between them, and thereby make himself Master of

them, by making his Companions attack him, and throwing himself upon *Automedon* who alone upon that Chariot would not be able to make any great Defence.

Brass,

Brass, Thence near his Belt ran deep into his Belly: As when a Hunter with some massy Weapon Lays at a savage Bull, that tries to gore him: He wounded stamps, then with a dreadful Noise Tumbles to Earth; so stamping with the Pain, The Hero fell, and thro' the gaping Wound His Soul went out, Death clos'd his Eyes in Darkness. Then *Hector* at *Automedon* discharg'd His Spear, who stooping forward, shunn'd the Blow: The Spear far off fell quiv'ring to the Ground. Just as the Heroes drew their Swords to meet Each other in the Combat, both the *Ajax* Drew near, obliging *Hector* and *Aeneas*, With *Chronius* to retire, and leave the Body Of *Aretus*: Then with a Look like *Mars*, *Automedon* despoil'd him of his Arms, And priding in his Victory, thus spake. "Tho' far inferiour Thou to  
 " great *Patroclus*, Yet in my Mind I find my  
 " Grief abate, Since I have sent this Victim to  
 " his Manes.

He spake, and laid the Armour in his Chariot, Cover'd with Blood, then mounted to his Seat With the stern Visage of some savage Lion, Just reeking from the Slaughter of a Bull.

Mean while the Battle o'er *Patroclus*' Body Grew hotter still, with Blood and dreadful Slaughter. *Minerva*, from the Skies dispatch'd by *Jove*, Came down to rouse the Courage of the *Greeks*, Quite spent with long fateague; as, when fair (y) *Iris* Extends her Bow along the

(y) *Iris extends her Bow.* ] extraordinary Rainbows for a  
 For the Ancients took these | sign of War or Tempest, in

painted

painted Air, Portending War or Tempests to the World, Driving the Lab'ers from their wonted Task, And Cattle to the Shade; just so the Goddess, Hid in a livid Cloud, came down to Earth, And join'd the *Grecian* Troops; near *Menelaus* She stood, and thus incited him to Battle, Assuming *Phoenix* Voice, and Look, and Shape.

" O Son of *Atreus*! yours will be the Shame,  
 " If great *Patroclus*' Body be expos'd To Dogs  
 " and Vulturs, at the Walls of *Troy*; There-  
 " fore renew the Battle, and lead on Your  
 " Troops to shed their last Remains of Blood.  
 " To him *Atrides* thus. " Renown'd for  
 " Wisdom, And sage Experience, by old Age  
 " confirm'd; Would *Pallas* with new Force  
 " and Strength inspire me, And guard me from  
 " the Darts - that shour around me, Soon I  
 " would try to save *Patroclus*' Body; For  
 " whom no *Greek* with Grief like mine is  
 " pierc'd: But *Hector*, like consuming Flames,  
 " destroys On every side, and *Jove* with Glo-  
 " ry crowns him.

Thus he: *Minerva*, pleas'd to hear the Hero  
 Invoke her Deity with Pray'r before All o-  
 ther Gods, infus'd new Strength and Vigour  
 Thro' all his Limbs, and gave him Confidence  
 In War, (z) such as the Fly, bold in At-  
 tacks, Untam'd and petulant, exerts; oft bea-

like manner as Comets. *Pallas*, who descends from  
 Heaven to rekindle the Com-  
 bat, cou'd not be compar'd

better to any thing than to  
 that Meteor.

(z) Such as the Fly.] If  
 Homer had said, and inspire

ten From his firm hold, as oft he turns and fastens, Till he has gorg'd his thirsty Throat with Blood: Such a desire of Slaughter and Revenge The Goddess gave to *Menelaus*' Soul, Who straight advancing o'er *Patroclus* Body, Aim'd his long Spear, and scatter'd Death a-round.

Among the *Trojan* Troops there stood a Chief, *Podes*, *Eëtion*'s Son, valiant and rich, Belov'd by *Hector*, in whose private Pleasures He often shar'd, to whom he made his Court: Him *Menelaus*, as he turn'd from Fight, Smote near the Belt; he fell in clashing Armour, Whilst *Atreus*' Son dragg'd him with mighty Force To his own side; *Apollo* then drew near To *Hector*, in the Shape and Looks disguis'd Of *Phanops*, Son of *Asius*, who dwelt in fair *Abydos*, near the *Hellespont*, Then thus. "O Prince, "will ever *Grecian* Soldier Be frighted at thy "Name, or dread thy Presence, Who sees "you fly from *Menelaus*? once thought None "of the bravest Warriors; from whose Spear

him with the Strength of a Fly, it would have been ridiculous because of the Smallness of the Animal; but he says the Boldness of a Fly, for the Fly of all Creatures is the most bold and obstinate. There is no Meanness in this Comparison; a Hero may be compar'd to a Fly, as a wise Man is compar'd to an Ant; for the Action and not the Animal ought to be consider'd, and 'tis that renders

the Comparison noble. *Lucian*, in the Elogium he makes of the Fly, has not forgot this Passage. Besides, the Fly is a Creature that Poetry can very easily ennoble. *M. de la Fontaine* has done so, by calling it *Daughter of the Air*; *Homier* has embellish'd divers Places of his Poem with several Comparisons all borrow'd from the Fly, and the Ancients prais'd him for it.

" You



“ You shamefully retire, and let him rescue  
 “ *Patroclus*’ Body from amidst your Troops;  
 “ Already he has slain *Eëtion*’s Son, *Podes*,  
 “ your Friend, ev’n at the Army’s Head.

These Words with deep Resentment stung  
 his Breast, He grasp’d his Arms, and to the  
 Van advanc’d; (a) Then *Jove* held forth his  
 mighty shining Shield, Fam’d *Aegis*, rousing  
 round the Top of *Ida* A pitchy Cloud, from  
 whence he flung his Lightning, And sent his  
 rattling Thunder thro’ the Plains, Turning  
 the *Greeks* to Flight; whilst to the *Trojans* He  
 bent his Aid, and crown’d them with Success.

*Baotian Peneleus* began the Rout, Whom,  
 as he fac’d the Troops, *Polydamas* Smote on  
 the Shoulder, and oblig’d to turn. *Hector* on  
*Leitus*, *Alectrion*’s Son, Incessant rush’d, and  
 struck him on the Hand, And forc’d him to  
 retire; but as he try’d On every side t’ escape  
 impending Fate, Disabled and dismay’d, *Hector*  
 pursuing Had slain him, but *Idomeneus* stepp’d  
 in, And dealt a Blow on *Hector*’s manly Breast:  
 His Armour stood the Shock, but the weak  
 Spear Broke near the Point; the *Trojans* shout for  
 joy. Then *Hector* tow’rd *Idomeneus* advancing  
 Flung his long Lance, to reach him in his  
 Chariot; Near him it flew, but lighted on  
*Ceranus*, Who from the Town of *Lyctum*

(a) Then *Jove* held forth  
 his mighty shining Shield.]  
 What Poetry! and how short  
 is my Translation of the  
 Number and Harmony that  
*Homer* has thrown into these

four Verses! The Poet here  
 shews very clearly that *Jupi-*  
*ter*’s *Aegis* is nothing but  
 Clouds big with Storms,  
 Thunder, and Lightning.

came

came to *Troy*, With stout *Meriones*, and bore his Arms, and drove His Chariot: (b) *Merion* fought that Day on Foot, And by his Death had added to the Triumphs Of *Hector* and the *Trojans*, but *Coiranus* Came timely to his Aid, and brought his Chariot To rescue him from Death, himself was slain By *Hector*'s Hand; between his Cheek and Ear The Spear went in, dash'd out his solid Teeth, And clove his Tongue in twain; he tumbling left His Seat and dropt the Reins, which *Merion* stooping Took up, and mounting his high Chariot, thus Spake to *Idomeneus*. "Haste, let us fly To reach our Ships, for Victory has left the *Grecian* Troops. *Idomeneus* obey'd, And fill'd with Terrors, from the Battle drove.

(b) *Merion fought that Day on Foot.*] Of all the Passages of *Homer* this is the most knotty and obscure. The Obscurity proceeds from this, viz. After having put in the 611th Verse, the Accusative *κοίρανον*, without a Verb to govern it, he adds a Parenthesis of five Verses, which takes the History higher, and which explains how this *Coiranus* come to be there, to lose his Life. The only way to clear up this Passage, is to suppose the Verb *εὗρατο* wounded, after the Accusative *κοίρανον*; the word *πύξος* ought to be understood of *Merion*, and not

of *Coiranus*, for it was *Meriones* that would fight on Foot, and *Coiranus* brought him his Chariot very seasonably, for he sav'd his Life by losing his own. If one wou'd make ones self merry at the perplexity of the Interpreters, one need only read their Translations. *Estathius*, who well perceiv'd the Disorder of this Passage, gives to understand that *Homer* affected this Obscurity to proportion his Diction to the Disorder and Confusion of the Battle he speaks of: but I rather believe he thought that very clear, which to us seems very obscure.

*Ajax*

Now *Ajax* and the Warlike *Menelaus*  
Perceiv'd, that *Jove* had alter'd his Decrees, De-  
claring for the *Trojans*; then the Son Of *Te-*  
*lamon* his valiant Troops bespake.

"There's none so stupid, but with ease may  
"see, That *Jove* will give new Glory and  
"Success To *Hector* and the *Trojans*; for  
"their Darts, Whether from weak or war-  
"like Hands they come, Give Wounds or  
"Death; (c) whilst ours are thrown in vain,  
"And only wound the Earth; What then re-  
"mains? But to advise how we may save the  
"Body, And to our Fleet retire, to cheer our  
"Friends, All glad at our return; who now  
"from far Behold us lab'ring against *Hector's*  
"Valour, Expecting ev'ry Moment we should  
"yield, And leave the Fleet a prey to *Trojan*  
"Flames. Fain I would find some trusty  
"Greek to bear The News to great *Achilles*,  
"who perhaps Knows nothing yet of his *Pa-*  
"troclus' Death. (d) But I look round in  
"vain; both Men and Horses Are hid in  
"Clouds and Night; O *Jove*! dispel The  
"Darkness, and renew the Day and Light:  
"And if we must be slain, let the Sun see  
"it.

(c) Whilst ours are thrown  
in vain.] This is common  
in Fear; as it takes away  
the Strength, so it hinders  
the Soldiers from being good  
Marksmen.

(d) But I look round in  
vain.] For they must not  
send the first Comer, but a  
Man that may be agreeable  
to *Achilles*.

Thus

Thus he ; great *Jove* in Pity to his Grief  
 (e) Remov'd the Cloud, and clear'd the shin-  
 ing Air: The Sun returning, on the glitt'ring  
 Troops Shed his thick Beams; then thus to  
*Menelaus* The Hero spake. " Look round  
 " you, thro' the Ranks, If you can find *An-*  
 " *tilochus*, the Son Of aged *Nestor*; let him  
 " be dispatch'd (f) This Moment to *Achilles*,  
 " to acquaint him, That he, whom most he  
 " lov'd, is slain in Battle.

He spake; the Hero took his sage Advice,  
 And left *Patroclus*' Body with regret: So from  
 the Herd unwillingly retires The hungry Lion,

(e) *Jove remov'd the Cloud.*] To make the Beauty of this Passage of *Homer* appear, I shall only set down *Longinus*'s Words, who writes thus, Chap. 9. I shall not tire you if I relate a Passage of the same Poet, when he speaks of *Men*, to shew you how much it was *Homer*'s Custom to raise himself even to the most heroic Sentiments, when he describes the Character of a Hero. Thick Darknes and an obscure Night had in a Moment cover'd the Grecian Army, and hinder'd them from fighting; then *Ajax*, not knowing what Course to take, cries, Great *Jove*, dissipate this Obscurity which covers the Greeks, &c. This is a Sentiment truly worthy of *Ajax*. he does not pray for Life, that Prayer is too unworthy of a Hero; but because in that thick Darknes he cou'd not employ his Courage to any glorious

Purpose, and being vext that he must stand there with his Arms a-cro's without being able to fight, he only begs that the Day may appear, as being well assur'd of putting an End to it worthy of his great Heart, tho' *Jupiter* himself shou'd happen to oppose his Efforts. In effect, *Homer* in this Passage is like a favourable Wind which seconds the Ardour of the Combatants, and he is agitated with the same Fury, &c. Thus you see how a great Critic examines Poetry, and makes the Beauties of it visible.

(f) This moment to *Achilles*.] *Ajax* chuses *Antilochus* preferably to the rest, because he was *Achilles*'s best Friend and Companion, and because he was fitter than any body to comfort him at the same time that he carries him this Sorrowful News.

having



having spent the Night In Combat with the Rusticks and their Dogs: Oft he exerts himself to win his Prey, By Hunger press'd, but show'rs of Arrows flying, And Forches, which to him more dreadful seem Than Arrows, force him, pining with Disdain, To fly for refuge to the Neigh'ring Forest: Thus *Menelaus* from the Field withdrew, For much he fear'd the drooping *Greeks* would quit *Patroclus*' Body; as he turn'd, he spake To *Merion* and th' *Ajaces*. "Valiant Leaders, "  
 "(g) Think on *Patroclus*' Goodness and  
 "sweet Temper, (b) Admir'd by all when  
 "living; see, he lies Expos'd to rude Indignities;  
 "do you Save his Remains, in pity to his  
 "Merit.

Thus he; then ranging forward, threw his Eyes Along the Ranks with piercing Quickness, like An Eagle, among Birds the most discerning, That tho' high tow'ring in the Clouds, can spy, Close in a thick-set Brake, a fearful

(g) Think on *Patroclus*' Goodness and sweet Temper.]

This is a fine Elogium of *Patroclus*, *Homer* dwells upon it on purpose, lest *Achilles*'s Character shou'd be mistook, and to shew by the Praises he bestows here upon Goodness, that *Achilles*'s Character is not a Character commendable for Morality. *Achilles*'s Manners, entirely opposite to those of *Patroclus*, are not Morally good, they are only Poetically so, that is to say,

they are well mark'd, and discover before hand what Resolutions that Hero will take. As hath been at large explain'd upon *Aristotle*'s Poeticks.

(b) Admir'd by all when living.] It is in the Greek, he had learnt to be Good-natur'd to all the World during his Life. And it is pretended, that the Philosophers took from hence the Opinion, that Virtues might be learnt as well as Sciences.

Hare,

Hare, Then stooping seizes, and devours his Prey : Thus *Menelaus*' sparkling Eye-balls rowl'd Among the *Grecian* Troops, at length he spy'd Old *Nestor*'s Son, amidst the thick Battalions, Cheering his Men, and fighting on the Left; To him approaching, thus the Hero spake.

" *Antilochus*, draw near and learn the News,  
 " Fatal to *Greece*: Would I were not to tell  
 " it! *Jove* has decreed the Vict'ry to the *Tro-*  
 " *jans*; *Patroclus* (i) in our Troops the bravest  
 " Man, Beloved by all the Leaders, is no  
 " more. Do you this moment to the Fleet  
 " repair, And tell *Achilles* of his fatal Loss,  
 " That he may come and aid us, to retrieve  
 " His naked Trunk, for *Hector* has his Arms.

Thus he; *Antilochus* with Horror thrill'd  
 At the sad News, awhile he stood unmov'd  
 With Grief; the Tears ran trickling down his  
 Cheeks: At length, as *Menelaus* bad, prepar'd  
 To run, and (k) gave *Laodocus* his Arms, Who  
 drove his Chariot: Thro' the Field he fled, Still  
 weeping by the way; but *Menelaus* Staid not  
 to aid the *Pylian* Troops, oppress'd With nu-  
 merous Foes, and (l) weaken'd by the Absence

(i) In our Troops the bravest Man.] *Patroclus* was not the valiantest of all the Greeks, for he was not so valiant as *Ajax* or *Diomed*; but by the Greek Troops *Homer* here means the *Myrmidons*, the Troops of *Thessaly*.

(k) Gave *Laodocus* his Arms.] He gives him his

Arms, not, that he might thereby make the more haste, for he might have gone in his Chariot; but he leaves his Chariot and Arms, that the Enemy might not be aware of his coming, but might take *Laodocus* for him.

(l) Weaken'd by the absence of *Antilochus*.] How artful

Of stout *Antilochus*, to fill whose room (*m*)  
He order'd *Thrasymedes* to sustain them: Him-  
self returning to *Patroclus*' Body, And to both  
*Ajax* thus address'd his Speech.

" *Antilochus* is gone to bear the News To  
" great *Achilles*; but in vain we think, Tho'  
" much enrag'd at *Hector*, he will come (*n*)  
" Naked without his Arms into the Battle;  
" Therefore let us redouble all our Strength,  
" To save *Patroclus*' Body, and our selves,  
" And Troops, from *Hector* and the furious  
" *Trojans*.

He spake: Without delay, the valiant Son  
Of *Telamon* reply'd. " No better Counsel  
" Could any Leader give: Do you and *Me-*  
" *lion* Take up the Body, I and my brave  
" Brother, Advancing, will support you, and  
" receive The shock of *Hector* and his firm  
" Battalions: Already we have try'd it, and  
" have stood.

Thus he: Then the two Heroes join'd their  
Strength, And lifted up the Trunk, and bore  
it off: Which when the *Trojans* saw, with  
furious Onset They rush'd upon the *Greeks*,

is this, to praise *Antilochus* by  
the Mischiefs that his Ab-  
sence is going to bring upon  
his Troops!

(*m*) He order'd *Thrasymedes*  
to sustain them.] *Menelaus*, im-  
patient to repair to *Patroclus*'s  
Body, does here the Duty of  
a good General, not to leave  
these Troops without a Lea-  
der capable to make amends

for him he had taken away  
from them.

(*n*) Naked without his  
Arms.] This is an ingeni-  
ous way of making the Va-  
lour of *Achilles* appear great-  
er, who, tho' without Arms,  
goes forth, contrary to the  
Expectation of *Ajax* and  
*Menelaus*.

like hungry Hounds That, swifter than their Hunters, fly t' assault A wounded Boar, to to make his Flesh their Food: But as he turns to meet them with his Tusks, Affrighted they retire, and are dispers'd: So rushing on the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* ply'd Their Spears and Swords; but when the valiant Brothers Advanc'd to meet them, all astonish'd stood, Pale and dismay'd, nor durst pursue the Charge To gain their Prize; whilst from the Field of Battle They bore *Patroclus*' Body to the Fleet; The dreadful Rout pursu'd them in the Rear, (o) With such Confusion, as attends wild Flames Devouring some great Town, the tottering Houses Sink into Ruin, whilst the fluttering Winds Spread Desolation round: Such was the Fury And Rage, with which the *Trojan* Troops and Squadrons Chas'd the retreating *Grecians* to the Fleet.

The Heroes bore the Body to the Trench: (p) As when two toiling Oxen draw some Beam, From a steep Mountain, thro' a

(o) *With such Confusion as attends wild Flames.*] In proportion as the Battel and Danger encreases, *Homer's* Imagination grows warm, and 'tis this produces that crowd of Comparisons and Images, alone capable of setting before our Eyes the Objects which that Poet forms to himself, and which he means to represent.

(p) *As when two toiling Oxen.*] *Homer* is admirable in the Images he gives; this here is an admirable Description. The *Greeks* in Confusion, *Merion* and *Menelaus* bearing the vast Corps of *Patroclus*, and the two *Ajaces* who alone make the Rear Guard, and who sustain all the Efforts of the *Trojans* led on by *Hector* and *Aeneas*.

rugged



rugged Way, (q) Or a tall Mast: They sweat,  
and strive and strain Their utmost Strength:  
So these, with equal Labour Convey'd their  
Load: Whilst the two *Ajax* stood The Shock  
of all the Troops, firm and unmov'd: As  
when a Mound, that runs along a Mead, Re-  
sists the flushing Inlet of a Stream, And guides  
it in its proper Source and Channel, Not yield-  
ing to the Waves: So the two Heroes Repell'd  
the *Trojan* Force, tho' mighty *Hector* And stout  
*Aeneas* still pursu'd the Chace. As when a flock  
of Cranes or noisie Geese Gather at sight of a  
devouring Hawk, Routing with cruel Rage the  
lesser Birds: So press'd by *Hector* and *Anchises'*  
Son, The *Grecians* fled astonish'd thro' the Plain,  
And as they fled, along their deep Intrenchments  
They strow'd their Arms, yet still renew'd the  
Combat.

(q) *A Beam or Mast.* *Eu-* to Men, the Beam for the  
*statius* observes that *Homer* support of a House, and the  
chuses a Mast and a Beam as Mast of a Ship for Naviga-  
the two most necessary things tion and Commerce.





# ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.



CHILLES is seiz'd with inexpressible Grief at the News of Patroclus's Death. Thetis makes a Journey from the Bottom of the Sea to comfort him. She engages him to refrain the Battle 'till she had brought him a new Sett of Armour, which she was then going to intreat Vulcan to make for him. The Hero, unarm'd, by Order from Juno, presents himself in full View of the Trojans near the Intrenchments. His Presence dismays the whole Army. They retire, and lose a great many of their best Commanders in the Retreat. The Myrmidons bear off Patroclus's Body, which they wash, and fill up his Wounds with Perfumes. Vulcan is employed in forging a new Sett of Armour for Achilles.





Achilles having the news of Patroclus's Death, is grievously lamenting him, is comforted by Thetis, who exhorts him not to Fight, till She brings him New Armour. B. 18.







THE  
ILLIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

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BOOK XVIII.

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**W**HILST *Greeks* and *Trojans*  
with redoubled Fury, Raging  
like Fire, renew'd the dread-  
ful Combat, *Antilochus* to  
great *Achilles* bore The fatal  
News; who to his Ship con-  
fin'd, Foreboding in his an-  
xious Mind, revolv'd The sad Event that had  
alread happen'd; For fighting, thus he vented  
his deep Sorrow. "Alas! why is it that I  
"see the *Greeks* Retiring to their Fleet? has  
"Fate brought on me What my prophetick  
"Soul so long presag'd? My Mother *The-*  
"tis warn'd me of the Mischief, And said,  
"the

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“(a) the bravest of my *Myrmidons* Should  
 “in my Life-time perish by the *Trojans*. (b)  
 “I fear *Patroclus* has confirm’d those Words,  
 “And is no more; rash Youth! in vain I  
 “gave him Strict Charge, when he had sav’d  
 “the Fleet from Fire, To quit the Fight, and  
 “(c) not engage with *Hector*.

To him thus pensive, *Nestor*’s valiant Son  
*Antilochus* drew near, and told the Message.  
 “Alas! great Son of *Peleus*! you must hear  
 “Sad Tidings: Wretched I, who must pro-  
 “nounce them! (d) Your dear *Patroclus* lies  
 “among the Slain; This Moment they are

(a) *The bravest of my Myrmidons should in my Life-time perish.*] *Thetis* had made this Prediction to him, without naming the Person whom it threaten’d.

(b) *I fear Patroclus has confirm’d those Words.*] The *Greeks* being routed, *Achilles* conjectures that *Patroclus* is dead, for *Patroclus* being alive it was impossible for the *Trojans* to obtain so great an Advantage. This is a great Elogium for *Patroclus*; but there is something here still more worthy of Consideration; it ought to be observ’d with what Art *Homer* feigns *Achilles* thus disposing himself to hear the dreadful News of his Friend’s Death: the Poet thereby prevents the terrible Consequences which that News might have occasion’d to so

fierce and intractable a Temper as that of *Achilles*; since notwithstanding his being prepar’d he gives such a loose to his Grief, what might he not have done if that News had been declar’d to him at a time when he did not expect it.

(c) *And not engage with Hector.*] *Achilles* did not name *Hector* in the Orders which he gave to *Patroclus*, he only bade him, *beware lest some God shou’d descend*, &c. giving thereby to understand that no Man cou’d of himself have overcome *Patroclus*, and here he judges that he who kill’d him cou’d be no Body but *Hector*, but *Hector* seconded by a God.

(d) *Your dear Patroclus lies among the Slain.*] I cannot do better in this Place than translate *Eustatius*’s Re-

“fighting

“ fighting for his Body, Naked he lies, for He-  
 “ nor has his Arms.

Thus he; a Cloud of Sorrow, black and horrid, Involv'd the Hero's Soul and Face with Darknefs. With furious Hands he

mark, for it is very excellent and solid. *This Speech of Antilochus, says he, ought to serve as a Model for the Brevity with which so dreadful a piece of News ought to be deliver'd, for in two Verses it comprehends the whole Affair, the Death of Patroclus, the Person that kill'd him, the Contest for his Body, and his Arms in the Possession of his Enemy. Besides, it shou'd be observ'd that Grief has so crowded his Words, that in these two Verses he leaves the Verb ἀπομαχόμεναι, they fight without its Nominative, the Greeks or the Trojans. Homer observes this Brevity upon all the like Occasions. The Greek Tragic Poets have not always imitated this Discretion of Homer's. Eupirides is he that has most fail'd therein, by making long Recitals upon the most melancholly Occasions; Homer alone ought to be follow'd. In great Distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a Messenger who begin: a long Story and pathetick Descriptions; he speaks without being heard, for the Person to whom he addresses himself has no time to attend him; the first Word which discovers to him his Misfortune has made him deaf to all*

*the rest. Thus far the good Archbishop of Thessalonica. It were to be wish'd that many of our Tragic Poets had profited by this Remark, and seen the Beauty and Necessity of Homer's Brevity upon these Occasions; for the greatest Part have committed inexcusable Faults in this Respect. Homer, by the Strength of his happy Genius, knew what was decent, or perhaps he had seen Models of what was truly beautiful in some Books of the holy Scripture; for this Brevity is therein divinely observ'd, of which I shall give a very plain Example: The Israelites had been beaten by the Philistines; a Man who was escap'd from the Battle goes to give an account of this fatal News to Eli, and says; Fugit Israel coram Philistin, & ruina magna facta est in populo; insuper & duo filii tui mortui sunt Ophni & Phinies, & arca Dei capta est. Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also great Slaughter among the People, and thy two Sons also, Hophni and Phineas are dead, and the Ark of God is taken, 1 Sam. 4. 17.*

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(e) strow'd the filthy Ashes Upon his graceful Head and purple Robe, And rowl'd him in the Dust: The Captive Maids, Whom his own Valour and his Friend's made Prize, Ran from the Tent, and mingled in his Sorrows; With mournful Groans and Cries they beat their Breasts, And sunk beneath the load of pressing Grief. *Antilochus* was Partner in their Woe, And floating in his Tears, hung on the Arms Of *Peleus*' Son, (f) lest his excess of Sorrow Should push him on some desperate Attempt Against himself; but it burst forth in Groans, And dreadful Outcries, full of wild Despair.

His Mother *Thetis*, tho' remov'd far off Deep in the low Abysses of the Sea, Where by old *Nereus* her great Sire she fate, Heard his Complaints, and eccho'd to his Cries. The *Naiads*, her Attendants, took the Signal, And gather'd round her, *Glauce*, and *Thalia*, *Cymodoce*, *Nesæa*, *Spio*, *Thoa*, The lovely *Halia*, and *Cymothoe*, *Actæa*, *Limnorea*, and *Melita*, *Amphi-*

(e) *Strow'd the filthy Ashes.*] That is to say, he took the Ashes off the Hearth. The Picture which *Homer* makes here seems to me admirable; *Achilles*'s Character is therein very well pursued.

(f) *Least his excess of Sorrow shou'd push him on some desperate Attempt.*] I take this to be the most natural Sense that can be given to *Homer*'s Verse. *Eustathius* gives it another Meaning, which seems

to me to be very wide. He says, *Antilochus* must be understood to hold *Achilles*'s Hands to hinder him from casting any more Ashes upon his Head; and that *Achilles* sigh'd for fear lest *He* shou'd cut off *Patroclus*'s Head; I think this very flat, and a certain Sign that it cannot be *Homer*'s Thought; besides, the Text is not capable of such a Meaning, without suffering extream Violence.

b' word

thea,



*thae, Jara, and Agave, Dato, Pherusa, Pro-  
to, Dynamene, Callianira, and Dexamene,  
Amphinome, and Panope, and Doris, Ne-  
mertes, and the famous Galatea, Apfendes,  
Clymene, Callianassu, Janassa, Mira, Ory-  
tha, Janira, And fair Amathia, with her  
flowing Hair, With others from the Ocean's  
depths uprising; Who fill'd the fair Apart-  
ment of the Goddess, All sharing in her Grief,  
they beat their Breasts. To whom the God-  
dess thus her Woes reveal'd. "Hear me, ye  
"Sister Nairs, whilst I tell The sad Occasion  
"of my deep Distress; Alas! Unhappy me  
"a wretched Mother! I brought a Hero forth,  
"renown'd for Valour, (g.) Who like an O-  
"live grew in fertile Ground, Set by some care-  
"ful Hand; to Troy I sent him To practise  
"Arms, thence never to return, And see the  
"Palace of his Father *Peleus*. Yet whilst he  
"lives, in Sorrow he consumes The Day,  
"nor can I help him, tho' a Goddess. But I  
"will fly, and learn the mighty Cause Of his  
"Distress, what 'tis disturbs his Soul, Whilst  
"safe from Battle in his Fleet he lies.*

This said, she left her Watry Seat; the *Nairs*  
All weeping follow'd her, the Waves gave  
way To let them pass; then to the *Trojan Shore*

(g.) *Who like an Olive*  
grew.] *Thetis* says here that  
she had the Care of her Son's  
Education, and this is the  
Duty of all Mothers. More-  
over, what *Thetis* says here  
is not contrary to the Re-  
port that *Achilles* was put

into the Hands of *Chiron*;  
for that Goddess does not  
here explain the Means she  
made use of for his Educa-  
tion, and it appears at the  
end of the eleventh Book that  
that Centaur had instructed *A-  
chilles* in a great many things.

Swiftly they swam, where stood *Achilles*' Ship  
 With the *Theſſalian* Fleet, that throng'd  
 around him. To him amidst his Sighs his aw-  
 ful Mother Appear'd, and caught him in her  
 Arms, then mingled Her Tears with his, and  
 thus at last began. "Why is my Son in Tears?  
 "What fatal Sorrow Reigns in thy Mind?  
 "Conceal it not from me. Thy Pray'rs to  
 "Jove were heard: At thy desire The *Greeks*  
 "are by their stronger Foes repuls'd, Reduc'd  
 "to ask thy Aid in their Distress.

Thus she: *Achilles* with a Sigh reply'd. "My  
 "dearest Mother, Jove indeed has granted  
 "That part of my Request: but what will that  
 "Avail my Grief, since my *Patroclus* lies Slain  
 "in the Field? dear to me as my self, Whom  
 "more than all the *Greeks* I lov'd and ho-  
 "nour'd. (b) My strong, my shining Arms  
 "are *Hector*'s Prize, The Present of the Gods,  
 "to *Peleus* sent, When they permitted you to  
 "fill his Arms; Tho' he a Mortal, You of  
 "Race Divine. Would he had chose a Wife  
 "among his Equals, Whilst You below, with  
 "your Immortal *Naiads*, Had sported with the  
 "Waves; but now (i) embracing A Mortal,

(b) *My strong, my shining  
 Arms are Hector's Prize.*

The Affliction which *Achil-  
 les* shews that those divine  
 Arms are in the Possession  
 of *Hector*, is well placed here,  
 for it grounds and prepares  
 the Consolation which *Thetis*  
 is going to give that Hero,

by promising him new Arms  
 more beautiful than the for-  
 mer.

(i) *Embracing a Mortal, in  
 a Mortal's Grief you share.*  
 I have express'd the Sense  
 which is suspected, for it  
 is easy to see that in the  
 88th Verse *ἔμπεδον ἴσα*, &c. there

“ in a Mortal’s Grief you share: And shall be-  
 “ wail my Fall, who well you know Am fa-  
 “ ted never to return from *Troy*. My Life  
 “ and all its Commerce is become My Plague:  
 “ nor can I bear it, till I reach The hated  
 “ Soul of *Hector* with my Spear, And on his  
 “ Head revenge *Patroclus*’ Death.

To him his Mother, weeping, thus reply’d.  
 “ Alas, my Son! your Grief brings on your  
 “ Fate; For after *Hector*’s Death you soon  
 “ must fall.

Then thus *Achilles*, groaning in his Soul.  
 “ Let me this moment die, since Fate deny’d  
 “ me The Honour to relieve my dearest Friend.  
 “ Far from his Native Soil he fell, (k) in  
 “ vain Imploring my Assistance and my Aid.  
 “ And since I never shall revisit *Greece*, Or  
 “ *Peleus*’ Court, nor could protect my Friend,  
 “ and my Companions in the Battle slain, From  
 “ *Hector*’s Sword, but here among the Ships  
 “ Remain an idle burden to the Ground, Tho’  
 “ I am thought most terrible in Battle, Nor

is a Reticence, and that there is wanting, *you have marry’d a Mortal for*, &c. λέειν γὰρ ἀπὸ κοινοῦ τὸ ἐμβλέψας ἐν ἡ τὴν ἡχθὺν ἀκοιτίς, &c. *Eustathius*.

(k) *In vain imploring my Assistance.*] The Ancients thought there was a great deal of Difficulty in this Passage, which they read ve-

ry differently; see *Eustath.* p. 1133. As for my part I think the Sense may be explain’d in two Words; ἐμὲν δὲ δῆσιν ἀπὸς ἀλλήλων γίνεσθαι δῆσιν is for ἰδῆσιν, *he beg’d he implor’d*, and ἀπὸς is the Genitive of the Word ἀπὸ, which signifies Death. There is a very natural Sentiment in these Words of *Achilles*.

“ yield

“ yield to any other Chief in Valour, (1) In  
 “ Counsel far inferiour own'd to many: —  
 “ Then let Contention and let Anger cease,  
 “ Both from the Gods and Men: tho' oft  
 “ they force The wisest of Mankind into Ex-  
 “ cess, And render them Implacable and Fu-  
 “ rious. (m) Revenge is sweet as Honey to  
 “ the Taste, And gathers in the Breast like  
 “ mantling Smoak. Me *Agamemnon* has pro-  
 “ vok'd to Rage: But since 'tis past, let me  
 “ forget th' Affront, And stifle my Resentment,  
 “ and suppress My Rage, which to Necessity  
 “ must yield. I go to find the Murd'rer of  
 “ my Friend, And meet that Fate which *Jove*  
 “ and all the Gods Have on my Head decreed:

(1) *In Council far Inferior own'd to many.*] There is here a manifest Reticence, and therefore I have added these Points . . . . . *Achilles* meant to have added, *why then shou'd I desire to live?* or something like it; but he leaves his Discourse interrupted, and passes to the occasion of his Misfortunes. This Reticence does very well here; the Ideas ought to be confounded in such a Man as *Achilles*, and in such a Circumstance too. To conclude, in those Heroick Times there were but two ways of gaining Esteem, Valour in War, and Eloquence in Councils. And therefore you see that *Achilles*, after having justly attributed to himself the highest degree of Va-

lour, adds with some sort of Disdain or Contempt, *for as for Eloquence I leave it to others.* Which gives a pretty remarkable stroke to that Hero's Character; a Man like *Achilles* shou'd make small account of Words, and give all to Action and Valour: *nihil non arroget armis.*

(m) *Revenge is sweet as Honey, and gathers in the Breast like Smoke.*] It appears by this Passage that *Homer* perfectly well knew the Nature of Anger. It is nothing but the Fermentation of Blood which at first is excited like a small Vapour. But this Vapour thickens and encreases by little and little till it has darken'd the whole Brain, and masters all the Faculties of the Soul.

“ not



“(n) not *Hercules* Himself, tho’ dearer to  
 “his Father *Jove* Than all his other Sons,  
 “could conquer Fate: By which, and *Juno*’s  
 “deadly Hate, he fell; So shall I fall, if  
 “Fate has so decreed. Yet e’er I fall, Re-  
 “nown shall be my Share: And this right  
 “Hand shall force some *Trojan* \* Dame To  
 “weep like me, bedewing her fair Bosom,  
 “and sighing to the Winds. The Foe shall  
 “find, How much my (o) Absence from the  
 “Battle weighs; Therefore perswade me not,  
 “I stand resolv’d To Fight, tho’ you my Mo-  
 “ther should oppose it.

Thus he: then *Thetis*. “(p) ’Tis a good  
 “Design, I own it, to (q) assist your droop-  
 “ing Friends; But how can you engage, whose  
 “Arms the *Trojans* Have won, and *Hector*

\* He speak this of *Andromache*.

(n) Not *Hercules* himself.] *Achilles*, like a Man full of  
 Glory, and the Son of a  
 Goddess, takes none but fine  
 Models; he chuses *Hercules*  
 who was the Son of *Jupiter*,  
 and who had fill’d the Universe  
 with the Noise of his im-  
 mortal Actions. These are  
 the Sentiments of a real  
 Hero.

(o) My Absence.] It is  
 but Seventeen Days, but  
 that’s a long while for such  
 a Man as *Achilles*, who lan-  
 guish’d for fighting; for de-  
 sire of a thing makes a Day  
 seem an Age, which gave  
 Occasion to the *Greek* Pro-

verb, οἱ ἀνθρώποι, &c. Those  
 who desire any thing, grow  
 old in a day.

(p) It is a good Design.] A  
 Goddess cannot oppose the  
 doing of what is honourable  
 and glorious; *Thetis* is here  
 the true Pattern of a gene-  
 rous Mother, whose Son has  
 taken to the Trade of War.  
 She ought to consent to e-  
 very thing that may acquire  
 him Glory; she shou’d op-  
 pose nothing but his Teme-  
 rity.

(q) To assist your drooping  
 Friends.] But *Achilles* can-  
 not succour his Friend, nor  
 save his Life since he is dead.

“wears

# IN THE ILIAD BOOK XVIII.

“ wears the shining Spoils, Exulting in the  
 “ Prize; but long he shall not Boast his Suc-  
 “ cess, for Fate is just behind him. Only do  
 “ you refrain, till my Return; To Morrow, at  
 “ the rising of the Sun, I’ll bring you better  
 “ Arms of *Vulcan*’s Making.

Thus spake the Goddess, parting from *Achilles*; Then turning to her *Naiads*, “ Go, she  
 “ said, Down to the Seas below, to aged *Ne-  
 “ reus*, There tell him my Success: Whilst I  
 “ repair To *Vulcan*, to intreat him, for my  
 “ Son With his own Hand to forge Immortal  
 “ Armour.

She spake: The *Naiads* plung’d into the O-  
 cean: The Goddess to *Olympus* took her Way.

Mean while the *Greeks*, pursu’d by valiant  
*Hector*, Fled to the *Hellepont*, to reach their  
 Ships: *Patroclus*’ Body was not yet convey’d  
 To any safe Retreat, remote from Danger:  
 For *Hector*, raging like a mighty Flame, With  
 Troops and Chariots follow’d in the Rear;  
 Three times he seiz’d the Legs of dead *Patro-  
 clus*, With dreadful Shouts inciting his brave  
*Trojans*: As oft the Warlike *Ajax* made him

It seems therefore more pro-  
 per for the Goddess to have  
 said, *If it be glorious to assist  
 one’s Friends, and to save their  
 Lives, it is likewise glorious to  
 revenge them.* But this she was  
 cautious not to say; she does  
 not enter into that Spirit of  
 Revenge with which her Son  
 is animated; it wou’d have  
 been too contrary to Mora-

lity for a Goddess to have  
 authoris’d Revenge: she on  
 the other hand endeavours to  
 inspire him with Sentiments  
 more worthy of him and  
 her self, by insinuating that  
 it will be glorious for him  
 to relieve the *Greeks* in the  
 Extremity they are reduced  
 to.

quit

BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. III

quit His Hold : Yet more enrag'd, sometimes  
 he rush'd Among the thickest Throng, and  
 sometimes stopt To call his lingering Squa-  
 drons on to Battel. As Troops of Rusticks,  
 that surround a Lion Rending his Prey, at-  
 tempt in vain to drive him : So nor could both  
 th' *Ajaces* with joint Valour Remove brave  
*Hector* from *Patroclus*' Body : And he had  
 seiz'd the Prize and bore it off, But *Iris* from  
*Olympus* took her flight, By *Juno* sent, apart  
 from all the Gods And *Jove* himself; she to  
*Achilles* came, Then thus. " Arise, O most  
 " renown'd in War, Great Son of *Peleus*,  
 " and relieve *Patroclus*; For him the Armies  
 " combat near the Fleet : The *Greeks* to save  
 " his Body, and the *Trojans* To drag him into  
 " *Ilium*; *Hector* leads them, Hoping to smite  
 " his Head from his fair Trunk, And fix it on  
 " the lofty Tow'rs of *Troy*. Then rise, nor  
 " shamefully behold your Friend Eaten by  
 " Dogs : The Infamy is yours.

To whom *Achilles*. " (r) Which of all  
 " the Gods, O *Iris*, has dispatch'd you on this  
 " Message?

Then *Iris*. " *Juno* sent me, Wife of *Jove*:  
 " Nor he, nor any of the Gods beside, Are  
 " conscious to this Embassie. Then thus, The  
 Son of *Peleus* answer'd. " How can I Engage

(q) Which of all the Gods  
 has sent you? *Achilles* is a-  
 mazed, that a Moment after  
 the Goddess his Mother had

forbid him fighting, he shou'd  
 receive a contrary Order from  
 the Gods: Therefore he asks  
 what God sent her.

" in Fight ; ( s ) since *Hector* has my Arms?  
 " *Thetis* forbid me to begin the Combat Till  
 " her Return, who now at high *Olympus* Sol-  
 " licits *Vulcan*, to supply my Loss With Ar-  
 " mour of his Making. ( t ) There's no Greek  
 " In all the Troops, except the valiant Son Of  
 " *Telamon*, whose Arms will fit my Limbs:  
 " And he, as I believe, is now engag'd In the  
 " first Ranks, to rescue dead *Patroclus*.  
 " Thus he: Thus lovely *Iris* soon reply'd.  
 " We know your Arms are by the *Trojans*.  
 " seiz'd, But, naked as you are, march to the  
 " Field, And ( u ) near the high Intrench-

( s ) Since *Hector* has my Arms.] There are here two Reasons which make against *Achilles's* going to Battle. The first, that it is Foolhardiness to go naked against arm'd Men, and against *Hector* who has Divine Armour; and the second, that *Thetis* requir'd of him to stay 'till she return'd. If *Patroclus* sared so ill for having disobey'd *Achilles's* Orders, what will not befall *Achilles* if he disobeys *Thetis's* Order! But can such an impetuous Temper as that of *Achilles* contain it self in so exact a Decorum? We shall presently see what Means *Homer* finds for this.

( t ) There is no Greek whose Arms will fit my Limbs.] It is here objected against *Homer*, that since *Patroclus*

took *Achilles's* Armour, *Achilles* might have taken *Patroclus's*; but, besides that *Patroclus* might have given his Armour to his Squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans*, by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*; this Objection may be likewise very solidly answer'd by saying that *Homer* has prevented it, since he made *Achilles's* Armor fit *Patroclus's* Body not without a Miracle, which the Gods wrought in his Favour. Furthermore, it does not follow that because the Armour of a large Man fits one that is smaller, the Armour of a little Man shou'd fit one that is larger.

( u ) Near the high Intrenchments show your self.] A Hero so violent and so outrageous

" ments



"ments show your self: Perhaps the *Trojans*,  
 "frighted at your Presence, May leave their  
 "Prize, the *Greeks* renew their Courage: At  
 "least you'll give some Respite to the Com-  
 "bat.

This said, the nimble *Iris* soon withdrew:  
*Achilles* rose, and round his manly Shoulders  
 (w) *Minerva* threw her Shield, her painted  
*Aegis*, And with a shining Cloud adorn'd his  
 Head, That sparkled Flames; as (x) when  
 the curling Smoak Ascends the Skies, from

as *Achilles*, and who has just lost the Man he lov'd best in the World, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the Enemy, for the single Reason of having no Armour. Grief and Despair in a great Soul are not so prudent and reserv'd; but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself in the midst of so many Enemies arm'd and flush'd with Victory. *Homer* gets out of this nice Circumstance with great Dexterity, and gives to *Achilles's* Character every thing he ought to give it, without offending either Reason or Probability. He feigns, with Reason, that it was *Juno* that sent this Order to *Achilles*; for *Juno* is she who has the Care of Princes and Kings; 'tis she who inspires them with what they owe to their Dignity and Character.

(w) *Minerva* threw her *Aegis*.] 'Tis impossible to imagine sublimer Poetry. Ho-

mer, in speaking of *Dion* arm'd, compar'd him to the Dog-star; but here, in speaking of *Achilles* unarm'd, the Poet outdoes himself; it is *Pallas*, who her self composes a marvellous Armour for *Achilles*. That Hero all glittering with Fire is cover'd with the Immortal *Aegis*, and with a Cloud of Gold, so that *Homer* thereby has the Secret of making a God of him, and representing him in some manner like *Jupiter* himself, who bears the *Aegis*, gathers the Clouds, and darts the Lightning; for the three Names of *Jupiter* are *Διὸς*, *Περαιετός*, and *Ἰσπετός*.

(x) The curling Smoke.] For Fires in the Day time appear nothing but Smoke, and in the Night time Flames are visible, because of the Darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, That God led his People in the Day time with a Pillar of Smoke, and in the

from

# 114 THE ILIAD BOOK XVIII.

Some large (y) Island Town Besieg'd by Foes,  
that had consum'd the Day In dreadful Com-  
bat: When the Night comes on, The Watch-  
Tow'rs hang their flaming Signals out; To  
call the Neighbouring Forces to their Succour:  
So from *Achilles'* Head the Fire ascended,  
When near the high Intrenchment he appear'd,  
Not mingling with the *Greeks*, for much he  
fear'd To disobey his Mother; but he call'd With  
a loud Voice, and (z) *Pallas* join'd her Outcries;  
Filling the *Trojan* Troops with dread and tumult:  
So the (a) Shrill Trumpet pours a dreadful  
Eccho, and animates the Soldiers to the Charge:

*Night time with a Pillar of  
Fire. Per Diem in Columna  
nubis, & per Noctem in Columna  
ignis.*

(y) *An Island Town.*] Ho-  
mer here makes choice of a  
Town placed in an Island,  
because such a Place being  
besieg'd has no other Means  
of making its Distress known  
than by Signals of Fire;  
whereas a Town upon the  
*Terra-firma* has other Means  
to make known to its Neigh-  
bours the Necessity it is in.

(z) *Pallas join'd her Out-  
cries.*] It was neither natural  
nor probable, that the sole  
Voice of *Achilles* shou'd scare  
the *Trojans*, and put them to  
flight; therefore *Homer* joins  
*Pallas's* Voice to his. As  
much as to say, that God  
upon that occasion render'd  
*Achilles's* Voice much strong-  
er than it naturally was; or  
rather he gives to *Pallas* the

Outcry made by the whole  
*Grecian* Army when they saw  
*Achilles*.

(a) *So the shrill Trumpet  
pours a dreadful Sound.*] I  
have already observ'd, that  
when the Poet speaks as from  
himself, he may be allow'd  
to take his Comparisons  
from things which were not  
known before his Time.  
Here he borrows a Compa-  
rison from the Trumpet, as  
he has elsewhere done from  
Saddle-Horses, tho' neither  
the one nor the other were  
us'd in *Greece* at the time of  
the *Trojan* War. *Virgil* was  
less exact in this respect,  
for speaking of the Sacking  
of *Troy* he says:

*Exoritur clamorque virum  
clangorque tubarum.*

*On a sudden are heard the  
Cries of Men, and the Sound of  
Such*

# BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. 115

Such was the Voice of *Peleus*' valiant Son;  
The *Trojans* were astonish'd, and their Courage  
Abated at the Sound; their frighted Steeds, (b)  
Foreboding Danger, turn'd, and bore their Cha-  
riots Back towards *Troy*, nor could the Cha-  
rioteers Manage the Reins: Themselves with  
equal Horror Beheld the Flame that from *A-  
chilles*' Crest Shone terribly, illumin'd by *Mi-  
nerva*. Three times from the high Rampart  
*Peleus*' Son Utter'd his Voice; three times the  
trembling Squadrons Gave back, and in con-  
fusion spread the Plain. Twelve of their Chiefs  
amidst the dire Confusion Were over-turn'd,  
and dy'd between the Wheels Of their own  
Chariots, or untimely rush'd On their own  
Arms. Mean while the *Grecian* Troops A-  
midst the showering Arrows sav'd the Body Of  
dead *Patroclus*, bore him from the Field, And  
laid him on a Bed: Around his Friends Stood  
weeping, and *Achilles* with the rest Mingled  
his Tears, renewing his Distress At sight of  
him he lov'd; whom late he sent In warlike  
manner with his Arms and Chariot Forth to  
the Field, in worse Array returning.

*Trumpets.* As *Virgil* wrote  
at a time more remote from  
those Heroick Ages, perhaps  
this Liberty may be excus'd.  
But I am of Opinion, a Poet  
had better confine himself  
to Customs and Manners, like  
Painters, and that it is equal-  
ly a fault in either of them

to ascribe to Times and Na-  
tions any thing that they  
were unacquainted with.

(b) *Foreboding Danger.* ]  
*Homer* here gives to the Horses  
of the *Trojans* a kind of Un-  
derstanding and Forefeeling.

And

# 116 THE ILIAD BOOK XVIII.

And now, by *Juno's* dread Command, (c) the Sun Unwillingly descended to the Ocean; As he withdrew, the *Greeks* gave o'er the Combat: The *Trojans* too retir'd, and freed their Steeds From the stiff Rein; then all the warlike Leaders, Deferring their Repast, to a grand Council Assembled in Confusion: deadly Terrors Had seiz'd their Minds; *Achilles*, by his Presence, So long retiring, and so soon return'd, Fill'd them with Fear; not one of all the Chiefs Offer'd to sit; then the Sage Son of *Pantheus*, *Polydamas*, whose Mind with prying Insight Things past, and future saw, who long had follow'd *Hector* in Arms, they two of equal Age, One common Birth-day shar'd, but *Hector* was Most fam'd for War, *Polydamas* for Counsel: Thus to the *Trojan* Chiefs address'd his Speech.

“ In free Debate what Measures to pursue,  
“ Is all our present Care; (d) For me, I judge  
“ No other way so safe, as to draw off Into  
“ the Town, and not expect the Morning  
“ Here in the Plains, nor stay so near the

(c) *The Sun unwillingly descended to the Ocean.*] This therefore is the Night of the seventeenth Day since *Achilles's* Anger, and of the sixth since the Battles recommenc'd. This Day is well fill'd, for it begins with the Eleventh Book, and takes up those Seven last Books, and one half of this.

(d) *For me I judge it safe to draw off.*] This Advice of *Polydamas* was very prudent; *Homer* therein makes appear the Wisdom of a great General. Therefore *Alexander* the Great us'd to say, he learnt his Trade in the Works of this Poet.

“ Fleet,



BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. 117

" Fleet (e) Far from our Walls; when Pe-  
 " leus' Son, enrag'd At *Agamemnon*, from the  
 " Fight withdrew, 'Twas not so hard a task  
 " to beat the *Grecians*; Then willingly I should  
 " have pass'd this Night Incamping near the  
 " Fleet, which might next Day Surrender to  
 " our Arms; but now the sight Of Great *A-*  
 " *chilles* fills my Soul with Terror: So vio-  
 " lent he is, he will not bear To be restrain'd  
 " within these Plains, so lately The Field of  
 " Battle, where both *Greeks* and *Trojans* Try'd  
 " one anothers Strength, and shar'd the Slaugh-  
 " ter; But will attempt our Walls, and me-  
 " nace Slav'ry To all our *Trojan* Dames:  
 " Then let us haste, By my Advice, and lodge our  
 " weary Troops Behind the Ramparts, and  
 " the Walls of *Troy*. The (f) Night has  
 " forc'd *Achilles* to retire, And to defer his  
 " Rage; but with the Morning He'll soon re-  
 " turn in Arms, and if he find us Incamping,  
 " make (g) some *Trojan* feel his Presence.  
 " Happy are those who then can fly to *Ilium*,  
 " When Numbers shall be left a prey to Dogs  
 " And Vulturs; let the Gods avert that Evil,  
 " And may I never hear such deadly Tidings.

(e) *Far from our Walls.*  
 Here is another Passage which  
 clearly proves that old *Troy*  
 was a great deal further from  
 the Sea than new *Troy*.

(f) *The Night has forc'd*  
*Achilles to retire.* In those  
 Times they did not use to  
 attack Places or fight Bat-  
 tles in the Night.

(g) *Make some Trojan.*  
 By this *some body* he means  
*Hector*, who will be slain by  
*Achilles*. *Polydamas* is not  
 willing to give a more plain  
 Description of him, for fear  
 it might prejudice his De-  
 sign.

" But

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“ But if we take the Counsel I have given;  
 “ Tho’ much dismay’d, we may in Safety pass  
 “ The Night, and fortifie the Gates and Walls  
 “ With Barriers, firmly join’d, place all our  
 “ Guards, and Man our Tow’rs; that with  
 “ the Morning Light, All ready for a vigorous  
 “ Defence, We may expect the *Greeks*; then  
 “ if *Achilles* Should issue to attack us, he may  
 “ find His Measures fail, and with Regret re-  
 “ turn Back to his Ships, when he has tir’d him-  
 “ self, And his immortal Steeds, in coursing  
 “ round Our Walls; for Valiant tho’ he is  
 “ and Warlike, He shall not force our Walls  
 “ nor ravage *Troy*, But sooner leave his Car-  
 “ casses for our Dogs.

Thus he: Thus *Hector* with a furious Look  
 Regarding him, reply’d. “ *Polydamas*, When  
 “ you advise us to return to *Troy*, Your Coun-  
 “ sel ill agrees with *Hector*’s Soul: Have not  
 “ our Troops been Pris’ners long enough In  
 “ our own Tow’rs? Once we could boast of  
 “ *Troy*, Renown’d for Wealth, but now her  
 “ richest Spoils (*b*) To *Phrygia* and *Maonia*  
 “ are convey’d, Since *Jove* pursu’d us with  
 “ consuming Anger. Yet he, whose Counsels  
 “ Mortals cannot fathom, To Day has crown’d

(*b*) To *Phrygia* and *Maonia* are convey’d.] As well  
 by reason of the Convoys  
 which were necessarily to  
 be sent for with ready Money,  
 as by reason of the great Al-  
 lowances which were to be  
 given to the Auxiliary Troops

who came from those Coun-  
 tries. *Hector*’s Meaning is,  
 that since all the Riches of  
*Troy* are perish’d, it is no  
 longer necessary to spare  
 themselves, or shut them-  
 selves up within their Walls.

“ me

BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. 119

" me with Success and Glory ; Then whilst  
 " the *Greeks* block'd up within their Ships  
 " Are fled, why are these vain imprudent Words  
 " Wildly dispers'd among victorious Troops,  
 " Disdaining such Advice, which I oppose?  
 " Therefore attend my Orders : Let the Men  
 " Refresh themselves, then place the usual  
 " Guard, And all the Night continue under  
 " Arms. (i) If any for their Treasure are a-  
 " fraid, Let them produce it, (k) for the  
 " Troops to share, Rather than leave it to the  
 " *Greeks* a Prey. When the bright Morning  
 " shall restore the Day, We'll march and pour  
 " our Fury on the Fleet; And (l) if *Achilles*  
 " is indeed resolv'd Once more to Fight, the  
 " Danger shall be his, For I'll not shun but  
 " meet him in the Combat ; And try if *Mars*,  
 " (m) who often tames the Victor, Will  
 " yield the Conquest to his Sword or mine.

(i) *If any for their Treasures are afraid.* ] *Hector* says this with an Eye to *Polydamas*, as accusing him of being Rich, and of not opening the Advice he had given, for any other end than to preserve his great Wealth; for Riches commonly make Men Cowards, and the Desire of saving them has often occasion'd Men to give Advice very contrary to the Publick Welfare.

(k) *For the Troops to share.* ] He adds this maliciously, as it were to irritate the Troops, and put them

upon pillaging *Polydamas's* Treasure.

(l) *If Achilles is indeed resolv'd.* ] *Hector* is not willing to believe that it was *Achilles* who appear'd on the Edge of the Ditch, for he is loath that his Enemy alone and unarm'd shou'd have the Glory of making the *Trojans* fly.

(m) *Who often tames the Victor.* ] All this is true, and *Hector* speaks better than he thought to do; 'twas he who had just before been Conqueror, and he is going to be Conquer'd and Slain.

Thus

Thus he; the *Trojans* all applaud his Sentence: Rash *Trojans*! blinded by *Minerva's* Arts, Not to discern their Good; whilst all gave ear To *Hector's* most pernicious Words, (o) but slighted The Sage Advice of wise *Polydamas*.

Whilst with repast the *Trojans* cheer'd their Men, (p) The *Greeks* consum'd the Night in Tears and Sighs, All mourning round the Body of *Patroclus*. *Achilles* join'd their Sorrows, in his Arms Embracing the cold Bosom of his Friend: As when a Grisly Lioness returns From ranging in the Forest for her Prey, And finds her Whelps destroy'd by some bold Hunter; Raging with Grief, she searches up and down To trace her Foe, and fills the Vale with Cries: So mourn'd *Achilles*, raging with Revenge, And vented thus his Woe amidst his Troops.

(o) But slighted the Sage Advice of wise *Polydamas*.] *Homer* here very well describes the Blindness of Men; the most pernicious Counsels often seem to them to be the best. Whence proceeds this? He gives you the Reason; it is because God deprives them of their Understanding, and delivers them over to a Spirit of Stupidity.

(p) The *Greeks* consum'd the Night in Tears.] The Epic Poem ought to inform its Readers not only what passes in the Day-time, but

likewise whatever happens in the Night; for the Night is likewise comprised in the Time which that Poem takes up, and contributes no less than the Day towards the completing of the Action. *Homer* wonderfully well teaches this Practice; the Nights in this sort of Poetry, are like the Intervals between the Acts in the Dramatic kind. The Spectator must be instructed in whatever happens in those Intervals, otherwise the Poem is imperfect.



" Ye Gods! with what vain Hopes and  
 " Promises I fed *Menæti*us, my *Patroclus*' Sire,  
 " When to the War I led him, and engag'd  
 " He should return in Safety to *Opunta*, Laden  
 " with Spoils? but *Jove* with his Decrees  
 " Thwarts the Desires of Man; Relentless  
 " Fate Ordains we two should mingle our  
 " rich Blood With *Trojan* Streams, nor shall  
 " my Mother *Thetis*, Nor *Peleus* e'er receive  
 " me to his Palace, But hostile Earth con-  
 " ceal me in its Womb. Yet since, my dear  
 " *Patroclus*! I survive thee, Here I engage  
 " not to perform the Rites To thy lov'd *Manes*,  
 " till the Head of *Hector* (q) The dreadful  
 " Hero, who in Battle slew thee, With all  
 " his Arms, is laid upon thy Tomb: Twelve  
 " of the noblest Youths of *Trojan* Race By my  
 " right Hand shall fall a Sacrifice To my Re-  
 " venge, and to *Patroclus*' Shade; Till then,  
 " thy Body on the Bed extended Shall lie in  
 " State aboard the Fleet, and there My *Trojan*  
 " Captives, Spoils of bloody War, (r) From  
 " Wealthy Cities brought, both Night and Day  
 " Shall wait, and bathe thee constantly with  
 " Tears.

Thus spoke great *Thetis*' Son; and gave Com-  
 mand To his Attendants to prepare the Water,

(q) *The dreadful Hero.*]  
 He calls *Hector* a Hero, and  
 this Commendation is well  
 placed here, for it falls back  
 upon *Patroclus* and *Achilles*  
 too.

(r) *From wealthy Cities.*]  
 He calls these Cities Wealthy,  
 thereby to heighten his Ex-

ploits; for the Richer a Town  
 is, the better it is Defended;  
 and at the same time *Homer*  
 gives us to understand that  
 the Wealth of a Town is of-  
 ten the Cause of its Ruin,  
 for it is the Bait which al-  
 lures the Enemy.

And wash the Body of his Slaughter'd Friend,  
 Ghastly with Dust and cover'd o'er with Blood.  
 Nor were th' Attendants in Obedience slow,  
 (s) But plac'd the Vessel o'er the furious  
 Flames: Vex'd with impetuous Heat the Water  
 rose, Hiss'd on the Fire and bubbld o'er the  
 Brim: Then o'er his Limbs they pour'd the  
 smoaking Stream, Infusing Odoriferous Per-  
 fumes And costly Ointments in his gaping  
 Wounds; Then laid him on a Bed of State,  
 array'd In Robes of curious Art, and o'er the  
 Robes A Veil extended exquisitely wrought,  
 Which vy'd in Whiteness with the fleecy Snow.  
 The *Myrmidons* watch'd o'er him all the Night,  
 Sharing the Tears and Sorrow of *Achilles*.

Mean while to *Juno* thus, his Wife and Si-  
 ster, *Jove* spake with Indignation. "Well  
 " I see Your Arts have won *Achilles* to the  
 " Combat: The *Greeks* are all your Fav'rites  
 " and (t) your Sons.

Stung with these Words, the Goddess thus  
 reply'd. " Why is it you reproach me, Son

(s) *But plac'd the Vessel.*] The  
 Ancients observe to us in these  
 ten or twelve Verses the Art  
 of *Homer*, who being to de-  
 scribe things of a very mean  
 and ordinary Nature, has suc-  
 ceeded therein to admiration,  
 because he finds the Secret  
 of heightning them by the  
 Beauty of the Epithets, by a  
 short and close turn of Phrase,  
 and by a wonderful Harmo-

ny which he throws into his  
 Poetry. These are the Beau-  
 ties which his Tongue fur-  
 nish'd him with, and which  
 are wanting to ours.

(t) *Your Sons.*] This is  
 a sharp Rebuke, as if *Juno*  
 had been false to his Bed.  
*Juno* is very sensible of the  
 Bitterness of this Reproach,  
 and returns a very good  
 Answer to it.

" of

“ of Saturn? What I have done the meanest  
 “ of all Mortals Might for his Friend en-  
 “ gage; much more will I, The first of God-  
 “ deſſes by Birth and Marriage, Sister and  
 “ Wife to him who Rules the Gods: The  
 “ Trojans; whom with Juſtice I abhor, Have  
 “ injur’d me, and ſhall not I requite it?

Whiſt they debated thus, the Goddeſs *Thetis*  
 At *Vulcan’s* bright immortal Seat arriv’d, Co-  
 ver’d with Braſs, which the Lame God had  
 fram’d; She found him at the Forge, plying  
 the Bellows, And ſweating with the Toil: His  
 preſent Task Was Twenty Tripods, made of  
 maſſy Gold, Which for ſome ſtately Palace he  
 deſign’d, (u) Each Tripod mounted was on

(u) Each Tripod mounted  
 was on living Wheels. ] Some  
 Critics, not knowing the  
 Nature of the *Epoëan*, and  
 of the Marvellous, which ought  
 to reign therein, have laugh’d  
 at this Paſſage of *Homer*. *Ju-  
 lius Scaliger* among others  
 ſays; *Vulcan makes Tripods*  
*which walk of themſelves, why*  
*does not he make Kettles that*  
*will boyl Meat of themſelves?*  
 Theſe two Lines are ſufficient  
 to ſhew the little Taſte *Scaliger*  
 had for fine Poetry. *M. Dacier*  
 has very well juſtify’d *Homer*,  
 and ſet in its full Light this  
 Poet’s Art, in explaining theſe  
 words of *Ariſtotle’s Poetics*, Chap.  
 26. When Men accuſe the Poets  
 of having ſaid any thing impos-  
 ſible, they ſhould examine ſuch  
 Impoſſibility with reſpect to  
 Poetry, with reſpect to what is  
 Beſt, and with reſpect to pub-

lick Fame. For he ſhews  
 that theſe three Reſpects  
 ſerve to juſtify *Homer*; that  
 of Poetry, ſince it is made  
 appear that ſuch Impoſſibi-  
 lities are what the Epic Poem  
 requires, and even that they  
 ſhould be carry’d as far  
 as the Unreaſonable, pro-  
 vided the Probable be not  
 baniſh’d from it; Secondly,  
 as to what is Beſt, it is pro-  
 ved that the Thing is more  
 wonderful and more excel-  
 lent this way, and that O-  
 riginals ought always to have  
 the Pre-eminence. And laſt-  
 ly, as to publick Fame, it is  
 demonſtrated that the Poet  
 only follow’d an Opinion  
 that was receiv’d and found-  
 ed upon the Omnipotence  
 of God. You need only ſee  
 the whole Remark, and you  
 will wonder at *Scaliger’s* Cen-  
 ſure.

living Wheels, That of it self it might attend the Banquet, And to its Place return without Assistance, Mirac'lous Artifice ! The Work almost Was finish'd, for the God was then employ'd (*w*) In fitting to the Sides the molten Handles, Which with rich Flow'rs and Figures he emboss'd: (*x*) Revolving in his Mind the curious Frame, Just as the Goddess to his Palace came. (*y*) *Charis*, his Beauteous Spouse in Rich Attire, To meet her ran, and gave her lovely Hand, Then thus, " Fair Goddess !  
 " whom I much esteem, What happy Cause  
 " has brought you to our Palace, So great a  
 " Stranger here? Let me conduct you, And  
 " treat you with the Dainties of the Place.

Thus she ; then led her to a rich Apartment, And on a Throne and Foot-stool finely wrought With Silver Studds, seated the lovely Goddess, Then call'd to *Vulcan* at his Forge, and said, " Come hither, Spouse ! for *Thetis*  
 " asks your Aid.

Thus she ; thus the Mechanick God reply'd.  
 " That Goddess has oblig'd me to esteem her :

(*w*) *In fitting to the Sides the Molten-Handles.* ] That is to say, the Handles were set on, and not forg'd with the Tripod.

(*x*) *Revolving in his Mind the curious Frame.* ] This is the Meaning of those two Words in their full Force, *ἰσὺν τε κρηαῖδ' αὖτε, περὶ τῶν προακρίδων* : *Homer* thereby means that *Vulcan* had no Pattern before him ; for a God ought not to take from any but himself the Patterns

of whatever Works go out of his Hands.

(*y*) *Charis his Beauteous Spouse.* ] *Homer* gives to *Vulcan* for a Wife the beautiful *Charis*, to shew the Gracefulness and Beauty of the Works which *Vulcan* wrought with Fire. From what *Homer* says here it may be infer'd, that in his time the Art of *Smithy* was arriv'd to a very great Perfection, for Men generally take their Ideas from what is in being.

" For



BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. 125

“ For when (z) my Mother, angry at my  
 “ Birth, Because I was Deform’d, resolv’d to  
 “ hide me In some low Abyſs, I had ſuffer’d  
 “ much By my unhappy Fall, but (a) gentle  
 “ *Thetis*, And (b) fair *Eurynome*, old *Ocean*’s  
 “ Daughter, Sav’d me from Harm : With  
 “ them Nine Years I ſtay’d In a remote deep  
 “ Cave, employ’d in forging (c) Buckles  
 “ and Bracelets, and ſuch curious Toys As  
 “ Women wear : The Ocean and its Waves

(z) *My Mother, angry at my Birth, becauſe I was Deform’d.*] *Homer* here deſcribes thoſe Worldly Mothers who having ill-favour’d Children do no longer preſerve a Mother’s Tenderneſs towards them, and ſeek only to conceal them.

(a) *Gentle Thetis.*] In reading theſe Fictions it is very natural for one to deſire to penetrate a little into the ſecret Meaning of them. This obliges me ſometimes to ſpeak a Word or two upon theſe Allegories. By this here *Homer* meant that *Vulcan*, or the Fire, the Son of *Jupiter*, that is of the *Aether*, and of *Juno*, that is of the Air, being fall’n from Heaven to the Earth, cou’d not have been there preſerv’d, or have produc’d his beautiful Works, if the Earth and Sea had not concurr’d to ſave him; for the two Elements Wet and Dry are equally ne-

ceſſary to him, both for his Preſervation, and his Operation.

(b) *And Fair Eurynome.*] This Goddeſs was ador’d in *Arcadia*; ſhe had a Temple near the Town of *Phygale* upon the Confluence of the two Rivers *Neda* and *Limas*. This Temple was open’d but once in a Year, and at that time Sacrifices were made in publick and private. In that Temple was ſeen the Statue of *Eurynome* faſten’d with Chains of Gold. From the Middle upwards ſhe was ſhaped like a beautiful Woman, and from the Middle downwards ſhe had the Figure of a Fiſh.

(c) *Buckles and Bracelets.*] It may be collected from this Paſſage that in *Homer*’s Time Women did already wear all ſorts of Ornaments, and this is conformable to what the Prophet *Iſaiah*, (who lived a hundred or a hundred and

" Rowl'd over me, nor Gods nor Mortals  
 " knew Where I lay hid, only *Euryanoe* And  
 " *Thetis*, who so generously sav'd me. Then  
 " since the Goddess to my Seat is come, I'll  
 " haste and try to recompence her Favours :  
 " Do you prepare the Banquet to refresh her,  
 " Whilst I dispose my Bellows, and lay by  
 " My present Task, and all my shining Tools.

Thus spake th' Immortal Smith, and left his  
 Anvil, (d) All black with Smoak and Cin-  
 ders : Lame he was, But of Gigantick Mien ;  
 he threw aside His Bellows, and the Tools with  
 which he work'd (e) Laid in a Silver Chest,  
 then with a Sponge Wip'd his black Hands and  
 Face, his brawny Shoulder And hairy Bosom,

fifty Years after *Homer*) re-  
 ports of the Finery of the  
 Daughters of *Jerusalem*, ch. 3.  
 To conclude, when *Homer* feigns  
 that *Vulcan* in his Exile was  
 employ'd in making these  
 womanish Ornaments, while  
 he was yet a Child, he means  
 thereby that those who are  
 to excel in any Art, do give  
 Tokens of it even in their  
 Infancy.

(d) *All black with Smoke  
 and Cinders.*] This Picture,  
 which cannot be drawn in  
 our (the *French*) Language  
 but in ordinary and vulgar  
 Terms, is of an infinite No-  
 bleness in the *Greek*. There  
 is not a Word in the Original  
 but what is harmonious  
 and great. What a Disad-  
 vantage is this to my Tran-  
 slation! But, as I have said

in the Preface, my only De-  
 sign is to make *Homer* intel-  
 ligible, and what I cannot e-  
 qual I am content to give  
 the Sense of.

(e) *Laid in a Silver Chest.*] This Place is Remarkable,  
 for it shews that all *Vulcan's*  
 Tools were Portable. We  
 shall have occasion for it to ex-  
 plain a Passage of the *Odyssey*;  
 but there is here likewise some-  
 thing worthy to be observ'd,  
*viz.* the Love *Vulcan* has for  
 his Art; he leaves his Forge  
 but for a Moment, and he  
 locks up all his Tools with  
 as much Care as if he was  
 going a Journey. This is the  
 Mark of a good Workman;  
 from one who neglects the  
 Instruments of his Art, ex-  
 pect nothing that is beauti-  
 ful or grand.

then

then put on a Robe, Grasping his massy Scepter, and went forth, Attended (f) by two Female Slaves, both form'd Of Gold so lively, that they seem'd to breathe, And by the Favour of great *Jove* they spake, And thought, and in their Master's Art excell'd, Admir'd by Men and Gods; thus with his Train The God drew near to *Thetis*, and saluted Her lovely Hands, then plac'd himself beside her, Upon the shining Throne, and thus began.

“ O Goddess, much belov'd and much esteem'd, Why is't that you, a Stranger to our Palace, Are come to visit us? unfold the Cause: You'll find me ready to obey your Orders, Ifought within my Pow'r can do you service.

Thus he: thus *Thetis*, all in Tears, reply'd.  
 “ O *Vulcan*! none of all th' Immortal Pow'rs  
 “ Was ever plagu'd like me, to whom great

(f) *Attended by two Female Slaves of Gold.*] Here is another marvellous piece of workmanship of *Vulcan*'s; two Statues of Gold, which look'd as if they were alive, and walk'd with him, and work'd with him. What is humanly impossible becomes both possible and probable thro' the Omnipotence of the Gods. But we ought to take Notice of the Management of *Homer*, when he speaks of these miraculous Works of *Vulcan*. He begins with the Tripods which walk of them-

selves; afterwards, his Reader's Mind being already familiariz'd to the Miracle, he introduces two animated Statues of Gold, and then proceeds to the Fabrication of the prodigious Buckler. For my part I confess, call it a Woman's Weakness or Folly, as you will, I think that *Homer* has mix'd so much Probability with all these miraculous Places, that I am perfectly deceiv'd by them, and cannot help fancying that I actually see the Things he describes.

" *Jove* No Ease affords, but loads me with  
 " Afflictions. From all the *Naiads* of the Sea  
 " he chose me, To be expos'd to *Peleus'* ha-  
 " ted Arms, A Mortal he and I of Race Di-  
 " vine: Who now oppress'd with Age and  
 " Sorrow pines Within his Palace, whilst the  
 " Son of *Saturn* Pursues me with new Cares.  
 " A Son I bore By *Peleus*, the most valiant a-  
 " mong Men: I nurs'd him like an Olive,  
 " which some Planter Setts by a River-side in  
 " fertile Ground: To *Troy* I sent him to en-  
 " gage in Arms, Whence he must never to  
 " my Arms return, Or to his Father's Palace:  
 " Nor is this The utmost of my Grief; for  
 " all his Life, Short tho' it be, my Son con-  
 " sumes in Sorrow, Whilst I must not relieve  
 " him. The Good *Greeks* Gave him among the  
 " Spoils a lovely Slave, In Honour of his Va-  
 " lour, which the King, False *Agamemnon*,  
 " from his Arms detains: Long he bewail'd  
 " her Loss, and in revenge Refrain'd the Bat-  
 " tle, whilst the Joyful *Trojans* Rally'd their  
 " Forces, and besieg'd the *Greeks* In their own  
 " Fleet, retiring from the Battle. Then to  
 " *Achilles* straight some chosen Warriors Re-  
 " pair'd, with costly Presents to invite him  
 " Back to the War, he obstinate refus'd, But  
 " (g) in his room his dear *Patroclus* sent  
 " With all his Troops, who at the *Scaean* Gate

(g) But in his room his  
 Dear *Patroclus* sent.] There  
 is in this place an infinite  
 Adresse, but so conceal'd that

I perhaps had never perceiv'd  
 it of my self, if *Eustathius* had  
 not pointed it out to me.  
*Thetis*, to compass her De-

" All



" All Day maintain'd the Fight, and having  
 " strow'd The Plains with Slaughter and with  
 " Blood, had sack'd The Walls of *Troy*, (*h*) but  
 " *Phæbus* interposing, Smote the young Hero  
 " at the Army's Head, Then gave the Glory  
 " of his Death to *Hector*. For this unhappy  
 " Son, who soon must Die, I come an hum-  
 " ble Suppliant to your Knees, And beg you  
 " to exert your Art, and make him A Breast-  
 " plate, Shield, and Buskins, Crest and Hel-  
 " met, And a whole Sett of Armour, to supply  
 " Those which his Friend in Battle lost to *He-*  
 " *ctor*, Whose Loss he now bewails in deep  
 " Despair.

To her the Godlike Artist thus reply'd. " O  
 " Goddess, cease to weep, forget your Fears;

sign, recounts every thing to the Advantage of her Son; she therefore suppresses the Episode of the Embassy, the Prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the *Greeks* had suffer'd after the Return of the Ambassadors, and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had follow'd each other in the same Moment. He declined, says she, to succour the *Greeks*, but he sent *Patroclus*. Now between his refusing to help the *Greeks* and his sending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending

*Vulcan* with the recital of *Achilles's* inflexible Obduracy, and thereby create in that God an Aversion to her Son. This Observation seems to me to carry a great deal of good Sense in it.

(*h*) But *Phœbus* interposing.] *Thetis* says that *Patroclus* was kill'd by the Hand of *Apollo* himself, on the one side to heighten the Glory of *Patroclus*, as if none but a God were capable of Conquering him, and on the other side to stir up *Vulcan's* Jealousie, and thereby prevail with him to employ his whole Art in making the best Armour.

“ Would I could (i) hide *Achilles* from his  
 “ doom With the same Ease, as I shall forge  
 “ his Arms, (k) Such as the World shall  
 “ Gaze at and Admire.

Thus he: then to his Forge in haste retir'd,  
 (l) Ordering the Bellows to perform their  
 Task, Which into twenty Furnaces inject The  
 sounding Breath, and sometimes gently blow  
 And sometimes raise a Tempest in the Fire,  
 Just as the God would have it; then he threw  
 Huge Bars of Tin and Brass into the Flames,  
 With Gold and Silver Ingots; his bright An-  
 vil Was fitted to its Stand, the pond'rous Ham-  
 mer His right Hand held, his Left the shining  
 Pincers; And first he forg'd the Shield, im-  
 mense and solid, Imbellish'd with rich Work,  
 and hemm'd it round With three Gold Bor-  
 ders, and a Silver Chain; Five Plates of Met-  
 tle, one above another, He fix'd, in which with  
 Art divine were wrought Wonders to feed the

(i) *Hide Achilles from his doom.* ] To *hide* is *Vulcan's* be-  
 loved Word, for he had been  
 twice preserv'd by being hid.

(k) *Such as the World shall  
 Gaze at and Admire* ] *Homer* did  
 not foresee that those Arms  
 wou'd draw upon him the  
 Censure of some unlucky  
 Criticks; but tho' he had  
 foreseen it he wou'd no less  
 have promis'd himself this  
 Admiration of all Ages; his  
 Arms have always been ad-  
 mir'd, and always will be. It is

the most beautiful Episode and  
 the greatest Ornament that  
 Poetry ever employ'd, and  
*Virgil* was very sensible of  
 it.

(l) *Ordering the Bellows to  
 perform their Task.* ] *Homer*  
 does not say, *caused his Bel-  
 lows to work*, but *order'd his  
 Bellows to work*, as if these  
 Bellows were animated and  
 capable of Understanding.  
 Thus you see in *Homer* eve-  
 ry thing has Life and Man-  
 ners.

Eye,

Eye, and charm the Mind. (m) There he describ'd the Heav'ns, the Earth, and Seas, The restless Sun, the Moon, her Orb compleat, And

(m) *There he describ'd the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Seas.* It is the Fortune of these Arms of *Achilles* to occasion Quarrels and Debates. There have arisen even in our Days great Disputes upon this Subject amongst the Criticks. *Julius Scaliger* was the first and only one, who in the Sixteenth Century presumed to condemn this Episode as vicious, both in the Manner and in the Argument or Design, and he was follow'd by other Authors who were as Ignorant as himself in the Nature of Epic Poetry. Many Ancient Criticks, who had more Sense than *Scaliger*, made it their Business to illustrate the Addresse and Wisdom of *Homer* in the Fabrick of this Buckler; but especially a Woman nam'd *Damo*, *Pythagoras's* Daughter, who was yet more commendable for her great Wisdom than for her profound Learning, wrote a very copious and very Argumentative Commentary upon it. I cou'd wish Time had not destroy'd that Work; it might have serv'd me as a Model for the Remarks which I have undertaken upon this Author; for as to this Episode, *M. Dacier* has so well defended it

in his Commentary upon *Aristotle's* Poetics, that nothing further can be desir'd. He has demonstrated that *Homer*, in describing this Buckler, ought not to have spoken any otherwise than he does, and that the Argument or Subject is so far from being extravagant, or the Buckler from being too much crowded with Work, it is on the contrary very sage, very regular, very distinct, in a word the Work of a very great Poet. *Virgil* made the same Judgement of it, since in an Age as Foreign to the *Grecian* Manners as ours, he did not omit to give his Poem the same Ornament, and has even loaded his *Hero's* Buckler with more Matter. I therefore refer my Reader to the Remarks on the Poetics, for I shall only Glance at them here. At present I only desire the Reader to observe the Wisdom of *Homer* in the Choice of the Time and Place which he makes to bring in the Description of this Buckler, that is in the Interval of a Night when the two Armies are separated, and when they expect the Morning to begin the Fight.

all the Stars, that grace the spangled Sky,  
 The *Pleiades*, the *Hyades*, and *Bear*, Which  
 Mortals call the *Wain*, that makes a Cir-  
 cle Still pointing to *Orion*, as it turns,  
 (n) A Constellation, which alone disdains To  
 visit the wet Ocean with its Beams. (o)  
 Two Cities in another Plate were figur'd: In  
 one, a Nuptial Feast was drawn, the Bride  
 Seem'd to be led along the crowded Streets  
 From her Apartment, compass'd round with  
 Torches: Some sung to *Hymen*, others join'd  
 the Dance With Pipes and Harps, whilst all the  
 Virgin Train Throng to behold the Rites and

(n) *A Constellation which alone disdains to visit the wet Ocean.*] Some Ancient Criticks attempted to prove by this Verse, that *Homer* was very ignorant in Astronomy, since he was of Opinion that the *Bear* was the only Constellation which did not bath it self in the Ocean; that is, which did not set at all, and which was ever visible: For, said they, this is common to it with all the other Stars of the Arctic Circle, as with the lesser *Bear*, the *Dragon*, the greatest part of *Cepheus*, &c. *Aristotle* has answer'd this false Criticism, by shewing that in this place the Word only signifies the principal, the most known, for what is the most known is always the only or alone. *Strabo* has justify'd *Homer* another way in

his first Book, by shewing that under the Name of the *Bear* that Poet comprehends the whole Arctic Circle, and that People are deceiv'd when they accuse him of Ignorance in his knowing but one *Bear* when there were two, for the lesser *Bear* was not marked in his Time. See the Observations upon *Aristotle's Poetics*.

(o) *Two Cities in another Plate were figur'd.*] The Ancients pretended that these two Cities were *Athens* and *Eleusinum*. In *Athens* the Weddings or Nuptial Ceremonies, because Marriage was instituted at *Athens* by *Cecrops*, and in *Eleusinum* the Warlike Preparations. *Homer's* aim is to represent in this Buckler the whole Universe, with all the different Occupations of Mankind.

long



long Proceſſion. On t'other ſide, a *Forum* and *Assembly* Were ſeen; (*p*) in which two Men their Cauſes pleaded About a Fine, exacted for Manſlaughter: He who had done the Fact (*q*) affirm'd the Payment; This he, who was of kin to the Deceas'd, Deny'd; both on their Witneſſes relying: The People were divided into Parties, The Heralds ranging them on either ſide: Miſt theſe, (*r*) the Ancients, Judges of the Cauſe, (*s*) Sat round on Seats of white

(*p*) *In which two Men their Cauſes pleaded.*] There is nothing more ſimple or more natural than the Deſcription of this Buckler, and I do not ſee therein one ſingle Word which *Homer* might not have ſaid, even tho' this Buckler had been merely the Workmanſhip of a Mortal; for there is a great deal of difference between the Figures in a Picture, and a Deſcription of that Picture. The Difficulties that have been made upon theſe two Pleaders are idle and impertinent; has not *Pliny* ſaid the ſame of *Nichomachus*, that he painted two Grecians who pleaded one after the other? There is nothing in that, but what may be ſaid of this Art, which ought to ſhew what it conceals, as an Ancient very well ſaid of Painting, *ostendat quæ occultat*. If we were to explain a Piece of *Raphael* or *Pouſſin*, we muſt neceſſarily

animate the Figures as *Homer* animates them here, and make them ſpeak and act conformable to the Deſign of the Painter.

(*q*) *Affirm'd the Payment.*] It appears by this Paſſage that in thoſe early times Banishment was not the Punishment for Murther, but a pecuniary Amercement; Banishment came afterwards into uſe. This pecuniary Amercement was eſtabliſh'd at *Athens* for the Murther of *Alirrhoeus*, the Son of *Neptune*, and it uſed to be paid to the Relations of the Deceas'd, that they might drop the Proſecution.

(*r*) *The Ancients.*] It is probable *Homer* does in this place deſcribe the manner of rendering Juſtice even in his time. It was not done by young Men, but old.

(*s*) *Sat round.*] The place where they adminiſter'd Juſtice was a Circle, becauſe that Figure is the moſt ſpa-

reſplen-

resplendent Marble : (1) The Heralds bore their Scepters, till they rose To give their Judgment one by one in Order, Then each his Scepter took, the Badge of Justice; (2) Before them lay two Talents of bright Gold, To be adjudg'd to him whose Cause was best, By solid Proofs and Evidence maintain'd.

Around the other City were describ'd (3) Two Armies, in a Warlike Siege employ'd; One menaces the Town, to lay it low In Ashes, and to ravage and destroy it, Unless they send and save themselves from Ruin, By yielding up a Portion of their Wealth And Spoils: The other Party with Disdain Reject this Offer, and prepare to catch Their Foes by Ambuscade;

cious, and holds most People. Therefore *Sophocles* said, *ἁγίασιν αἰσχροῦ ἀγροῦ*. *Homer* calls it *Sacred*, because of the Justice that was administered there.

(1) *The Heralds bore their Scepters.*] This Ancient Custom I think worth observing. The Judges had not their Scepters in their Hand while they were sitting to hear the Causes, but they took them from the Heralds when they were going to give their Opinions. This was, 'tis likely, to make the Judges more attentive when they were going to give their Opinion.

(2) *Before them lay two Talents.*] These Talents were not design'd for the Judges, but to either of the two Par-

ties who won the Cause; for it was the ancient Custom, before it came to a Hearing, to oblige the Parties to consign a certain Sum which was to go to him that got the better. It appears by a Passage in *Socrates's* Apology in *Plato*, that this Sum was a thousand Drachms, that is a hundred Crowns. And this in all probability is what *Homer* calls here two Talents of Gold, for it must not be understood of real Talents.

(3) *Two Armies in a Siege employed.*] The Ancients pretended that *Homer* express'd himself in this Place after so equivocal a manner, that this Passage is capable of three Explications, all

whilst their brave Youth, And Women, and old Men defend their Walls, As under cover they prepare to March, *Pallas* and *Mars*, in Arms of Gold array'd, Gloriously gay appear, and lead the Van, Their Mien Majestick worthy of a God.

Now to a River Side the Troops are drawn, Where all the Herds and Cattle quench their Thirst, And there in silence cover'd with their Shields, Halting abide, and send their advanc'd Guards To watch the Herds and Flocks, which soon came down With Swains and Shepherds, Piping as they go, To taste the Stream: On whom the Squadrons rushing The Sheep and Oxen seize, and kill the Rusticks: At this Alarm, their Foes engag'd in Council, Fly to their Steeds, and try to save their Flocks; Just by the Rivers side both Armies meet, Felling each other with their pointed Spears: Discord and Tumult, and relentless Death Mix in the Rout: Fate deals her Terrors round Array'd in Blood, some she resigns alive To Slavery, and others

different from each other, as may be seen in *Enstathius*, p. 11, 9. For my part, I think the Poet has spoken very clearly and very naturally, it seems to me that what passes before *Troy* itself, is of wonderful use for the explaining this Picture; for there are seen before the Walls the two Armies, that of the Besiegers, and that of the Besieged; the one offer'd to

withdraw upon certain Conditions, which the other refused. The Women, Children and old Men have been seen guarding the Walls and the Battlements, a sure sign that the Troops of the Place were without, for otherwise wou'd the Women, the Children and the old Men have been upon the Battlements? Obscurity is none of *Homer's* Vice.

fell's to Earth: Here one is dragg'd along the dusty Plain, And there another pants beneath his Wounds: (x) The Figures seem'd to move and breath and live. (y) The Artist in another Part had drawn A fertile Field divided in three Parts: In which the Plowmen turn'd the clodded Glebe, And at each Furrow's End (z) from the deep Bottle Receiv'd a hearty Draught, then to a new Turn'd the bright Share, expecting their Reward; The Earth, tho' form'd of molten Gold, look'd black, As newly plow'd, such was the Artist's Pow'r! (a) Hard by appear'd a Champaign, to some Hero In honour of his Victories allotted, And spread with stand-

(x) *The Figures seem'd to move.*] Homer seems to have foreseen that there wou'd be Interpreters, who, taking his Expressions too literally, might actually believe that these Figures were animated and alive, and that they perform'd all sorts of Motions, and therefore he added, *as if they had been Men who were really alive.* This is sufficient to undeceive them, and to shew that Homer only speaks here as any other Man ought to do, who is describing and explaining a Picture. He gives to his Figures Motion which they have not.

(y) *The Artist in another place had drawn a fertile Field, in which the Ploughmen, &c.*] After Homer has painted what is transacted within Cities during Peace, and during

War, he comes to Agriculture, which consists in Tillage of Land, in the Culture of Vines, and in the Pasture and feeding of Flocks. The Poet runs over these three Parts, whereof he makes delightful Descriptions.

(z) *From the deep Bottle receiv'd a hearty Draught.*] These Ploughmen fare well; Homer therein paints the Manners of his Time, Manners which shew a happy Age.

(a) *Hard by appear'd a Champaign.*] Here we see a Hero who does not disdain to see his Harvest got in, and to be in the midst of his Reapers. This is very conformable to the Manners of the Ancient Patriarchs, such as they are describ'd to us in Holy Scriptures.

ing



ing Corn : The Reapers ply Their Hooks, and  
fell the Ears in equal Ranks: Near them the  
Binders tye the Sheaves: Behind, The Boys  
collect the Grips, and knit the Bonds; Midst  
these the Landlord walks, and views the Sheaves  
Standing in rows, with secret Satisfaction:  
Beneath an Oak the fatted Oxe is slain, Which  
to the Rural Gods his Servants offer; Mean  
while the Maids prepare a course Repaste, And  
gnead the pliant Dough to feed the Work-  
men.

Next was describ'd a Vineyard, hung with  
Grapes Of beaten Gold; but dy'd with Purple  
deep: The Boughs on Silver Props supported  
hung, Whilst with a Hedge of Tin the Field was  
guarded, Divided by a slender Path, (b) thro'  
which The Boys and tender Virgins bore their  
Baskets, Laden with Fruit: (c) A Youth a-  
midst them play'd On his soft Lyre, and join'd

(b) *Thro' which the Boys  
and tender Virgins.]* Homer  
here describes the Vintages  
as they were in his time in  
Greece. See my Remarks up-  
on the Odes 50 and 52 of A-  
nacreon.

(c) *A Youth amidst them  
play'd on his soft Lyre.]* It  
is in the Greek, *In the middle of  
them a young Boy plays charming  
Tunes upon his Guitar, the Flax  
harmoniously answers his Voice.*  
Upon which the Scholiast  
writes, that at first the Strings  
of Musical Instruments were  
of Flax, and not of Gut,

because they wou'd have  
thought it an Impiety, and  
displeasing to the Gods, if  
they had apply'd the Guts of  
Beasts to that use. I know  
not whether this be certain;  
what Sound cou'd they get  
from a String of Flax? I  
shou'd rather think, that the  
Greeks call'd the Cords *Λινον*,  
*Thread*, because they were  
drawn out in length in a fine  
Manner like a Thread. We  
our selves now-a-days say,  
when we speak of our Cords  
made of Gut, that they are  
*bien, ou mal filées* (well or ill

his warbling Voice, Follow'd by Troops of  
Dancing jovial Swains.

Not far from hence was seen a Herd of  
Oxen, Fram'd out of Tin and Gold, that from  
their Stall March'd to their Pasture, by some  
running Stream, Whose Banks were clad with  
Vocal Reeds resounding. Four Herdsmen, out  
of shining Mettle fashion'd, Accompanied their  
Herds, and round their Feet Nine Dogs ran  
frisking: Then two Lions seiz'd A mighty  
Bull, who roar'd beneath their Gripe: They  
drag him thro' the Plain, and undisturb'd De-  
vour their Prey; in vain the Rusticks halloo  
Their Dogs upon the Foe, who dare not fasten,  
But oft turn back, and fly and bark at distance.

Near these the God had form'd a Golden  
Vale, In which a Flock of Sheep appear'd to  
graze, With straggling Hutts, and Cottages, and  
Folds.

(d) Close by, with great variety and grace,  
Was seen a Dance rang'd in a threefold Figure,

*threaded in French.*) The same  
Scholiast adds, that λίνον  
might not signifie here a  
String *de lin* (*quasi* Linnen in  
*English*) but an Ancient Song  
which had been long before  
made upon *Linus*, *Apollo's*  
Son, who was devour'd by  
his own Hounds: In which  
Case it should have been  
translated, and he agreeably  
*sings the Song of Linus.* *He-*  
*rodorus* speaks of this Song  
in his eleventh Book, where  
he says that they sung it in  
*Egypt*; as likewise in *Pheni-*

*cia* and at *Cyprus*, but under  
another Name.

(d) *Close by was seen a Dance.*]  
There wou'd have been some-  
thing wanting to this Picture  
of Civil Life, if *Homer*, af-  
ter having mention'd Peace,  
War, and Agriculture, had  
not finish'd this latter part  
with the Description of a  
Dance, or a Festival, which  
is the ordinary Recreation  
of those who have been at  
Work. *Homer* therefore in  
this Place gives us a Dance.

(e) Such

(e) Such as the *Gnosſian Dædalus* invent-  
ed, For fair *Ariadne's* uſe; the Youths and  
Virgins, Joining their Hands together, nim-  
bly mov'd; The Nymphs wore Golden  
Crowns, and were array'd In ſhining Silks,  
the Youths in coſtly Robes, With glitt'ring  
Swords that hung in Silver Belts; So juſt-  
ly and ſo ſwiftly they turn'd round, (f)  
No Wheel beneath the Potter's Hand moves  
faſter, When it is try'd, and whirls impetuous  
round. (g) Sometimes they form'd the Circle  
hand in hand, And ſometimes turn'd and dou-  
bled, mingling Ranks; The numerous Specta-

(e) *Such as the Gnoſſian Dædalus invented.*] It is pre-  
tended that before *Theſeus*,  
the Maidens and the Batche-  
lors never us'd to Dance  
together; they were always  
ſeparate Companies. But  
after *Theſeus* had ſaved from  
the Labyrinth and from the  
Minotaur the young Batche-  
lors and the young Maidens,  
whom the *Athenians* had ſent  
by way of Tribute, *Dædalus*  
invent'd and put in Practice  
this mixt Dance which *Ho-  
mer* here ſpeaks of.

(f) *No Wheel beneath a  
Potter's Hand.*] Theſe laſt  
Words, which a Potter tries,  
are not added impertinent-  
ly: A Wheel which a Pot-  
ter tries, has a much more  
rapid Motion than when he  
Works; for beſides that the  
weight of the Stuff leſſens  
its Rapidity, the Workman

ſpares his Motion that he  
may not ſpoil his Work.

(g) *Sometimes they form'd  
the Circle Hand in Hand.*] These young Men and Maids,  
who ſometimes Dance in a  
Ring and ſometimes other-  
wiſe, how cou'd they be re-  
preſented by the graving  
Tool? This is the Objec-  
tion of ſome Criticks. A ve-  
ry difficult thing indeed!  
As if the Workman was not  
at Liberty to repreſent his  
Figures in different Poſtures.  
All the other Objections, as  
to the Soldiers going in Am-  
buſcade; as to the young  
Man's ſinging to his Gui-  
tar; as to the Bull's Bellow-  
ing when the Lion devours  
it, and as to the Conſorts,  
all theſe are Childiſh: Banish  
ſuch Expreſſions, and you  
muſt never ſpeak of Pain-  
ting.

tors gaz'd with Pleasure, Surpris'd with their Activity and Skill; Two Tumblers flung themselves amidst the Dance, And with a Song began their active Sports.

(b) All round the Border of the solid Shield, The Ocean ran, and clos'd the wondrous Land-skip.

Thus when the Shield was finish'd, he apply'd His Care to form the Breast-Plate, which surpass'd The purest Flames in Splendor: (i). Then he forg'd The Helmet strong and fit, and full of Beauty, Which he o'ershad'd with a Crest of Gold; The Buskins out of bending Tin were labour'd.

(b) *All round the Border of the Shield, &c.]* Homer had here a fair Field to amplify his Description, by introducing upon this Sea Ships, and by Painting naval Engagements, Ship-wrecks, &c. but among the Occupations of Men he wou'd not put Navigation, because it always did more hurt than good to Mankind, and because they might very well be without it; for this Description is not only the Work of a Poet, but that of a great Philosopher, who together with all the Riches of Art, together with Order and Verisimilitude, had the Skill to mingle the grave and the profound. And he is so

far from being blameable that on the contrary he deserves very great Commendations, for having executed with so much Order, and with so much Harmony, and with so few Figures, so great a Design as that of representing the whole Universe, and every thing therein that makes the Occupation of Mankind during War and during Peace. To conclude, it appears by this Passage that Homer knew the Earth was surrounded by the Ocean.

(i) *Then he forg'd the Helmet.]* Homer does not stop to give a Description of the Cuirass and the Head-piece, because he has already done it in other places.

Thus

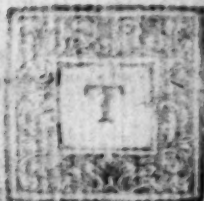


# BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. 141

Thus when the glorious Armour was compleat, (k) He bore it to the Goddess; she incessant Swift as a Hawk, from steep *Olympus* flew, And to her Son convey'd th' Immortal Present, Who with Impatience waited her Return.

(k) *He bore it to the Goddess.*] The Poet does not lose any Time in reporting the Thanks which *These* might have given to *Vulcan*. He

omits whatever is superfluous or of no use, and always proceeds to what is most urgent,

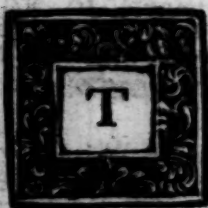


ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

## NINETEENTH BOOK.



**T**HETIS presents the Armour to her Son, which Vulcan had made him, and lays them at his Feet : The Clashing, as they fell, terrifies the Myrmidons. Achilles is charmed with the Beauty of the Work. He expresses his Fear to his Mother, lest the Body of Patroclus should turn to Corruption during his Absence. Thetis engages to save it from Corruption; and commands him to assemble the Greeks. He coasts round the Shore, and summons all the Generals. When the Council met, he declares that his late Resentment is at an end. Agamemnon addresses to him, owns the Fault, and lays it on the Goddess of Discord, whom Jupiter had thrown down from Heav'n, and tells Achilles, that he would make him all those Presents which Ulysses had lately promis'd in his Name. Achilles leaves this to his own Choice, but advises to draw out immediately and engage the Enemy. Ulysses gives his Judgment for the Troops to Refresh themselves. Achilles opposes



*Thetis brings Achilles new Armour w.<sup>ch</sup> she purch'd Vulcan  
to make for him, upon w.<sup>ch</sup> he waxes his Anger against Ag  
amemnon, & prepares to revenge the Death of his Friend. B. 19.*



Illustration of a person in a long coat and hat, standing in a field, possibly holding a staff or walking stick. The person is facing left. The background is a simple, textured landscape.



# ARGUMENT.

opposes it. Ulysses insists, and without expecting Achilles's Answer, gives Orders for a Repast: Whilst himself, with Seven other Commanders, go to Agamemnon's Tent, bring the Presents, and lay them in the midst of the Assembly. Agamemnon kills a Victim, and throws it into the Sea. The Presents are convey'd to Achilles's Tent. The Grief and Lamentation of Briseis over the Body of Patroclus. The Generals press Achilles to Eat, which he obstinately refuses. He leaves the Assembly, and continues his Sorrow for the Death of his Friend. Jupiter sends Minerva to relieve him. He arms himself, and with Automedon mounts his Chariot. He speaks to his Horses to encourage them, and Reproaches them with the Death of Patroclus. Xanthus, one of his Steeds, excuses the Fault, and foretells the same Fate to his Master. Achilles is enrag'd at this Prediction, tho' he owns the Truth of it, and in that Passion drives on, at the Head of his Troops.



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THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

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BOOK XIX.

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THE (*a*) Ruddy Morning from  
the Sea arose, And both to  
Gods and Men restor'd the  
Day: When *Thetis* to the  
Fleet the Armour bore, But  
found her Son stretch'd on  
*Patroclus*' Body, Oppress'd  
with Grief; his *Myrmidons* stood round, And  
join'd his Tears. The Goddess pass'd the  
Crowd, And near approaching, in her Arms

(*a*) *The Ruddy Morning.* ] the Seventh since the Battles  
This is the Eighteenth Day | recommenced.  
from *Achilles*'s Wrath, and

embrac'd Her Son, then thus began. " My  
 " dear *Achilles* ! Tho' great your Loss and  
 " Sorrow, yet since *Jove* Decreed, that brave  
 " *Patroclus* should be slain : Leave him to rest  
 " upon the mourning Bed, (b) And come re-  
 " ceive your Arms, the Work of *Vulcan*,  
 " Which he presents you : Arms so bright and  
 " glorious, As never mortal Hero yet put  
 " on.

Thus she, and threw the Armour at his  
 Feet: (c) Which as it fell rung terribly, and  
 gave A Clashing that dismay'd the *Myrmidons*,  
 And forc'd them to retire ; so bright it shone,

(b) *Come receive your Arms.*] 'Tis not Poetry only which has had this Idea of divine Arms being sent to a Hero, we have a very remarkable Example of it in our Holy Books. In the Second Book of *Maccabees*, Chap. 16. *Judas* sees in a Dream the Prophet *Jeremias* bringing to him a Sword as from God, and saying to him : *Accipe Sanctum gladium munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel. Take this holy Sword, a Gift from God, with the which thou shalt wound the Adversaries.* Tho' this was only a Dream or a Vision, yet still it is the same Idea. This Example is likewise so much the more worthy of Observation, as it is very posterior to the Age of

*Homer*, and as thereby it is seen that the same way of Thinking continued a long time amongst the Oriental Nations.

(c) *Which as it fell rung terribly.*] After the marvelous Description which *Homer* has made of these Arms, he gives a yet greater Idea of them in saying that the very Noise which they make in falling frightens the *Thes-salians*, insomuch that they durst not look upon them. How much more terrible will they be when they are upon *Achilles* ? This alone is a Preparative for all the Prodiges we shall see him perform ; *Homer* always keeps within the Bounds of Probability.

And dazl'd all the Troops: (d) *Achilles* only  
 Could bear the Sight, which in his lab'ring  
 Soul Rally'd his Courage, and renew'd his  
 Rage. His Eyes like Lightning spark'd, (e)  
 and fresh Joy O'er spread him, handling the  
 Immortal Present. When he had fill'd his  
 Mind and fed his Senses With all the Curious  
 Work, turning to *Thetis*, He thus address'd  
 her. " This is *Vulcan's* Present (f) And his  
 " Immortal Work, no Human Artist Such  
 " Armour could invent; I fly to try it: But  
 " (g) much I fear, the Worms and wandring  
 " Vermin, When I am gone, will seize *Pa-*  
 " *troclus*' Body, Infect his Wounds, and fill  
 " him with Corruption, Ere I return to give  
 " him Fun'ral Rites.

(d) *Achilles only could bear the Sight.* ] How beautiful is this Opposition, and how well does *Homer* catch the Features of a Hero!

(e) *Fresh Joy o'er-spread him.* ] *Eustathius* was in the right to Note here the Artfulness of *Homer*, in mingling the Passions that make the most sensible Contrast. He here makes upon the Visage of *Achilles* an admirable mixture of Joy, Grief, Rage, Vengeance.

(f) *His Immortal Work.* ] *Homer* in this place perfectly well justifies the Prodigies he has just describ'd, by the infinite difference there is between the Works of Men

and those of the Gods. This Passage alone ought to destroy all the insipid Criticisms that have been made.

(g) *But much I fear, &c.* ] I never in my Life met with a more gross and more unreasonable Criticism than that which *Julius Scaliger* makes here, in ridiculing what *Achilles* says to *Thetis*. His words are these. *Had Achilles no little Scoundrel of a Slave to drive away these Flies?* A very pretty Objection! If *Scaliger* had had but the least Taste for fine Poetry, this which *Homer* casts into this place wou'd have made him laid down his Pen. To justify this Poet, and to shew



To him the Goddess. " Banish from your  
 " Mind That Care, and make it mine: I will  
 " attend And guard him from the swarming  
 " Animals, That prey upon the Slain, and  
 " bring Corruption; His Body shall remain  
 " whole Years untouch'd, His Beauty still in-  
 " creasing: But go you, Assemble all the Lea-  
 " ders of the *Greeks*, And tell them, you are  
 " reconcil'd at last To *Agamemnon*; then re-  
 " new the Fight, Exerting all your Courage  
 " and your Strength.

the Beauty of this Passage, I shall only make use of the Remark of *Father Bossu* in his excellent Treatise upon Epic Poetry, Book 3. Chap. 10. When we would speak of the Sciences and Arts like a Poet, says he, we conceal those things under Names and Actions of Persons Feign'd and Allegorical. *Homer* will not say that Salt has the Power to preserve dead Bodies, and hinder the Flies from engendering Worms therein; he will not plainly say that the Sea presented *Achilles* with a Remedy against Putrefaction: but he will make of the Sea a Deity; he will say that the Goddess *Thetis* comforted *Achilles*, and told him she would go and Perfume *Patroclus's* Body with an *Ambrosia*, which will preserve it

a whole Year without Corruption. Thus it is, that *Homer* teaches the Poets to speak of the Arts and Sciences. It is seen by this Example that Flies are the Cause of Corruption, and of the Worms which engender in dead Flesh; Therein is seen the nature of Salt, and the Art of preserving the Carcases without Corruption. But all this is express'd Poetically, and with all the Conditions necessary to such Imitation, which according to *Aristotle* is essential to Poetry. The whole is reduc'd to Action; the Sea is made a Person, who speaks and acts, and this *Prosopopæa* is accompany'd with Passion, Tendernefs, and Interest. In short, there is nothing therein but what is endu'd with Manners.

148 THE ILIAD BOOK XIX.

She spake, infusing in his Soul new Life  
And Vigour; then immingling sweet *Ambrosia*  
And *Nectar*, thro' *Patroclus*' Nostrils pouring  
The Balm, preserv'd his Trunk from noisome  
Smells.

(b) Mean while *Achilles*, coasting round  
the Shore, Call'd the Commanders with a  
dreadful Voice. His Sight drew all the Navy;  
they who ply The Oar, and they whose Care  
is to inspect The Stores and the Provisions,  
with the Pilots, Ran to behold him, joyful at  
his Presence, Who had so long from Arms  
and War withdrawn.

Divine *Ulysses*, and brave *Diomed*, Came to  
the Consult, leaning on their Spears, And took  
their Seats, still halting with their Wounds.  
At last came *Agamemnon*, still in Pain, Not  
yet recover'd of the Wound which *Coon*,  
*Antenor*'s Son, late gave him in the Battle.

When all the Chiefs had fill'd the high As-  
sembly, *Achilles* from his Seat arose, and  
spake. " O Son of *Atreus*! (i) see the great  
" Advantage Which your and my Resentment  
" have produc'd, That rag'd so long, and  
" prey'd upon our Minds; A little captive

(b) Mean while *Achilles*  
*Coasting*.] *Achilles* does not  
make use of Heralds to con-  
vene an Assembly of the  
*Greeks*, he is too impatient,  
he goes himself.

(i) See the great Advan-  
tage.] *Homer*, ever mora-  
lizing, shews here by a sen-

sible Example, that nothing  
is more prejudicial to a Par-  
ty than Dissention among the  
Heads of it, and that no-  
thing is so advantageous to  
it as their Union; and this  
indeed is the whole Subject  
of the Poem.

# BOOK XIX. OF HOMER. 149

" Girl the only Cause. (k) Would she had  
 " perish'd by *Diana's* Hand, When at *Laryssa's*  
 " Siege I made her Prize ! How many *Gree-*  
 " *cian* Lives that one had sav'd, Who now  
 " lie slain in Dust on yonder Plains ? The *Tro-*  
 " *jans* led by *Hector*, and encourag'd By my  
 " Retreat, have made the best Advantage Of  
 " our Dissention, fatal to the *Greeks*. For  
 " me, tho' full of Grief, yet I'll forget What's  
 " pass'd, and to Necessity resign My Quarrel.  
 " Hence I banish Wrath and Anger: 'Tis not  
 " for me, a Mortal, to conceive Revenge  
 " that ne'er shall die : Therefore prepare For  
 " War, and let our Troops march out to meet  
 " The *Trojans* ; let us see if once again They  
 " will encamp all Night so near our Fleet :  
 " And let that Hero (l) stretch himself at  
 " Ease, Who shall defend himself from *Pe-*  
 " *lens' Son*.

(k) *Wou'd she had perish'd*  
*by Diana's Hand.*] That is,  
 wou'd to God she had dy'd  
 a sudden Death ; for the  
 sudden Deaths of Women  
 were ascrib'd by the Ancients  
 to *Diana*, and those of Men  
 to *Apollo*. It may further be  
 observ'd here, that *Achilles*  
 speaks as a Man who was  
 by no means fond of his  
 Captive.

(l) *Stretch himself at Ease.*]  
 It is in the Greek, *will bend*  
*the Knee*, which has deceiv'd  
 the Interpreters, who fan-  
 cy'd that *Achilles* meant that  
 he who shou'd escape from

him wou'd thank the Gods  
 with his whole Heart, by fal-  
 ling on his Knees. But *A-*  
*chilles* does not in the least  
 intend to make those *Barba-*  
*rians* so Religious. To bend  
*the Knee*, in *Homer*, signifies  
 nothing but to sit, to rest ones  
 self, as I have already else-  
 where observ'd. *Eustathius*  
 testifies the same thing :  
*Note that Homer always puts*  
*to bend the Knee, to signifie*  
*to sit, the contrary to standing*  
*up ; those who came after HO-*  
*mer have made use of it to*  
*signifie to Pray, to Supplicate,*  
*to Adore, &c. Hesychius has*

Thus he: The *Greeks* with sudden Joy were fill'd, Because *Achilles'* Anger was appear'd. Then *Agamemnon* from his Seat began, (m) Not standing in the midst, but kept his Throne.

" Ye *Greeks*, the Followers of *Mars*, attend, Whilst without rising from my Throne  
 " I speak; (n) Nor interrupt me with confus'd Discourse, Or mingled Murmurs, such  
 " as drown all Words, Tho' by the clearest  
 " Orators pronounc'd. To great *Achilles* I direct my Speech; But let the other *Greeks*  
 " (o) recal the Words Which they condemning me have often us'd, While they pour'd  
 " forth their loud Reproaches on me: Yet

not forgot to set down this first Signification: γέρου καί μ' αἶ, says he, ἀναπαύσας, to bend the *Knees* signifies to rest ones self.

(m) Not standing in the midst.] The Weakness, occasion'd by his Wound, hindred him from standing up; and the Confusion and Tumult did not suffer him to wait an Opportunity of speaking till he was in the midst of the Assembly.

(n) Nor interrupt me.] There is not perhaps a Passage that has more exercis'd the ancient Interpreters. You may see *Eustathius*, who reports all their Sentiments in p. 1172. As for me, after a thorough Examination of every thing they have said, and the present Posture of

Affairs, I adhere to the Reading of ἱσθόντες, the Adverb, which signifies in repose, in silence; instead of the Genitive ἱσθόντων, upright, erect; for 'tis certain *Agamemnon* speaks sitting, ἵσθιν from his Seat, as *Hom*er had just before said. The *Greeks*, transported with Joy at the sight of *Achilles*, made a great Noise, and began fresh Murmurs against *Agamemnon*, by charging on him all their Misfortunes, and all their Losses, and this is what obliges the King to begin his Speech in this Manner.

(o) Recal the Words.] I have here follow'd *Eustathius*, who has very well explain'd this whole Passage: οὐβιάς δὲ ἐνταῦθα, &c. says he, The *Graeth* οὐβιάς is here

" WAS



" was not I to blame, but *Jove*, and Fate,  
 " And fell *Erynnis*, who inflam'd my Mind  
 " With Anger, and engag'd me to detain His  
 " lovely Captive from *Achilles*' Arms. What  
 " could I do? (p) the Daughter of great *Jove*,  
 " *Ate*, the Goddess of Revenge, inspir'd me,  
 " (q) Who never from her curs'd Designs  
 " desists; But scorning with her Feet to touch  
 " the Earth, Flies round the Heads of Men,  
 " instilling Strife And arming Parties to each  
 " other's Ruin. (r) She spar'd not *Jove*  
 " himself, her Sire; tho' he Be universal King  
 " of Gods and Men. *Juno* his Subject, by  
 " her Sex deceiv'd him, That Day, when fair  
 " *Alcmena* was deliver'd Of great *Alcides*,  
 " in renowned *Thebes*, When *Saturn's* Son  
 " thus boasted to the Gods.

put to shew Consent; where-  
 fore Homer adds, and own  
 your Speeches; that is, Agree  
 with me in calling to remem-  
 brance the Language you have  
 us'd against me. He does not  
 repeat their Speeches, but only  
 gives the Substance.

(p) The Daughter of great  
 Jove, *Ate*.] The Goddess *Ate*  
 was a *Demon* of Discord and  
 Malediction; thrown down  
 from Heav'n to Earth, as *He-*  
*mer* tells afterwards. This  
 Apology of *Agamemnon* is  
 very Artful; he accuses him-  
 self, but at the same time he  
 lays the Blame on the God-  
 des of Discord, who may  
 well triumph over Men, since

she makes *Jupiter* himself  
 feel her Power.

(q) Who never from her curs'd  
 Designs desists.] The Ancients  
 did, therefore, own a *Da-*  
*mon* created by God him-  
 self, and totally taken up in  
 doing of Mischief.

(r) She spar'd not *Jove*  
 himself.] It looks as if the  
 Authors of this Fable wou'd  
 thereby shew that the Devil  
 sometimes performs things  
 which make him seem stron-  
 ger than God; tho' 'tis cer-  
 tain nothing comes to pass  
 without Providence or con-  
 trary to its Laws, and that  
 this Spirit of Discord has no  
 Power any further than as

“ Hear me, ye Pow’rs! attend my firm  
 “ Decrees; *Illythia*, who presides o’er human  
 “ Births, Is gone this Day to bring into the  
 “ World A Hero, who shall spread his Em-  
 “ pire far, And govern all Mankind, from me  
 “ descended.

“ To him thus *Juno* answer’d, with design  
 “ To snare him. “ Son of *Saturn*, you deceive  
 “ The Gods, nor will perform your Pro-  
 “ mises. Now then confirm it with your  
 “ strongest Oath, That he, who shall be born  
 “ this Day, shall reign O’er all Mankind, de-  
 “ scended of your Blood.

“ Then *Jove*, not reaching the close Treachery,  
 “ By his most solemn Oath confirm’d his Pro-  
 “ mise. Rash Act! that often griev’d his God-  
 “ like Mind; For *Juno* from *Olympus* straight  
 “ descended, And flew to *Argos*, where the  
 “ teeming Wife Of *Sthenelus*, the Son of  
 “ *Perseus*, lay, ( s ) Then in her seventh  
 “ Month; whom soon the Goddess, Before  
 “ her Time, deliver’d of a Son; But kept *Alc-*  
 “ *mena* back, and stopt her Labour; Then  
 “ straight to Heav’n returning, thus bespake  
 “ Her Brother and her Spouse. “ O *Jove*,  
 “ whose Arm Scatters the Thunder, hear the  
 “ News I bring; A Son to *Sthenelus*, and  
 “ *Peleus*’ Grandson, Is born this Day, descended  
 “ of your Blood: Worthy to reign in *Argos*,  
 “ and to wear Those Honours, your Decrees

it pleases God to give it  
 him.

( s ) Then in her seventh  
 Month.] *Homer* acknowledges

here that for Big-belly’d Wo-  
 men the seventh Month is  
 as good a Term as the Ninth.

“ have

“ have destin’d for him. Thus she, the God  
 “ was smit with sudden Sorrow; (1) When  
 “ catching *Ate* by the hated Head, He swore

(1) *When catching Ate by the hated Head.*] There have been great Disputes about this Verse: *Ἀντίκα δ' ἔϊλε Ἄτην κεφαλῇ λιπαροπλοκάμῳ*, to know whether *Homer* means that *Jupiter* took that Goddess by the Head, by the Hair, or whether he took her upon his Head. *Eustathius* has declar'd himself for the latter. *It is more probable*, says he, that the Poet means *Jupiter's Head*, because that Goddess, who was accusom'd to tread upon the Heads even of the Gods, did afterwards walk upon those of Men, when she was thrown down. But this Reason does not seem to me to be solid, for, to walk upon the Heads of Men, it is not necessary she shou'd have walk'd upon the Heads of the Gods. The Passage is very clear, *Homer* says that *Jupiter* took that Goddess by the Head, *ἔϊλε κεφαλῇ*, which is the same thing with what he said of *Minerva*, in the first Book, that she took *Achilles* by the hair, *ἔαυθ' ὃ κέμιν ἔλε Πηλεΐωνα*. If he had been minded to say that *Jupiter* took her upon his Head, he wou'd have added a Preposition to determine such a

Meaning, and wou'd never have giv'n him the Epithet *λιπαροπλοκάμῳ* which suits only the Head of a Goddess, not the Head of the Sovereign of the Gods. But this is not the most important part of this Passage; the most material thing in this Passage is the Fiction it contains, a Fiction very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the Pagans knew that a *Dæmon* of Discord and Malediction was in Heav'n and afterwards precipitated to Earth, which perfectly agrees with holy History. *S. Justin* will have it that *Homer* attain'd to the Knowledge thereof in Egypt, and that he had ev'n read what *Isaiah* writes, chap. 14. *Quomodo cecidisti, &c. How art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the Nation?* But our Poet cou'd not have seen the Prophecy of *Isaiah*, because he liv'd 100, or 150 Years before that Prophet; and 'tis this very Anteriority of time which makes this Passage the more observable. *Homer* therein bears Authentick Witness to the Truth of the Story of

“(u) she never should return to Heav’n To  
 “vex the Gods; then whirl’d her round, and  
 “flung her To Earth, where now she plagues  
 “unhappy Mortals. Oft was the God in  
 “Pain, and curs’d that Fury, (w) To see his  
 “Son with endless Labours tir’d, Which by  
 “*Eurystheus*’ Tyranny he bore.

“Thus *Jove* himself, and thus was I mis-  
 “led; Whilst *Hector* slew our Men with  
 “deadly Rage, And drove them to the Fleet,  
 “I was implacable, Nor could suppress my  
 “Anger, but was drunk With Passion, and  
 “possess’d by some wild Fury, Which *Jove*  
 “permitted; but I now perceive My Fault,  
 “and will with costly Gifts repair The Injuries

an Angel thrown from Heaven, and bears this Testimony above an 100 Years before one of the greatest Prophets spoke of it; for can it be doubted that this Idea is drawn from Truth itself?

(u) *She never shou’d return to Heav’n.*] *Eustathius* observes here, that *Homer* admonishes his Readers with a great deal of Art not to give Credit to the Fable which makes Discord to reign in Heaven among the Gods, but to give it an Allegorical Sense, for he affirms that Discord no longer appear’d in the Mansions of the Immortals from the Day that it was thrown down from thence. This pernicious and evil *Demon* ranges

throughout the Earth, always seeking to do Mischief.

(w) *To see his Son with endless Labours tir’d.*] The Ancients were fully persuaded of the absolute and independent Sovereignty of Kings; and *Homer* very solidly establishes this Truth by the plain Example of *Hercules*, who though he was *Jupiter*’s Son, paid nevertheless Obedience to *Eurystheus* who was only the Grandson of that God, because *Eurystheus* was a King. *Hercules* being born his Subject submitted to his Commands, and executed all his Orders, tho’ never so severe. No Birth, no Merit can dispense with this Law.

“ which



" which in my Rage I did To great *Achilles*.  
 " Therefore, mighty Warrior! Haste to the  
 " Fight, (x) and lead your Squadrons on; I go  
 " to send you all the Spoils and Riches, Which  
 " in my Name *Ulysses* (y) Yesterday Engag'd  
 " to give you, to appease your Anger. Tho'  
 " you are eager to renew the Combat, Yet  
 " ere you can depart, my Slaves and People  
 " This Moment shall convey them from my  
 " Ships, Before your Eyes, and lay them at  
 " your Feet.

Thus He: Divine *Achilles* thus reply'd.  
 " Great Son of *Atreus*! Leader of the  
 " *Greeks*! The Gifts you offer me with so  
 " much Justice, (z) 'Tis in your Pow'r to  
 " send or to detain; For you are Lord of all:  
 " But now's the Time For Battle and for War,  
 " without delay, Too precious to be spent in  
 " idle Talk; We must retrieve the Losses of  
 " the *Greeks*. " Then let us march, and  
 " when the Troops behold me Felling the

(x) *Lead your Squadrons on.*] This is very dexterous for the asswaging *Achilles*: *Agamemnon* seems to yield to him the whole Authority of the General. But this was not till after he had himself given him Orders: *Haste to the Battle.*

(y) *Yesterday engag'd to give.*] In the Embassie which he together with *Ajax* perform'd to *Achilles*, the Night between the 16th and 17th.

Therefore *Agamemnon* says very well, which *Ulysses* Yesterday engag'd to give.

(z) 'Tis in your Power to send or to detain.] *Achilles* neither refuses nor demands *Agamemnon's* Presents. The first wou'd be too Contemptuous, and the other wou'd look too Selfish. It wou'd seem as if *Achilles* fought only for Pay like a Mercenary, which wou'd be utterly unbecoming a Hero, and dis-

" *Trojans*

" *Trojans* with my bloody Spear, Let each  
 " Man follow me and my Example.

Then rose *Ulysses* from the Bench, and  
 spake. " Divine *Achilles*, tho' your valiant  
 " Soul Burns with Impatience to begin the Bat-  
 " tle: Yet whilst the Men are spent with Toil  
 " and Hunger, If they are led to fight, the  
 " *Trojan* Troops With Ease may bear the  
 " Shock, and long maintain The Fight, nor  
 " will your single Arm decide it: Therefore  
 " command the Men aboard the Fleet Re-  
 " fresh themselves a while; for Bread and  
 " Wine Are Strength and Valour to the weary  
 " Soldier. How can a Warrior, press'd with  
 " meager Famine, Endure the Toils of Bat-  
 " tle, till the Sun Has run his Course, and  
 " hastens to the Ocean? For tho' his Courage  
 " fail not, yet his Strength Will soon decay,  
 " for Thirst and pinching Want Will tame  
 " him, and his Knees and feeble Joints Sink  
 " down, unable to sustain their Load; Whilst  
 " he, whose Soul is cheer'd with sprightly  
 " Wine And strong Repast, can all Day long  
 " endure The Combat, nor will leave the  
 " dusty Field, Whilst any Foe remains; for  
 " his brave Mind Is fill'd with fresh Recruits,  
 " his Strength increases, And through his Limbs  
 " the vigorous Juices flow. Then be advis'd,  
 " and let the Troops partake Their due Re-  
 " freshments: But (a) let *Agamemnon* Mean

honourable to that Cha-  
 racter. *Homer* is wonderful  
 as to the Manners.

(a) Let *Agamemnon* mean  
 while produce his Presents.]  
 This Advice of *Ulysses*, who

" while

“ while produce his Presents, in the sight Of  
 “ all the *Greeks*, to let *Achilles* see The Ho-  
 “ nour he intends him, and restore His Cap-  
 “ tive, by a solemn Oath affirming, That he has  
 “ never to her Bed ascended, Or tasted the sweet  
 “ Favour of her Sex ; To free *Achilles*’ Mind  
 “ from Jealous Fear : Then let him treat him  
 “ at a splendid Banquet, Performing all the  
 “ Rites, which may procure The Satisfaction  
 “ to his Honour due. And you, O Son of  
 “ *Atreus* ! for the future Temper your Con-  
 “ duct, and restrain your Passion, (b) Nor  
 “ think it an Indignity, that Kings Should con-  
 “ descend to do their Subjects Justice.

He spake, and *Agamemnon* thus reply’d.  
 “ With Pleasure, wise *Ulysses*, I have heard  
 “ Your good Advice, with Reason and with  
 “ Judgment Pronounc’d ; What you propose  
 “ I will perform. I am prepar’d to take that  
 “ solemn Oath, Nor shall with perjur’d Lips  
 “ invoke the Gods. Only let great *Achilles*,  
 “ tho’ Impatient To march into the Field and  
 “ try the Combat, Awhile refrain, and you

is for having the Presents brought thither instantly, is very subtle and very sensible. He wou’d leave no handle to the Difference between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but wou’d have the *Greeks* owe all the Obligation to *Agamemnon*, by seeing what he Sacrifices to appease him. And in this he wastes no useful Time, for it all happens whilst

they are preparing the Sacrifice necessary to confirm that Union.

(b) *Nor think it an Indignity.*] A truly Divine Maxim ! All Injuries ought to have Reparation, this is the Law ; therefore no body is exempted from obeying it, and it is glorious for those who bear the Scepter of Justice to submit thereto.

“ assem:

“ assembled *Greeks* Stay till the Presents from  
 “ the Fleet are brought ; And we by mutual  
 “ Leagues have sign’d our Friendship. Yours  
 “ be the Charge, *Ulysses*, to command Some  
 “ of our (c) chief Attendants to convey  
 “ The Captives and the Presents from our  
 “ Ships, All that by you I promis’d to *Achilles* ;  
 “ Whilst by my Order, to the *Sun* and *Jove*,  
 “ *Talthybius* shall perform the (d) Sacrifice.  
 Then thus *Achilles* spake. “ O *Agamemnon*,  
 “ Let us defer these Rites, till we return From  
 “ Battle, and this mighty Fury cools That  
 “ rages in my Breast : Our valiant *Greeks* Lye  
 “ scatter’d on the Plains, by *Hector* slain, When  
 “ *Jove* with Glory crown’d his bloody Arms,  
 “ Whilst you invite me to the Wine and Ban-  
 “ quet. Fain I would lead our Squadrons to  
 “ the Field, Tho’ tir’d and hungry ; when the  
 “ Day is done, We may with Joy and Feast-  
 “ ing spend the Night, Already fated with  
 “ Revenge and Slaughter. For me, till then  
 “ no Wine nor Nourishment Shall touch my  
 “ Lips, since I have lost *Patroclus*, (e) Who  
 “ now lies stretch’d before my lofty Tent, A-

(c) Chief Attendants.] *Agamemnon* will not have these Presents brought by the common Soldiers, but by the Principal Officers, to do the more Honour to *Achilles*.

(d) The Sacrifice.] *Καίριος* does not signifie here a wild Boar, as the Interpreters were of Opinion. They had not time to go a hunting to take

a Boar alive, it means a Hog. And *Eustathius* gives the Reasons which obliged them on this Occasion to make choice of this Victim. See him, p. 1183.

(e) Who now lies stretch’d before my lofty Tent.] It is in the Greek, lies extended in my Tent with his Face turned towards the Door, ἀνὰ πρὸς θύρας

“ midst



“ midst his Weeping Friends ; till I avenge  
 “ His Death, my Soul no other Pleasures  
 “ craves But Blood and Slaughter, Noise and  
 “ dying Groans.

Thus he: The Sage *Ulysses* thus reply'd.  
 “ O Son of *Peleus*, you in Strength and Va-  
 “ lour Excel, (f) but I in Wisdom and good  
 “ Counsel, For I have more Experience and  
 “ more Years ; Then listen to my Words, let  
 “ me prevail : The bravest Warriors are with  
 “ Combat cloy'd: (g) The Ears of Corn in  
 “ Harvest do not fall So thick, beneath the  
 “ Reaper's crooked Sickle, (h) As fall those  
 “ Troops in Battle, against whom Great *Jove*,

*τετραμυῖος*, that is to say, as the Scholiast has very well explain'd it, having his Feet turn'd towards the Door. *τετραμυῖος ἔχων ἐν αὐτῇ τοὺς πόδας*, for thus it was that in Greece they placed the Dead in the Porch of their Houses, as likewise in Italy, Persia:

— *In portam rigidos calces extendit.* The same Custom is to this Day observed among us.

(f) But I in Wisdom.] *Ulysses* does not attribute the Advantage he here gives himself over *Achilles*, either to his own Ingenuity, or his Industry ; but ascribes it solely to his great Age. And thereby he softens that Preference which he gives himself, by shewing that since those Qualities, Prudence and

Experience, are the Gift of Age, *Achilles* may likewise have them with Time. It is not dishonourable to Youth to be without that which Age alone can give.

(g) The Ears of Corn.] *Ulysses* means to shew to *Achilles*, that Troops that are fasting can make no long Resistance, that as soon as they once give way there is a cruel Execution made among them ; and that they have not Strength either to stand it out or run away ; and he urges it the more, that *Achilles* may be prevail'd upon to Eat before he Fights. He dares not say it in express terms, but he insinuates it by an Image.

(h) As fall those Troops.] That is to say, Those who

“the

" the Judge of War, with angry Hand (i)  
 " The fatal Balance weighs. It is not lawful  
 " For *Greeks* to fast for their dead Friends:  
 " If this Had been the Custom, when should  
 " we have known The taste of Dainties, who  
 " have lost such Numbers Slain in the War?  
 " Our Country Rites command To bury our  
 " departed Friends in Earth, Spending the  
 " Day in Sorrow and in Tears: But they  
 " who from the doubtful Fight escape, Should  
 " with due Nourishment repair their Strength;  
 " That with fresh Force they may return to  
 " Arms, (k) And manfully sustain the furious  
 " Charge. When the Repast is done, and we  
 " are call'd (l) To March against the Foe in

*escape from the Rout are very few. Ulysses's Expression is very remarkable; he calls ἀλάμνι, stipulam, Straw, Chaff, such as are kill'd in the Battle; and he calls ἄμρον, the Crop, such as make their Escape. This is very conformable to the Language of the Holy Scripture, wherein those who perish are call'd Chaff, and those who are saved are call'd Corn.*

(i) *The fatal Balance weighs.] This is a very Poetical Phrase to signify, putting one of the two Parties to the Rout, which does not happen 'till he has caused one of the Scales of the Balance to sink down. Jupiter's Balances are sufficiently spoken of elsewhere.*

(k) *And manfully sustain, &c.] There is in the Text a Mutation of the Person, which is remarkable, for Homer instead of saying, to the end that they may be able, as the Connection requires, says to the end that we may be able, to make himself of the Party, and likewise Achilles; by shewing him that he shou'd likewise Eat, or otherwise will wrong his Courage. I did not dare in my Translation to risk this Change of the Person, as being too foreign to our Tongue.*

(l) *To March against the Foe.] This is very adroit; Ulysses, to prevail upon Achilles to let the Troops take Repast, and in some sort to second his Impatience, gives*

" War-

“ Warlike Order, Let Mischief be his Lot  
 “ who quits the Ranks, Or to his Ship with  
 “ wretched Fear retires.

Thus he: Then from the thick Assembly  
 chose The Sons of *Nestor*, *Meges* born to *Phy-*  
*leus*, *Thoas* and *Lycomedes*, and stout *Merion*,  
 And *Menalippus*: These together went To *Agamemnon*'s Tent, from whence they took The  
 Spoils, seven Massy Chargers, twenty Bowls,  
 Twelve Steeds, and seven Talents of pure  
 Gold, With seven fair Slaves, expert in curi-  
 ous Arts, All which the King had promis'd to  
*Achilles*: *Briseis* was the eighth, of lovely Mien;  
*Ulysses* led the Train, and bore the Talents:  
 The other Chiefs the other Presents carry'd,  
 And midst th' assembled *Grecians* laid them  
 down. Then *Agamemnon* rose, and sage *Tal-*  
*thybius* Leading the Boar, came near, and  
 stood before him: (m) The King his Dagger  
 drew, which near his Belt He wore, and from  
 the Beast (n) some Bristles cut, As the first

with the same Breath Orders  
 for Battle, by commanding  
 the Troops to march, and to  
 expect no further Orders.  
 Thus the Troops go to take  
 Repast, for it looks as if they  
 do not lose a moments time,  
 but are going to put them-  
 selves in Array of Battle. It  
 is astonishing to see how all  
 the beautiful Places of *Ho-*  
*mer* have been disfigured by  
 his Translators.

(m) His Dagger drew, which  
 near his Belt.] I have alrea-

dy taken Notice of this Cu-  
 stom of the Princes, in wear-  
 ing a Dagger near their  
 Sword.

(n) Some Bristles cut, as the  
 first Offering.] *Enstasius* ob-  
 serves, that this Custom of  
 cutting off the Bristle or  
 Hair of the Victim was to  
 put him in Mind of the an-  
 cient Vestments of Mankind,  
 before they found the Art of  
 Spinning Wool, and making  
 Stuffs thereof, for they us'd  
 to cover themselves with

Offering

Off'ring: Then to *Jove* he lifted His Hands,  
whilst all the *Greeks* in decent Silence Sate  
listening to the Words of *Agamemnon*: He  
looking up to Heav'n, thus pray'd aloud.

" Let *Jove*, the greatest and the best of Gods,  
" Be witness, with the Earth, and Sun, and  
" Furies, That dwell below and punish breach  
" of Oaths: If since *Briseis* at my Tent re-  
" main'd, I offer'd any Violence against The  
" Laws of Modesty, or tempted her To share  
" my Bed, then let the injur'd Gods, If I  
" have falsely sworn, pour on my Head Those  
" Ills, which they reserve for perjur'd Mor-  
" tals.

Thus he: Then sheath'd his Dagger in the  
Swine, And straight (o) *Talthybius* flung into  
the Sea The Bleeding Heart, a Prey to  
greedy Fishes.

Then rose Divine *Achilles*, and thus spake.  
(p) " O *Jove*, from thee our greatest E-  
" vils come; The Gods, whene'er they  
" please, can blind our Minds; The Son  
" of *Atreus* ne'er had injur'd me, Nor had I

Raiment made of the Hair  
of Beasts.

(o) *Talthybius* flung into  
the Sea the bleeding Heart.]  
For it was not lawful to eat  
the Flesh of the Victims,  
that were sacrificed in Con-  
firmation of Oaths; such  
were Victims of Maledicti-  
on.

(p) O *Jove*, from thee our  
Greatest:] *Achilles*, to let

them see that he is entirely  
appeased, justifies *Agamem-  
non* himself, and enters into  
the Reasons with which that  
Prince had colour'd his Fault.  
But in that Justification he  
perfectly well preserves his  
Character, and illustrates per-  
fectly well the Advantage  
he has over that King who  
offended him.

" rag'd



“rag’d with Anger and Resentment; But  
 “’twas decreed by you to plague the *Greeks*:  
 “Who can resist your Pow’r, or stop your  
 “Orders? Then haste, and let the Troops re-  
 “fresh awhile, And after march and try the  
 “deadly Combat.

Thus he; the great Assembly soon dispers’d,  
 And each Commander to his Ship repair’d.  
 Mean while the *Myrmidons* with Care convey’d  
 The Presents to the Tent of great *Achilles*,  
 There laid them down, conducting the fair  
 Slaves: Then to the Pasture led the warlike  
 Steeds.

But when *Briseis*, whose resplendent Beauty  
 Like *Venus* shone, beheld *Patroclus*’ Body, With  
 Sorrow fill’d, she flung into his Arms, Rend-  
 ing her Bosom, Neck, and lovely Cheeks:  
 Then thus with piercing Cries express’d her  
 Grief.

“Unhappy I, to lose my dear *Patroclus*,  
 “Who did with friendly Pity ease my Sor-  
 “row. Alas! when from the Tent I was  
 “convey’d, You then in lively Youth and  
 “Vigour flourish’d; Why do I see you thus  
 “at my Return? The Gods with fresh Afflicti-  
 “ons still pursue me. These Eyes beheld my  
 “Husband, (q) to whose Arms My tender

(q.) To whose Arms my  
 tender Parents.] *Eustathius*  
 observes here, that *Homer*  
 expresses himself very pro-  
 perly, for the Wife is given  
 to the Husband, and not  
 the Husband to the Wife.

Wherefore the Husband is  
 the Master, and the Wife  
 ought to submit to him:  
 Thus the *Greeks* call’d the  
 Wife *ἡμιανδρῆς*, as who shou’d  
 say *ἡμιανδρῆς*, subjected,  
 submitted, and under the Yoke,

“Parents

" Parents gave me, slain in Battle, And my  
 " three Brothers falling by his Side. I saw  
 " *Achilles*, cover'd o'er with Blood, Ravage  
 " my Country, Sack my native Town: All  
 " this I saw, and you allay'd my Grief, (r)  
 " And promis'd me, *Achilles* should espouse  
 " me, Make me his Princess, and to *Phthia*  
 " bear me, With Nuptial Pomp; with you  
 " those Hopes are gone: With you, whose  
 " Goodness and whose gentle Nature Were  
 " all my Comfort once, and now my Sorrow.  
 Thus she: The Torrents from her Eyes de-  
 scended, Whilst all her Sister Captives join'd  
 their Tears, (s) Not for *Patroclus*' Loss, but  
 for their own.

of the Husband; and at *A-*  
*thens* the Husband was call'd  
*κύριος*, Lord, Master.

(r) And promis'd me *A-*  
*chilles*.] Now-a days, when  
 our Manners are so different  
 from the ancient Manners,  
 and that we see in our Cli-  
 mates no such dismal Cata-  
 strophes which laid whole  
 Kingdoms waste, and sub-  
 jected Princesses and Queens  
 to the Power of the Con-  
 queror, it will perhaps seem  
 astonishing, that a Princess  
 of *Briseis*'s Birth, the very  
 Day that her Father, Bro-  
 thers and Husband were kill'd  
 by *Achilles*, should suffer her  
 self to be comforted, and e-  
 ven flatter'd with the Hopes  
 of becoming the Spouse to  
 heir Murderer. But such  
 were the Manners of those

Times, as ancient History  
 testifies: And a Poet repre-  
 sents them as they are; but  
 if there was a Necessity for  
 justifying them, it might be  
 said that Slavery was at that  
 time so terrible, that in truth  
 a Princess like *Briseis* was  
 pardonable to chule rather  
 to become *Achilles*'s Wife  
 than his Slave.

(s) Not for *Patroclus*' Loss,  
 but for their own.] Homer  
 adds this Touch to heighten  
 the Character of *Briseis*, and  
 to shew the Difference there  
 was between her and the o-  
 ther Captives. *Briseis*, as a  
 well-born Princess, really be-  
 wail'd *Patroclus* out of Gra-  
 titude; but the others, by  
 pretending to bewail him,  
 wept only out of Interest.

Mean

Mean while the Leaders round *Achilles* press'd, Inviting him to taste some Nourishment: (t) But he with Sighs and Tears refus'd the Offer. " If you, he said, are Friends  
 " indeed, forbear, And leave me to my Sor-  
 " row, which rejects All Food: To Grief  
 " my Senses are resign'd: Here let me weep,  
 " 'till the bright Sun goes down.

He spake, and to their Tents dismiss'd the Chiefs: Only *Ulysses*, both the Sons of *Atreus*, Old *Phœnix*, *Nestor*, and *Idomeneus*, Stay'd to appease his Grief, and comfort him: Which they in vain attempted, he abandon'd His Soul to Sorrow: No Allay he found, No Consolation, but the cruel Hope That he should live to be reveng'd on *Hector* For his *Patroclus*' Loss, no other Name Was heard within his Lips.  
 " My dear *Patroclus*! He cry'd, Unhappy  
 " Youth, of all my Friends The nearest to my  
 " Soul: How oft have you, (u) When in a  
 " Morning our Commanders call'd me To

(t) But he with Sighs and Tears refus'd.] Homer had here a fair Opportunity to display his Knowledge, and his Art, in giving to each of these Princes such Speeches as were conformable to their Manners and Character: It is certain the Reader wou'd have been pleas'd to have seen what those great Personages cou'd have said to *Achilles* to comfort him; but *Homer* studies only to afford the Pleasure which his

Fable requires. Such Consolatory Speeches wou'd have been ill placed; the Time refuses them as well as *Achilles*. *Homer* therefore, as *Eustathius* has very well observed, rejected this Occasion, and contented himself with making the Reader sensible that he did reject it. He proceeds to what is more important and more urging.

(u) When in a Morning.] The Generals press *Achilles* to Eat; *Achilles* refuses

" some

" some Attack against the Trojan Ramparts,  
 " Serv'd up the hearty Banquet in my Tent?  
 " And do I now embrace you on your Herse?  
 " How often at this Table have we sat, In  
 " sweet Society? O fatal Wounds, That rob  
 " me of my Friend! No other Grief Could e-  
 " qual this: (w) Not tho' a Messenger From  
 " Phthia brought the News of Peleus' Death,  
 " Who now consumes with Grief within his  
 " Palace, And never hopes to see his wretched  
 " Son. Whilst I remote from Greece, engage in  
 " War Against the Trojans, for pernicious Helen.  
 " My dear Patroclus! I no more shall see My  
 " Son, if yet he lives, young Neoptolemus, At  
 " Scyros left. Alas! I vainly thought That on-  
 " ly I should fall before these Walls, And you  
 " survive, to sail to Greece again, Who might  
 " conduct my Son to fertile Phthia, There  
 " place him in my Kingdom, since my Father  
 " Is now no more, or full of Years and Care,  
 " Will soon resign his Life, when he shall  
 " hear The fatal News, that I am slain at  
 " Troy.

them, and this awakens in  
 his Mind the Idea of the  
 Food which Patroclus brought  
 to him every Morning before  
 they went to Battle. And  
 with that he begins his La-  
 mentations. This is very  
 natural, and admirably well  
 conceals the Art of drawing  
 the Subject of his Discourse  
 from the very things that  
 present themselves.

(w) Not tho' a Messenger.]  
 Achilles therefore in this  
 Place prefers his Friend not  
 only to his Son but likewise  
 to his Father. A Man may  
 love a Friend more than a  
 Son, but it is forbidden to  
 love him more or even so  
 much as a Father; for, next  
 to God, Fathers are those  
 who ought to be most belo-  
 ved and honour'd by their

Thus



Thus he, and mingled Tears amidst his Words;  
His Sorrows forc'd the Chiefs that stood a-  
round him, To Weep the sad (x) Remem-  
brance of some Loss, Which to their Minds  
his mournful Sight recall'd.

Jove, touch'd with his Distress, to *Pallanthus*  
Address'd his high Commands. "Is great *Achil-*  
"les No more regarded? see, oppress'd with  
"Grief, Where in his Ship he lies, and mourns  
"the Loss Of his *Patroclus*; whilst the other  
"Greeks Are at the Banquet, only he abstains;  
"Go you, instil into his Breast the Dainties

Children. How then comes  
*Homer* to present here an  
Example which seems so con-  
trary to good Morals? Does  
he mean to give *Achilles* the  
Sentiments of an unnatural  
Son to load that Character?  
No, doubtless; for on the  
contrary he gives him all the  
Virtues that are consistent  
with that Ground-work of  
Obduracy which he attributes  
to him, and he has already  
shewn that *Achilles* tenderly  
loved his Father. What *A-*  
*chilles* says here is not in the  
least the Sentiment of an  
unnatural Son, and he him-  
self gives very sensible and  
plain Reasons for it; his  
Father is loaded with Years,  
and is perhaps no longer A-  
live, or if he is Alive it is  
certain he will not long sur-  
vive the News of his Death;  
*Patroclus* was young, and *A-*

*chilles*, who had but a few  
Days to live, hoped that af-  
ter his Death his dear Friend  
would be as a Father to his  
Son, and put him into the  
Possession of his Kingdom.  
*Neoptolemus* would in *Patro-*  
*clus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*;  
whereas when *Patroclus* was  
dead every thing was dead to  
him; *Homer* is particularly  
admirable for the Sentiments,  
and always follows Nature.

(x) Remembrance of some  
Loss.] This is a very natu-  
ral Thought, and such is the  
Effect which the Complaints  
of *Achilles* ought to produce  
in those Princes who behold  
themselves almost in the  
same Condition with him.  
*Homer* is never wanting in  
any thing which a Subject  
can furnish, the most tender  
and the most touching.

" Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, to sustain him,  
 " Least Thirst and Hunger quell his martial  
 " Strength.

*Minerva*, of her self dispos'd to succour The  
 Hero, soon obey'd her Father's Words; Then  
 from *Olympus* flew, swift as an Eagle, Just as  
 the *Greeks* were arming; to *Achilles* She came,  
 instilling *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* Into his Breast,  
 to give him Strength and Vigour To bear the  
 Combat; then return'd as swiftly To *Jove's* high  
 Palace. From the Camp and Fleet The *Greeks*  
 in Order drew, and lin'd the Shore. As when  
 the Northen Wind impetuous drives Thick  
 Flakes of Snow, that whiten the bright Air:  
 So look'd the shining Breast-plates, Shields, and  
 Casks, And Spears, that issu'd from the Tents  
 and Ships: The blaze to Heav'n extended, and  
 the Earth Smil'd with new Glory, clad in  
 shining Brass, Under the trampling Troops  
 and Steeds resounding. Amidst the rest, *A-*  
*chilles* took his Arms, (z) Burning with Fu-  
 ry; from his Eyes the Flames, Like Lightning

(y) Of *Nectar* and *Ambro-*  
*sia*.] This Miracle is founded  
 upon the Knowledge which  
 the *Pagans* had, that God cou'd  
 support Men without any  
 Nourishment as long as he  
 pleased. Here are seen the  
 Beauties which *Homer* takes  
 from this Obstinacy of *A-*  
*chilles* in not eating. *Jupi-*  
*ter* sends *Minerva* to support  
 him with a Divine Food,  
 which is far more glorious  
 for that Hero, and has a

much greater Effect as to  
 Poetry.

(z) *Burning with Fury*.] I did not dare to risk what  
*Homer* says, that they heard  
 the Grinding of his Teeth. This  
 is the Advantage which fo-  
 reign and figurative Terms  
 have over common and or-  
 dinary ones. *Homer* here ad-  
 mirably well paints a Hero  
 whom Rage transports, and  
 who is arming himself for  
 Battle,

flew,

flew, Sorrow immixt with Rage Possess'd his Soul, impatient to revenge *Patroclus*' Death; he seiz'd his polish'd Arms, The Work and Gift of *Vulcan*, then put on His Buskins, which by Golden Buckles hung, Then his bright Breast-plate, and his Belt that bore His deadly Sword, and next his Buckler took, That cast a beamy Splendor, like the Moon. As when some Lanthorn from a lofty Hill, Or Tow'r, along the Ocean spreads its Lustre, To light the Marriners by Tempests tost Far from the Shore, on which they wish to land; Such Beams from great *Achilles*' Buckler shone: Then on his manly Head he plac'd the Helmet, On which the Crest resembled some red Star, Threatning Mankind; the Plume of Fine-wrought Gold Nodded above, and floated in the Wind.

Thus clad, the Hero try'd to walk, and move His Limbs, essaying if the Armour sat Light and well-fitted, and (a) like Wings he found it, That made him still more Active, Free, and Gay.

(a) *Like Wings he found it.* What Poetry is here! When one wou'd have thought *Homer* had exhausted all the Miracles upon this Armor, behold a new one. Far from being cumbersome, they are like Wings which raise that Hero up, and make him more

lively and active. And this whole Miracle, is in order to speak Poetically a very plain thing, that these Arms are so exact, and so well proportion'd to *Achilles*'s Shape, that they do not in the least embarrass him.

Then from his Armory he took his Spear,  
Massy and long, a Present from his Father:  
No other Warrior in the Troops but he  
Could wield or throw it: *Chiron* cut it down  
From *Pelion's* craggy Top, and gave it *Peleus*,  
To be the Death of many valiant Heroes.

Mean while *Automedon* and *Alcimus* Harness the Steeds, and join them to the Chariot: *Automedon* ascending took his Place, Prepar'd to drive with Whip and Reins, *Achilles* Behind him sate, (b) in Armour that outshin'd The Sun, then with a stern Regard and Voice, Thus to his Warlike Steeds his Orders gave. " *Xanthus* and *Balius*, Sons of " *Podagra*, Worthy your Race, (c) obey your " Charioteer, And bear me into Battle, where " my Rage May sate it self with Blood; and " do not leave me Stretch'd on the Plain, as " late you left *Patroclus*.

*Xanthus*, disdaining these Reproaches, turn'd His Head, and as he turn'd, his dangling Mane Swept the smooth Plain, then to his Master thus Reply'd, for *Juno* gave him Pow'r to

(b) In Armour that outshin'd the Sun.] After what he said of the Lustre of his Cuirass, and that of his Buckler, all this being put together upon *Achilles*, who is in his Chariot, was likely to make him appear as the Sun in his Car environ'd with Glory. This is well pursued,

and *Homer* arrives at this Comparison by Degrees, and with a great deal of Exactness.

(c) Obey your Charioteer.] *Achilles* only speaks of his Driver *Automedon*, he says nothing concerning himself, for he is prepared to die.

VI. IO V  
speak.



speak. "Valiant *Achilles*! from the deadly  
 "Combat (d) We'll bear you safe this Day:  
 "But know, your Death Draws near, nor  
 "can you blame your warlike Steeds: *Jove* and  
 "the Fates have fix'd their firm Decrees. 'Twas  
 "not our Fault, our Sloth, or Cowardize, By  
 "which *Patroclus* fell, and lost his Arms:  
 "But the far-shooting Son of great *Latona*  
 "Smote him, and then to *Hector* gave the  
 "Glory. For us, our nimble Hoofs can o-  
 "vertake The *Zephyrs*, swifter than all other  
 "Winds. But who can save you, since the

(d) We'll bear you safe  
 this Day.] Upon this Fiction  
 of *Homer*, who makes a Horse  
 to speak, it is worth while  
 to observe the sage Conduct  
 of this Poet. Fable, which  
 gives Manners and a Voice  
 not only to brute Beasts, but  
 likewise to Plants, as is seen  
 even in the holy Scripture;  
 Tradition, received among  
 the *Greeks* that the Ram of  
*Phryxus* spoke, and ancient  
 History wherein many the  
 like Miracles are reported, as  
 that an Ox spoke, all these  
 I say seem to Authorize *Ho-*  
*mer*, and to give him the Li-  
 berty of making this Horse  
 of *Achilles* to speak without a-  
 ny other Preparative, and with-  
 out exposing him to the least  
 Possibility of Condemning  
 that Hardiness; he however  
 does not pass to that Prodi-  
 gy without much Gradation

and Management. He had  
 already insinuated to his Rea-  
 der that those Horses are of  
 an Immortal Race, and that  
 they lamented the Death of  
*Patroclus*; by this the Rea-  
 der is beforehand disposed to  
 consider them as endued with  
 Understanding. And lastly,  
 the Goddess *Juno* intervenes,  
 who renders this Miracle ve-  
 ry probable, and who sets  
 forth the very Nature of the  
 Prodigy, for *Juno* is nothing  
 but the Air. Besides, *Homer*  
 might have heard of the Mi-  
 racle of *Balaam's Ass*, *Numb.*  
 22. 28. The Poet therefore  
 cannot be blamed by any but  
 those who are utterly igno-  
 rant of the Nature of an  
 Epic Poem, which without  
 losing sight of the Bounds of  
 Probability, seeks for the  
 Admirable and the Prodigio-  
 us.

" Fates decree, (e) That by a God and by  
 " a Man subdu'd, You shall be slain before  
 " the Walls of Troy?

More he had said, but the (f) fell Furies  
 stopt him. Then thus *Achilles*, full of Rage,  
 reply'd. " *Xanthus*, must you upbraid me with  
 " Misfortunes, And thus foretel my Death?  
 " Too well I know That on this Shore, far  
 " from my native Country, I shall resign to  
 " Fate; yet e'er I fall The *Trojans* shall with  
 " Slaughter dye the Plain.

Thus he, then with a Shout drove swiftly  
 on, And led the firm Battalions to the Field.

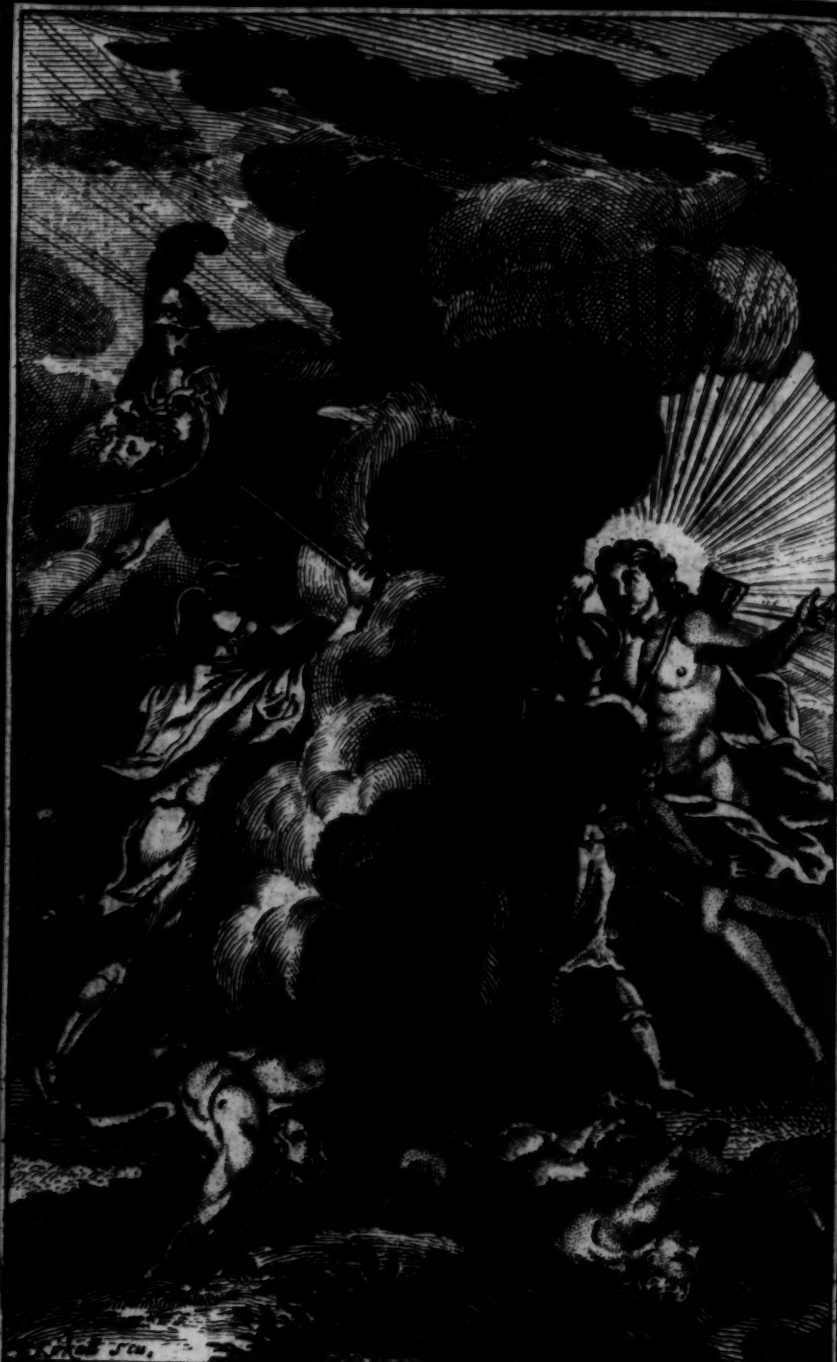
(e) By a God and Man  
 subdu'd.] Since it was neces-  
 sary that *Hector* shou'd be  
 aided by a God to kill *Pa-*  
*troclus*, it is much more like-  
 ly that *Achilles*, who is more  
 valiant than *Patroclus*, cannot  
 be slain by a Man alone.

(f) Fell Furies stopt him.]  
 Why the Furies, and not *Ju-*  
*ne*? This is an Objection  
 made by some of the Anci-  
 ents against *Homer*; *Euse-*  
*bius* answers it very well;  
 his Remark is as follows:  
 This is taken from the most  
 profound Philosophy; the  
 Poet had offended against  
 Probability if he had made  
*Juno* do it; for how cou'd  
*Juno* take away the Voice, the

who is the Cause thereof?  
 Besides the Poet was willing  
 to signify that the Privation  
 of the Voice is so dismal and  
 melancholly a thing that  
 none but the Furies can take  
 upon them so cruel an Em-  
 ploy. I wou'd add to *Euse-*  
*bius's* Remark, that it seems,  
 according to the Theology  
 of the Ancients, that the Fu-  
 ries had a Commission to re-  
 pair whatever was done a-  
 gainst the ordinary Laws of  
 Nature. There is nothing  
 more contrary to those Laws  
 than for a Horse to speak;  
 it therefore belongs to the  
 Furies to stop the Course of  
 so surprising a Prodigy.

ARGU.





*Achilles Clad in his new Armour, having vigorously attack'd y<sup>e</sup>  
Trojans, falls with fury upon Hector, whom he is upon y<sup>e</sup> point  
of Sacrificing to his Resentment, but Apollo covering him  
with a thick Cloud delivers him from that Danger.*

*B. 20.*



# ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.



*WHILST the Greeks and Trojans prepare for Battle, Jupiter orders Thernis to summon the Gods to Council. He acquaints the Assembly with his Designs; and permits the Gods to go down, and be present in the Engagement, and to take either Party as their own Inclinations led them. They divide themselves on both Sides, whilst the Armies with great Fury charge one another. A prodigious Storm of Thunder, with a dreadful Earthquake; so violent, that Plato is frighted with an Apprehension that his Dominions would be laid open, and Day break in upon him. Apollo encourages Æneas to engage Achilles. The Gods retire, and take their Stations to behold the Combat. Achilles and Æneas, after a long Conversation on both sides, meet and charge one another. Æneas, just as Achilles is ready to kill him, is convey'd away by Neptune, who knew his Destiny,*

# ARGUMENT.

*stiny, that he should be King of the Trojans. Achilles in revenge Sacrifices several other Commanders to his Resentment. He kills Polydore, Priam's youngest Son. Hector advances to revenge his Brother's Death, and throws his Lance. Achilles runs in to dispatch him, but Apollo rescues him, by hiding him in a thick Cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans as they fly towards the City with all his Vigour, and makes so great a Slaughter of them, that the Plain is cover'd with Dead Bodies.*



THE

# THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

## BOOK XX.



WHILST from the Fleet the  
Greeks repair'd to Arms Led  
by *Achilles*, eager for the Fight,  
And on a rising Ground the  
Trojan Troops Drew out in  
warlike Order to receive  
them; (a) *Themis*, by *Jove's*  
Command, was sent to summon The Gods,

(a) *Themis*, by *Jove's*  
Command.] *Iris* and *Mercury*  
are the ordinary Messengers  
of *Jupiter*. Here he makes

use of *Themis*, for the Busi-  
ness being to decide the  
Fate of the *Trojans*, and to  
punish those Ravishers and

who (b) round *Olympus*' Top resided, (c) To a grand Council : they obedient came From every side to *Jove*'s eternal Palace ; The Rivers, and the Sea-Gods, (d) only *Ocean* Excepted, and the Nymphs that dwell in Woods, In Springs, and Meads, were present in th' Assembly : All sat in shining Neeches of bright Gold, Which *Vulcan* for his Father *Jove* had fram'd.

*Neptune*, among the rest, obey'd the Orders, and from his watry Realm came to the Presence,

Treaty-breakers, *Jupiter* employs *Themis*, that is to say Justice, who assembles the Gods round *Jupiter*, because it is from him that all the Powers of Nature take their Virtue and receive their Orders ; and *Jupiter* lends them to the Relief of both Parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his Permission, and that neither Angels nor Men nor the Elements act but according to the Power which is given them. This Passage is very beautiful, and *Proclus* to explain it has written a whole Chapter, which deserves to be read.

(b) Who round *Olympus* Top resided. ] That is, from the sundry Heavens and all the celestial Spheres and different Heights of Mount *Olympus*, because of the Nymphs of the Waters and Forests.

(c) To a grand Council. ] With what Art does *Homer* set off the Grandeur and Glory of *Achilles* ! So soon as he takes Arms, the Affair becomes so important that *Jupiter* summons an Assembly of the Gods.

(d) Only *Ocean* excepted. ] For whether the *Ocean* be consider'd according to the Truth couch'd under the Allegory, he cou'd not be present in the Palace of *Jupiter*, that is, the Element of Water cannot mount above the Place it possesses. Whether we consider him according to the Fable as the Father of all the Gods, he ought not to have repair'd to that Assembly to be Witness of the War which his Descendants were going to make on one another.

And



And took his Seat, then (e) thus of Saturn's  
 Son Ask'd, for what Cause he had the Gods  
 assembled. "Father of Gods and Men! whose  
 "Arm sends forth The Thunder, tell us;  
 "wherefore we are met? Is it to take new  
 "Measures on th' Affair Of Greece and Troy,  
 "whose Troops are now drawn forth, And  
 "with new Rage resolve to try the Combat?  
 To him thus Jove. "The Subject of our  
 "Councils, And my Design, by Neptune has  
 "been told. I cannot see so brave a Race of  
 "Men Unpity'd fall, and therefore I intend  
 "To view the Battle from Olympus' Top: Go  
 "you into the Plain, (f) and take the Party  
 "You favour most, each God assist his Friends;  
 "Should great Achilles by himself attack The

(e) Thus of Saturn's Son ask'd.] Plato not being at this Assembly, for Reasons which I shall soon give, Neptune was, next to Jupiter, the greatest of the Gods; and therefore he spoke first.

(f) And take the Party you favour most.] Eustathius informs us that the Ancients were very much divided upon this Passage of Homer. Some have criticised it, and others have answer'd their Criticism; but he reports nothing more than the Objection, without vouchsafing to transmit the Answer to us. Those who condemn'd Homer, said, Jupiter is for the Trojans; he sees the Greeks are the strongest: so

he permits the Gods to declare themselves and go to the Battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his Point; for the Gods who favour the Greeks being stronger than those who favour the Trojans, the Greeks will still have the same Advantage. I do not know what Answer the Partisans of Homer made, but for my part, I think this Objection is more ingenious than solid. Jupiter does not pretend that the Trojans should be stronger than the Greeks, he has only a Mind that the Decree of Destiny should be executed. Destiny had refused to Achilles the Glory of taking Troy, but if a

" Trojans , they would scarce sustain the  
 " Charge : How can they bear his Fury now  
 " redoubled By young *Patroclus*' Loss, who  
 " yesterday Naked, Unarm'd, dismay'd them  
 " with his Presence ? Therefore make haste,  
 " least in his Rage he sack The Walls of *Troy*,  
 " in spite of Fate's Decree.

Thus spake the Son of *Saturn*, and engag'd  
 The Gods on either Side : (g) *Juno* and *Pallas*,  
 and *Neptune*, and the God of Arts and Cun-  
 ning, Swift *Mercury*, with *Vulcan* breathing

*Achilles* fights singly against  
 the *Trojans*, he is capa-  
 ble of forcing Destiny ;  
 as *Homer* has already else-  
 where said , that there had  
 been brave Men to whom that  
 had happen'd. Whereas if  
 the Gods took part , tho'  
 those who follow the *Grecians*  
 are stronger than those who  
 are for the *Trojans*, the lat-  
 ter wou'd however be strong  
 enough to support Destiny,  
 and to hinder *Achilles* from  
 making himself Master of  
*Troy*. This was *Jupiter*'s sole  
 View : Thus is this Passage  
 so far from being blameable,  
 it is on the contrary very  
 beautiful, and infinitely glo-  
 rious for *Achilles*.

(g) *Juno* and *Pallas* and  
*Neptune*, &c. aided the  
*Greeks*.] The Reader must  
 by no means imagine that  
*Homer* made this Division  
 by chance. It is founded  
 upon very solid Reasons ;  
 and drawn from the very

Nature of those two Na-  
 tions. He places on the Side  
 of the *Greeks* all the Gods  
 who preside over Arts and  
 Sciences , to signify that in  
 that respect the *Greeks* bear  
 away the Bell from all other  
 Nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Nep-  
 tune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are  
 for the *Greeks* ; *Juno*, not  
 only as the Goddess who  
 presides over Marriage, and  
 who is concern'd to revenge  
 an Injury done to the Nup-  
 tial Bed, but likewise as the  
 Goddess who represents Mo-  
 narchical Government, which  
 was better establish'd in  
*Greece* than any where else ;  
*Pallas*, because being the  
 Goddess of War and Wisdom  
 she ought to be for those  
 who are wrong'd ; besides  
 the *Greeks* understood the  
 Art of War better than the  
*Barbarians* ; *Neptune*, because  
 he was an Enemy to the  
*Trojans* upon Account of  
*Laomedon*'s Perfidiousness, and

Rage,

Rage, Aided the *Greeks*: (b) *Apollo*, and *Diana*, and *Mars*, *Latona*, *Xanthus*, and fair *Venus*, The Queen of Laughter and of Love, were rang'd On t'other Side, and took the *Trojan* Party.

Ere the high Pow'rs descended to the Field, The *Greeks*, assur'd of Victory, march'd on; For now *Achilles* in the Van appear'd, After so long retiring from the War. New Terrors seiz'd the *Trojans* at his sight, Shining in Arms, and with a Mien like *Mars*; But when the Gods came down and join'd the Troops, Both Armies flush'd with equal Ardour flew To meet each other, and begin the Charge. *Pallas* along the Shore and high Intrenchments Ran, to incite the *Grecians* to the Battle. *Mars*, like a Whirlwind raging to oppose her, From all the *Trojan* Ramparts and the Banks Of Si-

because most of the *Greeks* being come from the Islands or Peninsula's they were in some sort his Subjects; *Mercury*, because he is a God who presides over Stratagems of War, and because *Troy* was taken by that of the Wooden Horse; and lastly *Vulcan*, as the declared Enemy of *Mars* and of all Adulterers, and as the Father of Arts.

(b) *Apollo* and *Diana*, &c. took the *Trojans* part.] The Reasons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans* are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour Ravishers and Debauchees. But

the same Reason, you will say, does not serve for *Apollo*, *Diana* and *Latona*. It is urg'd that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, because of the Darts and Arrows which were the principal Strength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, because she presided over Dancing, and those *Barbarians* were great Dancers; and *Latona*, by Reason of her Children, as likewise to signify that the *Trojans* do nothing but Deeds of Darkness, for *Latona* is the Symbol of the Night. *Xanthus* is a River of *Treat*, he is interested for his Country.

*mois*, and the high Hill that shades the Stream,  
Fair *Callicolone*, with dreadful Voice Rous'd  
*Hector's* Men, and led them to the Charge.  
Thus on each Side the Deities assisted, and  
flung themselves amidst the fighting Squa-  
drons.

(i) Mean while the Sovereign Sire of Gods  
and Men, From his *Æthereal* Palace in the  
Heav'ns, Scatter'd his Lightnings and his burn-  
ing Bolts; While *Neptune* from the Cham-  
bers of the Deep Rolling his Waves, the  
Shores and Mountains shook: All *Ida* and its  
low Foundations trembled, The Walls of *Troy*,  
the Fleet, and Field of Battle, Rock'd with  
the dreadful Blow; (k) the God of Hell, *Plu-*  
*to*, the Tempest felt, and from his Throne

(i) Mean while the So-  
vereign Sire of Gods.] What  
Prodigies! So soon as *A-*  
*chilles* appears in order to  
fight, all Nature is agitated;  
Heaven and Earth seem to  
be the Heralds of that War-  
rior to foretel his March.

(k) The God of Hell, *Plu-*  
*to*, the Tempest felt.] What  
Poetry is here for describing  
an Earthquake! In order to  
make the Grandeur and  
Beauty of this Passage per-  
ceiv'd, there needs only to  
give the Words of *Longinus*,  
who, struck with this Sub-  
lime, cries out, Behold, my  
dear *Terentianus*, the Earth  
opening as far as its very Cen-  
tre, Hell almost discovered, and

the World's Machine ready to be  
destroy'd and overturn'd; that  
is, Heaven, Hell, Things Mor-  
tal and Immortal, are engaged  
in this Battle, and whole Na-  
ture is in danger. *Virgil*, who  
saw the wondrous Beauty of  
these Verses, was willing to  
adorn the Eighth Book of  
his *Æneis* with them; for  
speaking of the Opening  
which *Heracles* made in *Cer-*  
*cus's* Cavern, by rooting up  
a great Rock that cover'd it,  
he adds,

*Non secus ac si qua penitus re-*  
*terra debiscens*  
*Infernas reseret sedes, & Regna*  
*recludat*

Starting,



Starting, cry'd out, that *Neptune* with his Trident Had pierc'd the Earth, and let in Light upon him, And on his gloomy Regions, which disclos'd Their Horrors, terrible to Gods and Men. Such was the Storm, when Gods encounter'd Gods. (1) *Apollo* arm'd his Quiver against *Neptune*, *Pallas* engag'd with *Mars*, and chaste *Diana* Oppos'd her Strength to *Juno*; *Mercury* Contested with *Larona*, and the

*Pallida, Dili inuise, superque  
immans barathrum  
Cernatur, trepidantque immisso  
lamine Manes.*

But this Copy is in every Respect inferior to the Original, both for the Diction and Vivacity of the Image; and its principal Defect proceeds from *Virgil's* having made a Comparison of that with which *Homer* has made an Action. This occasions an infinite Difference, and which is easie to be perceiv'd.

(1) *Apollo* arm'd his Quiver against *Neptune*.] *Longinus* says very well that all these Ideas are terrible; and that if they are not taken in an Allegorical Sense, they are utterly impious, and very unsuitable to the Majesty of the Gods. *Apollo* is therefore oppos'd to *Neptune*, because Hot and Moist are perpetually jarring; *Minerva* is oppos'd to *Mars*, because Wisdom is always against Folly and Violence; *Diana*

fights against *Juno*, because there is nothing more contrary to Marriage than Celibacy, and so for the rest. And a great evidence of *Homer's* Wisdom is, that he has not engaged the other Gods, *Pluto*, *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, because he cou'd not find, with respect to those Gods, any probable Foundations of Allegory. *Pluto* indeed cannot appear in aid of any Party, because he is a God who loves nothing but the Death of Men: Who, as *Sophocles* says, enriches himself with their Groans and their Tears, and who never says enough. Neither can *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, who nourish Men, appear in a War which lays waste the Fields, and carries Desolation in all parts. This is *Eschylus's* Remark, which alone may serve to shew that *Homer* never departs from Probability, Natural or Supernatural, and that his Fictions have always some Foundation.

River Whom Mortals call *Scamander*, and the Gods *Xanthus*, with *Vulcan* fought: But only *Hector* Could stay *Achilles'* Rage, for whom he search'd The close Battalions, thirsting for his Blood, (m) To kill him in the Sight of *Mars*, his Friend.

Mean while *Apollo* with new Rage inspir'd *Aeneas*, to engage with *Peleus'* Son: To whom, assuming young *Lycaon's* Shape And Voice, he spake. "Where now is all your Boasting, "*Aeneas*, when amidst the costly Banquet (n) "*You* told the *Trojan* Chiefs, that you alone "*Would* in the Fight encounter with *Achilles*.

To him *Aeneas*. "Wherefore, Son of *Priam*, "*Must* I against my Will engage *Achilles*? "*Long* since by fatal Proofs I try'd his Valour, When he attackt our Troops on *Ida's* Mount, And spoil'd fair *Pedafus* and rich *Lyrnessa*. Then in the Field I met him, but great *Jove* Came to my Aid, and lent me Wings to fly His deadly Rage, else I had fell beneath His bloody Spear, and (o) dread *Minerva's* Anger, (p) Who march'd before him, spreading Day around, To crown his

(m) To kill him in the sight of *Mars*.] These are Touches worthy of entering into the Character of *Achilles*; he wou'd kill *Hector*, but this does not satisfy him, he wou'd kill him under the Eyes of *Mars*, and in spite of the Protection with which that God honours him.

(n) You told the *Trojan* Chiefs.] That is, before *Priam* and the Princes his Sons.

(o) Dread *Minerva's* Anger.] This is to soften *Aeneas's* Flight. It is no shame to fly before a Hero whom Wisdom it self conducts.

(p) Who march'd before him, spreading Day around.] *Homer*

" Arms

" Arms with Glory, and subdue The *Lelegian*  
 " and the *Trojan* Forces By his destroying  
 " Sword. What Mortal dares Encounter him,  
 " whom still some Deity Defends, and aims his  
 " bloody Spear aright, That none of all his Blows  
 " are dealt in vain? Would *Jove* between us  
 " weigh his equal Scales, He should not with  
 " such Ease subdue *Aeneas*, Tho' he comes  
 " clad in his Immortal Arms.

Thus he, and thus *Apollo* soon reply'd.  
 " Invoke the Gods with Pray'r, and they will  
 " aid you: (q) Of *Venus* you were born, who  
 " dwells on high, Daughter of *Jove*: The Mo-  
 " ther of *Achilles* Is *Nereus*' Off-spring, and re-  
 " sides below: Therefore advance, and try  
 " the Mortal Hero, And let not Words and  
 " Menaces affright you.

He spake, infusing Vigour through his Soul,  
 And sent him to the Van to meet *Achilles*.  
*Juno* beheld him rushing thro' the Ranks, Then  
 summoning the Gods of her own Party, Thus  
 she began. " O *Neptune* and *Minerva*, The  
 " Enemy have form'd a new Design; *Aeneas*  
 " is in search of great *Achilles*, Sent by *Apollo*;  
 " therefore we must take New Measures, and  
 " restrain his bold Career: Or send some God

shews thereby that *Achilles*  
 fell in the Night-time upon  
 these Flocks.

(q) Of *Venus* you were  
 born.] It appears by this Pas-  
 sage of *Homer*, that Men were  
 always conceited of their  
 Birth; but it likewise ap-

pears, that this Poet meant  
 to shew by this very sensible  
 Example, that the greatest  
 Birth did not always shew the  
 greatest Virtue. The Son of  
*Thetis* was very superior to the  
 Son of *Venus*.

" to animate *Achilles*, And to support him  
 " with new Strength and Glory, To let him  
 " see, the greatest Pow'rs above Are on his  
 " side, and those who favour *Troy* The weak-  
 " est Gods. On this Design we came Down to  
 " the Fight, to save the Son of *Peleus* This Day  
 " in Battle. The relentless Fates, Who at his  
 " Birth his fatal Thread began, May take some  
 " other Time to execute Their harsh Decrees  
 " upon him. Make haste then, And let him  
 " know that we resolve to aid him: (r) Least  
 " when the hostile God appears, his Soul Be  
 " seiz'd with Terrors, and he fall or fly; (s)  
 " What Man can bear the Presence of a God?  
 " To her thus *Neptune*. " Mighty Queen of  
 " Gods! Why without Cause does Rage tran-  
 " sport your Soul? Such Anger ill becomes  
 " so great a Goddess; 'Tis my Opinion, since  
 " we far exceed The *Trojan* Gods in Strength,  
 " that we decline The Combat, least they call  
 " more Pow'rs to help them From high *Olym-*  
 " *pus*' Top. Let us retire, And leave the Ar-  
 " mies to decide their Quarrel, Whilst on an  
 " Eminence we take our Station, And view  
 " the Battle; if the God of War Or *Phæbus*

(r) *Least when the Hostile*  
*God appears, his Soul be seiz'd*  
*with Terrors.]* Homer always  
 gives to *Achilles* a sort of  
 Religion which may agree  
 with the main of his Cha-  
 racter, which is Anger and  
 Rage.

(s) *What Man can bear the*  
*Presence of a God?] One*

would think that Homer had  
 heard speak of this famous  
 Expression of the Ancient  
 Hebrews, *We shall surely die*  
*because we have seen God,*  
*Judges 13. 22.* Wherefore  
 they said to *Moses*: *Speak*  
*thou with us, and we will hear;*  
*but let not God speak with us*  
*lest we die, Exod. 20. 19.*

" should



“ should engage, and arm their Party Against  
 “ *Achilles*, then we may descend And meet  
 “ them: I presume they will not stand The  
 “ Charge, but to *Olympus* wing their Flight.  
 He spake, and led the Way to a steep Hill,  
 (r) Once *Hercules*’ Intrenchment, which the  
*Trojans* And *Pallas* had erected, to protect him  
 From a devouring Monster of the Sea, When  
 from the Waves it issu’d to assail him: Here  
*Neptune* and his Party took their Seats, And  
 hid themselves within a pitchy Cloud.

The Gods who favour’d *Troy*, on t’other side  
 Steep *Callicolone* their Station chose, And sat,  
 with *Mars* and *Phæbus* in the midst. Both  
 Parties pass’d the Time in close Debate, Con-  
 sulting on new Measures; both refus’d The  
 Combat, whilst great *Jove* from his high Seat  
 The Consult view’d, and gave his dread Com-  
 mand.

Mean while the Plain was fill’d with Warlike  
 Troops, (u) Shining with Brass, that cover’d

(r) Once *Hercules*’ In-  
 trenchment.] *Laomedon* having  
 refus’d to pay to *Neptune* the  
 Recompence he had promis’d  
 him for the Walls of *Troy*,  
 that God, irritated at his Per-  
 fidiousness, sent a Sea Mon-  
 ster, to which *Laomedon* was  
 oblig’d to expose the Prince’s  
*Hesione* his Daughter; but  
*Hercules* came to fight the  
 Monster, and deliver her.  
 The *Trojans* then rais’d a Re-  
 trenchment of Earth at some  
 distance from the Shore, that  
*Hercules* in the Combat might

there cover himself against  
 the pursuit of that Monster.  
 And as this Stratagem was  
 full of Prudence and Wis-  
 dom, it is said that *Pallas*  
 aided them in that Design.  
*Homer* does not give way to  
 the Temptation of relating  
 this History, for the present  
 posture of Affairs does not  
 give him time for it.

(u) Shining with Brass.]  
 You see by this that there  
 were Horses arm’d with Iron  
 in *Homer*’s time.

Men

Men and Horses, And as they march'd the hollow Shores resounded. The Sons of great *Anchises* and of *Peleus* Advanc'd before the rest, to charge each other. *Aeneas*, cover'd with his Shield, drew near, Wielding his Lance, and menacing Revenge. *Achilles* from the adverse side came forward, Burning with Rage, resembling some mad Lion Hemm'd in by Rusticks, daring a whole Village: He with Disdain moves slowly round his Foes; But if some Hunter wound him, turns his Head And yawning Jaws, bespread with Silver Foam, And mutters Fury with a hollow Groan: Then with his Tail lashing his brawny Sides, Provokes himself to Fight, and rolls his Eyes, Ejecting Flames, and rushes on the Swains, Resolv'd to be aveng'd, or else to perish Amidst the Throng of Foes and pointed Javelins: Such Rage and Fury animate the Soul Of *Peleus'* Son, encountering with *Aeneas*. As they drew near, *Achilles* first began.

“ With what Design, *Aeneas*, art thou come  
 “ So far to meet me? Is it to engage, And by  
 “ my Death to signalize thy Valour? Has *Priam*  
 “ promis'd to reward this Action With all his  
 “ Kingdom? He has many Sons Who will suc-  
 “ ceed him, and disdains such Measures, So  
 “ weak and so injurious to his Race. Or have  
 “ the *Trojans* to endow you sworn (w) With  
 “ some large Tract of Land, in Grapes or

(w) With some large Tract  
 of Land.] As it was the  
 Custom of the Greeks and of  
 the Barbarians to give a cer-

tain Enclosure of Ground to  
 Heroes after any important  
 Service. It has elsewhere  
 been often spoke of.

“ Corn

" Corn Abounding, if by you *Achilles* falls?  
 " Believe me, you shall dearly win the Prize.  
 " (x) Already you have tasted of my Valour,  
 " When I attack'd your Herds on *Ida's* Mount,  
 " Then from my sight you fled, and would  
 " not turn Once to resist me: to *Lyrnessa's*  
 " Walls You sped, I follow'd, and besieg'd  
 " and sack'd The Town, and made your  
 " Women Slaves, for *Jove* And *Pallas*  
 " gave me Strength; you then escap'd me,  
 " *Jove* and the other Gods preserv'd you then:  
 " But now perhaps they may permit me punish  
 " Your rash Attempt; Then be advis'd, re-  
 " turn To your own Troops, ere Mischief  
 " overtake you. Fools, when their Folly's  
 " past, repent too late.

Thus he, and thus the Son of *Venus* an-  
 swer'd. " Think not, *Achilles*, to divert my  
 " Rage With Childish Taunts, Reproaches  
 " such as Boys Throw at each other: Did not  
 " Shame forbid me, I too could use them:  
 " But for us, we know Our Dignity, and from  
 " what Race we spring; And tho' our Eyes  
 " ne'er saw the Goddesses That bore us, The  
 " Story we have often heard: How *Peleus*  
 " was your Sire, and *Thetis* bore you, A God-  
 " dess of the Sea: Renown'd *Anchises* My  
 " Father was, and *Venus* gave me Life: This  
 " is the publick Voice: Nor do I think We  
 " both shall part unhurt, and only combat With

(x) Already you have ta-  
 sted of my Valour.] *Achilles*  
 particularizes a little more  
 here upon the History which

*Aeneas* just mention'd. *Homer*  
 manages his Narrations so  
 well that he is never guilty  
 of any Repetition.

" Words,

" Words, but one of our great Mothers mourn  
 " A Son, this Day in hardy Battle slain. If  
 " you would know my Origin and Birth More  
 " fully, I can trace it to the Fountain : Nor  
 " will I speak but what Mankind may wit-  
 " ness. Great Jove gave Birth to *Dardanus*,  
 " and he Founded *Dardania* ; for as yet fair  
 " Troy Was desert Plain, (y) when round  
 " the Foot of *Ida* Our great Fore-fathers  
 " dwelt ; from *Dardanus* Sprang *Erichthonius*,  
 " in his time the richest Of all his Neighbours,  
 " for his fertile Pastures (z) Three Thousand  
 " Mares, with each a frisking Colt, Fed near  
 " the Shore, with whose fair Beauty won  
 " (a) *Boreas* transform'd him to a Horse, and  
 " mingl'd The lovely Herd ; from his Em-  
 " braces came Twelve other Mares, so swift,

(y) When round the Foot  
 of *Ida* ] I have translated  
 the Word *ὑμῶν*, the De-  
 sivity of the Mountain : tho'  
 others have explain'd it the  
 Foot, and I have follow'd  
*Eustathius*, who says, *ὁρῶν*  
 that the Word *ὑμῶν* is ve-  
 ry different from the Word  
*ὑμῶν*, which signifies the  
 Plain ; for *ὑμῶν*, is not a  
 Plain, it is lower than the Top  
 of the Mountain, and higher  
 than the Plain, than the Bot-  
 tom. And this agrees with  
 what the Ancients have writ-  
 ten, that after the Deluge of  
 Deucalion Men inhabited the  
 Top of the Mountains, that

in process of time they de-  
 scended lower, and that at  
 length their Fear being en-  
 tirely ceased, they began to  
 inhabit the Plain. See *Strabo*,  
*lib. 13.*

(z) Three Thousand Mares.]  
 This great Number ought  
 not to astonish any Body,  
 since according to *Herodotus*,  
 the Governor of *Babylon* had  
 in *Cyrus's* Stud, besides War  
 Horses, Eight Hundred Hor-  
 ses and Six Thousand Mares.

(a) *Boreas* transform'd  
 him.] What an ingenious  
 Fiction is this, to praise the  
 Lightness and Swiftiness of a  
 fine Horse!

" that



“ that when they skimm’d The Plains (b) the  
 “ Ears of Corn beneath their Hoofs Stood up-  
 “ right, when they wanton’d in the Floods,  
 “ Left no Impression on the curling Waves;  
 “ From *Erichthonius*, *Tros* deriv’d his Birth,  
 “ The Founder and the King of *Troy*; his Sons  
 “ Were *Ilus*, *Ganymed*, *Assarachus*; So beau-  
 “ tiful was *Ganymed*, the Gods Bore him to  
 “ Heav’n, at their eternal Banquet To wait  
 “ and (c) bear the Cup to mighty *Jove*; *Ilus*  
 “ was Father to *Laomedon*, Whose Sons were  
 “ *Typhon*, *Priam*, *Lampus*, *Clytius*, And *Ice-  
 “ taon*; from *Assarachus*, *Carys* descended, and  
 “ from him *Anchises*: I am *Anchises*’ Son, and  
 “ *Hector* *Priam*’s; (d) This is the Race I  
 “ boast: Let *Jove*, the King Of Gods and Men,  
 “ inspiring Strength and Courage, (e) Vouch-  
 “ safe the Conquest to which Side he please.

(b) The Ears of Corn stood upright.] For being born of *Boreas*, they ought rather to fly than run. This softens the Hyperbole, which otherwise wou’d seem over-strain’d.

(c) Bear the Cup of *Jove*.] It was an honourable Function amongst the Ancients to be Cup-bearer in great Entertainments and in publick Festivals, it was always given to Children of the first Quality. *Sappho* praises in her Verses her Brother *Larichus*, because he had the Honour to be Cup-bearer in the *Pny-taneum* of *Mitylene*.

(d) I am *Anchises*’ Son.] Thus *Aeneas* and *Hector* were Kinsmen in the Third De-

gree, having both of them *Tros* for their great Grand-father.

T R O S.

*Ilus*, *Assarachus*.  
*Laomedon*, *Carys*.  
*Priam*, *Anchises*.  
*Hector*, *Aeneas*.

(e) Vouchsafes the Conquest.] *Aeneas* speaks thus to justify the Flight which *Achilles* reproach’d him with. ’Tis all one as if he had said, Jupiter took away my Courage when you attack’d me, and he restores it me now.

“ ’Tis

" 'Tis an improper Time to war in Words And  
 " vain Reproaches, in the sight of Thousands :  
 " These at our Pleasure we may use, increa-  
 " sing To such a Load, as not a Ship that  
 " glides Beneath a hundred Oars with ease  
 " should carry ; The Tongue is voluble and  
 " full of Noise, And we may talk an Age on  
 " either Side, Ranging a Field of Words ;  
 " what one can utter Another may return :  
 " (f) Then let us not, Like Women, spend

(f) *Then let us not like Women.* It seems as if *Homer* foresaw that his Censors wou'd Reproach him with this long Discourse between *Aeneas* and *Achilles*, as misplaced and not agreeing with the present Condition of Affairs, at the beginning of a Battle, which shou'd be so Furious, and even less suitable to the Impatience and Fury of *Achilles*, who flies to the Battle to revenge his Friend. Wherefore that Poet is the first to Condemn it, by saying sometimes that they do like Children, and sometimes that they imitate Women. *Homer* therefore knew what wou'd be in this Place vicious. Why did he do it then ? Undoubtedly to give something to this barbarous and Asiatic Character ; nor is there Probability wanting in it, for *Aeneas* being known to be a pious and sage Person, the two Armies

who see him speaking so long with his Enemy flatter themselves that it is a Conference about Peace, and wait to see what will be the Issue of it. This is very well as to *Aeneas* and both Armies, but what becomes of *Achilles's* Fury ? Is it extinguish'd all of a sudden ? When he takes his Arms his Teeth are heard to grind, his Eyes dart Lightning, he devours his Enemy beforehand, and as soon as he approaches *Aeneas* all this vanishes. *Eustathius* upon this says that *Homer* often takes Delight to surprise his Reader, by giving him quite another thing than what he expected ; he here expected to see a furious Battle, concluding with the Death of one of the Heroes, and he sees these Heroes retiring without a Wound, after a very calm Conversation, follow'd by a slight Combat : but the Poet makes

the

“ the Time in Raillery, Who greet each other  
 “ in the Streets with Taunts, And as their Rage  
 “ inspires, mix Truth and Falshood In their  
 “ Debates ; I am not to be tam’d With Me-  
 “ naces, nor will abate my Fury, Till I have  
 “ try’d your Arm and pointed Spear ; Our  
 “ Weapons not our Tongues shall end the  
 “ Combat.

He spake, and threw his Spear at great *A-*  
*chilles*, Massy and long, beneath whose solid  
 Point The Shield resounded, which the Son  
 of *Peleus* Held at Arms length, for much he  
 fear’d the Lance Would pierce it deep ; not  
 knowing, that no Weapon Flung by a mortal  
 Hand could hurt the Arms Which a God made :  
 (g) Yet thro’ two Plates it pass’d, And rest-  
 ed on the third of beaten Gold ; For *Vulcan*

us amends with Advantage :

*Κεῖται αὖτε ὅς τις*. &c. The  
 Lovers of Homer gain here,  
 besides abundance of poetical  
 Beauties, a croud of ancient  
 Histories, with which the Con-  
 versation of those Heroes is  
 fill’d. *Eustathius* page 1293.  
 And Probability is in no wise  
 hurt therein. *Achilles*’s Spleen  
 is against none but  *Hector*,  
 and meeting with *Aeneas*  
 whom he does not look up-  
 on as any formidable Enemy,  
 and who is like himself the  
 Son of a Goddess, he rea-  
 dily moderates the Ardor  
 that transports him, and  
 yields to the Conversation.

(g) Yet thro’ two Plates  
 it pass’d, and rested on the third  
 of beaten Gold.] The Ancients  
 have very much tormented  
 themselves upon the Expli-  
 cation of this Passage, to  
 know where this Plate of  
 Gold was put. The Gram-  
 marian *Autochthon* was of  
 Opinion, that it possess’d all  
 the first Place, that it made  
 the Upper part of the Buck-  
 ler, and instead of *λαοῖς*,  
*pierced*, he read *δαίον bent*.  
 According to him the first  
 Plate was Gold, the second  
 Brass, the third and fourth  
 Pewter, and the fifth Brass?  
*Aeneas*’s Pike bent the first

with

with five Plates had arm'd the Shield, And two of Tin, and two of Brass were forg'd, That in the middle was of Gold; (b) and there The Spear of brave *Aeneas* lodg'd unactive, *Achilles* soon return'd the Blow, and smote With his long Lance *Aeneas* massy Shield, Just by the Border, where the Brass and Hyde Were thinnest, and unable to sustain The Shock, but to the piercing Point gave way; *Aeneas* stooping forward, and advancing His Buckler at full length, escap'd the Blow, Close by his Head it pass'd, and stuck in Earth. But when the Hero saw how near the danger Approach'd

Plate, that which was of Gold, and the second which was of Brass, but did not pierce them, thus the Golden Plate sustain'd the Blow, since it was only bent and dinted in. What likelihood is there, says he, that the Plate of Gold shou'd be put the third between the other four? Thus this Grammarian argues, tho' in my Opinion very wrongly. *Homer* seems to me to say very clearly that the first and last Plate were of Brass, that between these two there were two of Pewter, and that the Golden one was in the midst. *Aeneas's* Pike pierced the first which was Brass, and the second which was Pewter, and stopp'd at the third which was Gold. But is it likely that *Vulcan* wou'd con-

ceal the most precious Metal? Yes, very likely. This Buckler was enrich'd with so much Work glittering with Gold, that it was necessary for the first Plate (which served as a Ground for the whole Work) not to be Gold but Brass, and if that Grammarian had made this Reflection, he wou'd not have been guilty of that false Criticism.

(b) There the Spear of brave *Aeneas* lodg'd. *Homer* does not mean that the Pike remain'd therein fix'd, but that it did not penetrate further, and that it was repel'd; thus *Aristotle* explains it in his *Poetics*, Chap. 26. which is a further Confirmation of my preceding Remark.

him,



him, all dismay'd he stood, his Eyes O'er-  
whelm'd with Clouds; whilst *Peleus'* Son  
disdaining That he had struck in vain, drew out  
his Sword, And rush'd upon *Aeneas*: He  
oblig'd To quite his Buckler, seiz'd a mighty  
Stone, So large, no Mortal of the modern size  
Could lift it, and with ease advancing threw  
The load upon *Achilles'* Cask and Buckler,  
That sav'd him from the Blow; whilst brave  
*Aeneas* That Day beneath his Sword had kiss'd  
the Dust, (i) If *Neptune* interposing had not  
stay'd His Fate, (k) for well he knew *Aeneas'* Fall  
Would fatal prove to *Greece*; then thus he  
spake.

“ Ye Pow'rs, with Grief I see *Aeneas* fal-  
“ ling Beneath *Achilles'* Spear; and just de-  
“ scending To the low Shades, betray'd by  
“ *Phœbus* Council, Who first engag'd him in  
“ the rash Attempt, And now deserts and  
“ leaves him to his Fate. Why should he

(i) If *Neptune* interposing.] *Neptune*, tho' on the *Grecian* side, goes to the Relief of *Aeneas*. *Homer* thereby teaches two very remarkable Things; the first, that true Virtue always finds Protection even among Enemies, and that the Gods always distinguish between the Innocent and the Guilty; the second, that there are Occasions wherein we shou'd be so far from doing against our Enemies all that might be done for their De-

struction, that we ought rather to prevent their Ruin.

(k) For well he knew his Fall, &c.] I have added these two Lines for the clearing up a Fact which at first surprises the Reader. *Neptune* soon explains himself; he was afraid lest *Jupiter* shou'd revenge upon the *Greeks* the Death of *Aeneas*, who was pleasing in his Eyes because of his Piety, and who was to reign over the *Trojans*.

“ suffer for another’s Fault, Who with repeat-  
 “ ed Off’rings has appeas’d Our Deities so  
 “ often? Let us save him, Tho’ of the ad-  
 “ verse side : *Jove* will resent His Fall, to  
 “ whom the Destinies had promis’d A longer  
 “ Life, unwilling to extinguish The Race of  
 “ *Dardanus*, whom *Jove* loves more Than  
 “ all his Sons of Mortal Mothers born. To  
 “ *Priam*’s Race he is implacable, And will  
 “ transfer the Kingdom to *Aeneas*, (1).  
 “ Who shall for many Ages sway that Peo-  
 “ ple.

(1) *Who shall for many Ages sway that People.* This Passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous *Chimæra* of the Roman Empire, and of the Family of the *Cæsars*, who both pretended to deduce their Original from *Venus* by *Aeneas*, alledging that after the taking of *Troy*, *Aeneas* came into *Italy*, and this Pretension is hereby actually destroy’d. This Testimony of *Homer* ought to be look’d upon as an Authentic Act, the Fidelity and Verity whereof cannot be question’d. *Neptune*, as much an Enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Aeneas*, and after him his Posterity, shall reign over the *Trojans*. Wou’d *Homer* have put this Prophecy in *Neptune*’s Mouth, if he had not known that *Aeneas* did not leave *Troy*, that he reign’d therein, and if

he had not seen in his time the Descendants of that Prince reign there likewise? That Poet wrote 260 Years or thereabouts after the taking of *Troy*, and what is still very remarkable he wrote in some of the Towns of *Ionia*, that is to say in the Neighbourhood of *Phrygia*, so that the Time and Place give such a weight to his Deposition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the Historians have written concerning *Aeneas*’s Voyage into *Italy*, ought to be consider’d as our Romances, made on purpose to destroy all Historical Truth, for the most ancient is Posterior to *Homer* by many Ages. Before *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, some Writers being sensible of the Strength of this Passage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this Fa-

Thus

Thus he: Thus *Juno* answer'd. "Mighty  
"Sea god! Be it your Care to save the Man

ble; and they said that *Aeneas* after having been in *Italy* return'd to *Troy*, and left his Son *Ascanius* there. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, little satisfi'd with this Solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another Method: He would have it by these Words, *he shall reign over the Trojans*, *Homer* meant, *he shall reign over the Trojans whom he shall carry with him into Italy*. Is it not possible, says he, page 43, that *Aeneas* should reign over the Trojans, whom he had taken with him, though settled elsewhere? That *Historian*, who wrote in *Rome* itself, and under the very Nose of *Augustus*, was willing to make his Court to that Prince, by explaining this Passage of *Homer* so as to favour the *Chimera* he was possess'd with: And this is a Reproach that may with some Justice be cast on him; for Poets may by their Fictions flatter Princes, and welcome: 'tis their Trade; but for *Historians* to corrupt the Gravity and Severity of History, to substitute Fable and Lies in the place of Truth, is what ought not to be pardon'd. *Strabo* was much more Religious, for though he wrote his Books of Geography

towards the beginning of *Tiberius's* Reign, yet he had the Courage to give a right Explication to this Passage of *Homer*, and to aver, that this Poet said and meant, that *Aeneas* remain'd at *Troy*, that he reign'd therein, *Priam's* whole Race being extinguish'd, and that he left the Kingdom to his Children after him. Lib. 13. It is needless to mention here the merry Correction which *Strabo* informs us was made in *Homer's* Text, by certain Critics who read *πᾶντας*, instead of *Τροίαν*, *he shall reign over all the Universe*, instead of *he shall over reign the Trojans*; as if *Homer* had known and predicted from that very time, that the Empire of the whole World was promised to the Family of *Aeneas*; it is too visible a Flattery of *Augustus*. This is enough for one Remark, tho' the Subject would require a whole Book. You may see a Letter from the famous *M. Bochart* to *M. de Segrais*, who has prefix'd it to his Remarks upon the Translation of *Virgil*. I have contented my self with adding my Reflections to what that learned Man has written. But after having explain'd the Historical Part of the Passage, it is not unne-

“ you favour. For me and for *Minerva*, we  
 “ have sworn By all that Gods think solemn,  
 “ ne’er to aid One of this Brood, though we  
 “ should see their Town In Flames, and all  
 “ their Plains bespread with Slaughter.

Thus *Juno*. *Neptune* from his Station flew,  
 And ran amidst the clashing Arms and Crowd  
 Of Troops, where both the Heroes were en-  
 gag’d. Around *Achilles’* Eyes he cast a Cloud,  
 And from the Shield transfix’d drew out his  
 Spear, And laid it at his Feet; then seiz’d *A-*  
*neas*, And thro’ the crowded Squadrons and  
 Battalions (m) Push’d him along, and drove  
 him thro’ the Plain, (n) Behind the Rear,  
 where the *Cauconians* fought; Then near ap-  
 proaching, thus bespake the Hero.

cessary to shew the Instructive  
 Part of it, as to Morals.  
*Aeneas* is to reign at *Troy*;  
 upon what is this founded?  
 The House of *Priam* is an  
 impious House, and hated of  
*Jupiter*, it shall therefore be  
 extinguish’d and reign no  
 more. *Aeneas* is a pious and  
 just Prince, it is to him there-  
 fore that the Kingdom has  
 an Eye.

(m) Push’d him along.] He  
 does not carry him himself,  
 but he pushes and lances  
 him like a Dart. God saves  
 Men as he pleases, either by  
 causing them to be transport-  
 ed by an Angel from one  
 Place to another, or by dri-

ving them by the Spirit  
 which he communicates to  
 them.

(n) Behind the Rear where  
 the *Cauconians* fought.] The  
*Caucons* were, like the *Pelasgi*,  
 a wandering and vagabond Na-  
 tion, therefore *Homer* puts  
 them together in the tenth  
 Book. There was of them  
 in the *Peloponnesus*, as we shall  
 see in the *Odyssey*. The *Caucons*  
 whom *Homer* speaks of here,  
 dwelt in the Neighbourhood  
 of *Heroclaa*, as far as *Cappadocia*  
 and the River *Parthenius*.  
*Strabo* informs us, that it was  
 pretended that these People  
 were named in the Cata-  
 logue of the Auxiliary Troops

“ What



“ What God, *Aeneas*, with pernicious Coun-  
 “ cil So rashly led you on to meet *Achilles*,  
 “ Whose Valour, Strength, and Favour with  
 “ the Gods, You cannot boast? Beware, how  
 “ you engage Once more, but shun him as  
 “ your sure Destruction, Least you untimely  
 “ visit the low Shades, In spite of Fate’s De-  
 “ crees; when he is slain, Decline not to en-  
 “ counter with the bravest; No other Hand is  
 “ destin’d to subdue you.

With this Advice he left him, and return’d  
 To great *Achilles*, and dispers’d the Cloud  
 That hid his Eyes in Night; he gazing round  
 him, Full of Disdain and Wonder, thus be-  
 gan.

“ What Prodigy is this I see! my Spear  
 “ Lay’d at my Feet, but he at whom I threw  
 “ it, Is gone? Some kindly God protects *Æ-*  
 “ *neas*, Whose Favours let him boast, and  
 “ bless their Aid That he escap’d the Fate he  
 “ well deserv’d. He’ll scarce return once more

of the *Trojans*, and that af-  
 ter Verse 855 of the second  
 Book:

Κρόμινος τ’ Αἰγυπλόντις  
 Ὀφθαλμοῖς Ἐρυθίνης,

*Homer* had added two Verses,  
 which no longer appear in  
 our Editions,

Καύκωνας αὖτ’ Ἰγυ Πό-  
 λυκλίου υἱὸς ἀμύμαν

Ὁς περὶ Παρθένου ποτα-  
 μὸν κλυτὰ δώματ’  
 ἔταίον.

The brave Son of *Polycles*  
 commanded the *Caucons* who  
 dwell upon the Banks of *Par-*  
*thenius*. *Caliphenes* therefore  
 restor’d them in the Edition  
 of *Alexander*. They who re-  
 vised *Homer* after him re-  
 jected them, probably because  
 they thought that these *Cau-*  
*cons* were compris’d under the  
 Name of *Paphlagonians*, whom  
 the Poet had just before men-  
 tion’d.

“ to tempt my Valour; Whilst I to other  
 “ *Trojans* turn my Arms, And animate my  
 “ warlike Troops to Battle,

Thus he: then flung into the thickest Ranks.

“ Ye *Greeks*, he cry’d, no more at distance  
 “ skirmish, But charge the *Trojans* boldly Man  
 “ to Man, And follow where I lead, whose  
 “ single Arm Will not suffice against a nu-  
 “ merous Host; Not *Mars* nor *Pallas*, tho’  
 “ Immortal Beings, Can meet whole Armies  
 “ with their rushing Spears: For me, come  
 “ see th’ Example which I give you, Who care-  
 “ less of my Safety will pierce through The  
 “ thickest Troops, and make whole Squadrons  
 “ stagger, Repenting they approach’d too near  
 “ *Achilles*.

Thus he: Whilst *Hector* from the adverse  
 side Infus’d new Courage through his firm Bat-  
 talions, Himself resolving to engage *Achilles*.

“ Fear not, he cry’d, the talking Son of *Pe-  
 “ leus*, Renown’d for Menaces, his greatest  
 “ Glory. Who could not with the Gods  
 “ themselves contend, If only Words were to  
 “ decide the Quarrel? These are *Achilles*’  
 “ Weapons, he can boast And ne’er give o’er;  
 “ did you believe his Tongue, You’d think he  
 “ had an Arm could cope with Thunder; Yet  
 “ though it had, and though his Soul breath’d  
 “ Flames, I’d search the thickest Ranks to meet  
 “ and Fight him.

He spake; the *Trojans* with uplifted Spears Ad-  
 vanc’d with dreadful Shouts, and charg’d the

Foe.

Foe. Then *Phœbus* drew near *Hector*, and thus spake.

“Beware, how you engage with *Peleus*’ Son  
 “In single Combat, at your Army’s Head; But  
 “join the Troops, and there abide the On-  
 “set; If you engage him Hand to Hand, you  
 “die.

Thus he: the Hero trembled at his Voice,  
 And own’d the God, then mingled in the  
 Ranks.

Mean while *Achilles* raging, thro’ the Squa-  
 drons With dreadful Outcry broke, and with  
 his Spear Slew brave *Iphition*, (o) whom in  
*Hyda*’s City *Nais* a Sea-Nymph, near the Foot  
 of *Tmolus* Cover’d with Snow, To King *O-*  
*trynteus* bore; Whom rushing forward on the  
 Head he smote, And cleft it in two Parts; he  
 with a Groan Fell to the Earth, then thus the  
 Victor triumph’d.

“Son of *Otrynteus*, once so terrible, Now  
 “you are tam’d; Why from (p) the milky Banks  
 “Of *Gyges*, and from *Hylla* stor’d with Fish,  
 “and *Hermus*, leaving your Paternal Wealth,  
 “Would you in search of Death to *Troy* re-  
 “pair?

Thus he insulted, whilst *Iphition*’s Eyes  
 Were clos’d in Night, and o’er his mangl’d

(o) Whom in *Hyda*’s City.] *Hyda*, a Town of *Lydia*. After the War of *Troy*, it changed its Name and was call’d *Sardis*, wherefore *Strabo* says that *Sardis* is posterior to the War of *Troy*.

(p) The Milky Banks of *Gyges*.] This Lake is the same as the Marsh *Gyges* mention’d by *Homer* in the second Book. See my Remark there.

Trunk The *Grecian* Chariots drove. *Demon* next, *Antenor's* valiant Son, fell by his Hand: For on his Helmet, charg'd with brazen Cheeks, He smote, and burst his Skull, through which the Brains Came flowing with his Soul; From him the Victor Turn'd to *Hippodamas*, (q) who left his Chariot, And fled on Foot; deep in the Back he struck him; He with a dreadful Out-cry fell, and dy'd: (r) So roars the Bull, to *Neptune's* Altar led in *He-*

(q) *Who left his Chariot.* ] We saw in the fifth Book a Trojan Captain alighting from his Chariot to run away from *Diomed*. See the Remark upon that Place, where I have answer'd the Criticism of *Zoilus*; here is another Trojan Captain who does the same thing to run away from *Achilles*. To confound, once for all, the impertinent Censor who condemns these Passages, I need only report a Place perfectly alike in the Book of *Judges*, Ch. 4. v. 15. *Perterruitque Dominus Sisaram, & omnes currus ejus, universamque multitudinem in ore gladii ad conspectum Barac, in tantum ut Sisara de curru desiliens pedibus fugeret.* And the Lord discomfited *Sisara*, and all his Chariots, and all his Host with the Edge of the Sword before *Barak*, so that *Sisara* alighted down off his Chariot, and fled away on his Feet. This Passage

confirms my Remark, and shews that *Homer* knew better than his Censors what Fear is capable of, and what falls out in Battles.

(r) *So roars the Bull to Neptune's Altar led.* ] In *Helice*, a Town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a League from the Gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent Temple, where the *Ionians* offer'd every Year to him a Sacrifice of a Bull, and it was with these People an auspicious Sign and a certain Mark that the Sacrifice would be accepted, if the Bull bellow'd as it was led to the Altar. After the *Ionian* Migration, which happen'd about 140 Years after the Taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Asia* assembled in the Fields of *Priene* to celebrate the same Festival in Honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as those of *Priene* valued themselves upon be-



*licon*, the God with Pleasure hears His Cries,  
and with the Victim is atton'd. From him  
the Hero rush'd (s) on *Polydorus*, Old *Priam's*  
Son, the youngest of his Race, Whom most  
he lov'd, and with Paternal Care Forbad the  
Combat: He with youthful Valour Inspir'd,  
and trusting to his nimble Feet, Fought in the  
foremost Ranks, till Death o'ertook him; *A-*  
*chilles*, as he pass'd him, with his Spear Smote  
him behind, just (t) where the Golden Buck-  
les Clos'd his Rich Mail, the Point went thro'  
and thro': He falling gather'd up his burst-  
ing Entrails, And with a Groan his Eyes were  
clos'd in Death.

*Hector*, who saw his Fall and frightful  
Wound, Oppress'd with Sorrow, roll'd his

ing Originally of *Helia*, they  
chose for the King of the  
Sacrifice a young *Priemian*.  
It is needless to dispute from  
whence this Poet has taken  
his Comparison; for as he  
liv'd a 100, or 120 Years af-  
ter the *Ionie* Migration, it  
cannot be doubted that he  
took it in *Ionia* of *Asia* and  
at *Priene* it self, where he had  
doubtless often assisted at  
that Sacrifice, and been wit-  
ness of the Ceremonies there-  
in observed. This Poet al-  
ways appears strongly ad-  
dicted to the Customs of  
the *Ionians*, which makes  
some Conjecture that he  
was an *Ionian* himself.

(s) On *Polydorus*.] *Eur-*  
*ipides* in his *Hecuba* has

therefore follow'd another  
Tradition, when he makes  
*Polydorus* the Son of *Priam*  
and of *Hecuba*, and makes  
him slain by *Polymnestor* King  
of *Thrace*, after the Taking  
of *Troy*; for according to  
*Homer* he is not the Son of  
*Hecuba* but of *Laether*, as he  
says in the following Book,  
and is slain by *Achilles*. *Vir-*  
*gil* too has rather chosen to  
follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

(t) Where the Golden Buck-  
les.] He means here the  
quilted Truss which was u-  
sed to be put at the Bottom  
of the Cuirass, and which  
was fasten'd behind with  
Clasps; enough has been said  
of it elsewhere.

gloomy Eyes, And prompted to pursue his dire  
Revenge, Rush'd on *Achilles* with his brand-  
ish'd Spear.

The Hero saw, and soon advanc'd to meet  
him, And full of Transport, sparkling from his  
Eyes, Thus spake. "Behold the Man, whose  
"bloody Arm Has wounded deep my Soul  
"with piercing Grief, And robb'd me of my  
"dearest Friend *Patroclus* ! In vain I fought  
"him 'midst the thickest Troops. Then thus  
regarding *Hector* with a Frown, "Draw  
"near, he cry'd, and pay me with thy Blood.  
To him thus *Hector* unconcern'd reply'd.  
"Think not to fright me like a Child with  
"Words ; Will your Reproaches kill me ?  
"which with Ease I could return, but Justice  
"bids me own (u) Your Valour and Re-  
"nown, to mine Superior ; (w) Yet the  
"Success depends upon the Gods : And I the

(u) Your Valour to mine  
Superior. ] Here is a very  
sincere Confession made by  
one of the most Valiant of  
the *Trojans*. It will undoubt-  
edly be contrary to the  
Relish of our Warriors, for  
now-a-days there is scarce a  
common Soldier who does  
not think himself as brave  
as the bravest. But there is  
a great deal of difference be-  
tween Valour and Presump-  
tion. I believe it is with  
Valour as with all other Qua-  
lities ; Some have more  
than others, and some have

less ; and there is nothing  
more commendable in a ge-  
nerous Man than to allow  
of and confess the Pre-emi-  
nence that others have over  
him, be it in what it will.  
*Hector* owns *Achilles* to be  
more Valiant than himself,  
and yet fights him. This is  
the utmost that the greatest  
Courage could do, this Action  
had not been so glorious  
if he had thought him his  
Equal.

(w) Yet the Success de-  
pends, &c. ] *Homer* cou'd  
not have more expressly said,

"weakest

“ weakest, in *Achilles*’ Fall May Triumph, and  
 “ my Jav’lin reach his Life, That can like his  
 “ pierce thro’ the strongest Armour.

Thus he, then flung his Spear with all his Force; But *Pallas*, interposing, with a Blast Repell’d it from *Achilles*; back it flew, and fell at *Hector*’s Feet: Then with a Shout *Achilles* rush’d upon him, but *Apollo* Exerting all his God-head, stept between, And flung a pitchy Cloud before the Champion, Conveying *Hector* from his dire Revenge; Thrice he advanc’d to strike, and thrice he lost His Blow in Shades of Night: At length attempting Once more to charge, he saw his fatal Error, And disappointed of his sweet Revenge, Thus spake his Indignation. “ Most detested Of Men! once  
 “ more thou hast escap’d my Fury, Ere I  
 “ cou’d reach thy Blood; but Great *Apollo*,  
 “ Whose Aid thou still implor’st when clad in  
 “ Arms, Has sav’d thee from my Spear: A  
 “ time will come When we shall meet again;  
 “ and then my Vengeance Shall be compleat,  
 “ when some propitious God Fights on my  
 “ Side; till then, my Rage shall pour Upon  
 “ the *Trojan* Troops, and seek new Victims  
 “ To my Revenge, among the first Com-  
 “ manders.

He spake, then threw his Spear at valiant *Drypos*, Which pierc’d his Neck, and laid him at his Feet: Then on stout *Demuchus*, *Phile-*

that it is not Valour that his God alone who bestows preserves Man; but that it is the Victory as he pleaseth.

tor's Son, He rush'd, and with his Lance he  
gor'd his Knee, And drawing out his shining  
Blade, dispatch'd him. *Laogonus* and *Dardanus*,  
the Sons Of *Bias*, from their Chariots he  
flung headlong, One with his Sword, and t'other  
with his Spear. To him thus raging,  
hanging on his Knees *Alastor* came a Suppliant,  
to implore His Life, in pity to his Youth, re-  
signing His Liberty and Arms; Alas! he knew  
not *Achilles'* Temper, raging with Revenge,  
Implacable and Savage; for he smote him, As  
he lay prostrate, with his bloody Sword, And  
pierc'd his Heart; his reeking Blood o'er-ran  
His Arms, and endless Night enroll'd his Eyes.  
On *Melinus* next he dealt a mighty Blow, That  
both his Ears transfix'd; Then brave *Echeclus*,  
*Agenor's* Son, just on the Head he struck, And  
dy'd his Sword with Blood; relentless Fate  
And Death in Clouds around his Eye-lids ho-  
ver'd. With him *Deucalion* fell, *Achilles* broke  
The Nerves which bore his Arm, as he ad-  
vanc'd To meet him, not dismay'd tho' Death  
appear'd Presented to his Eyes, then with his  
Sword Brought down his Head and Helmet  
to the Earth. *Rhigmus*, a valiant Chief, the  
Son of *Peres*, Who came from *Thrace*, a brave  
Allie to *Troy*, In vain attempted to avoid *A-*  
*chilles*: Deep in his Sides he lodg'd his deadly  
Spear, and threw him from his Chariot: *Arëi-*  
*rhous*, Who bore his Arms, essay'd to turn his  
Horses And fly, but on the Back *Achilles* smote  
him, And threw him by his Master, whilst his  
Steeds Champing the Bit, ran frighted thro' the  
Plain.



Plain. (x) As when devouring Flames around the Sides And Top of some high Mountain cloath'd with Woods, Scatter Destruction, by the Winds assisted, That lay a mighty Forest waste in Ashes: So with a Mien like *Mars*, *Achilles* ravag'd The *Trojan* Troops; beneath his warlike Arm Numbers of Heroes tumbled to the Dust, And Streams of Blood the Purple Champain dy'd. (y) As when the Oxen in a spacious Floor Tread out the Sheaves of Corn, with Grain o'er-loaded: So o'er the Arms and Trunks of prostrate Heroes *Achilles'* Steeds and whirling Chariot drove; His Wheels were red with Slaughter, and his Seat, And Arms, and Harness, shone with Sanguine Tincture; Rushing he spread new Terrors all around, Insatiable of Glory and Revenge.

(x) *As when devouring Flames.*] *Homer*, to divert his Reader, quits on a sudden the Simplicity of an Historical Narration, and starts aside into two very lively Comparisons. He does not content himself with comparing the Ravages of *Achilles* to those of a great Conflagration, he likewise represents his Horses under an Idea which being borrow'd from a gentle and peaceful Art has here a wonderful Effect; and this is what Painting cannot do. It has the advantage of setting

the thing it self before ones Eyes, a very great Advantage, but it has not the advantage of assembling together such different Ideas.

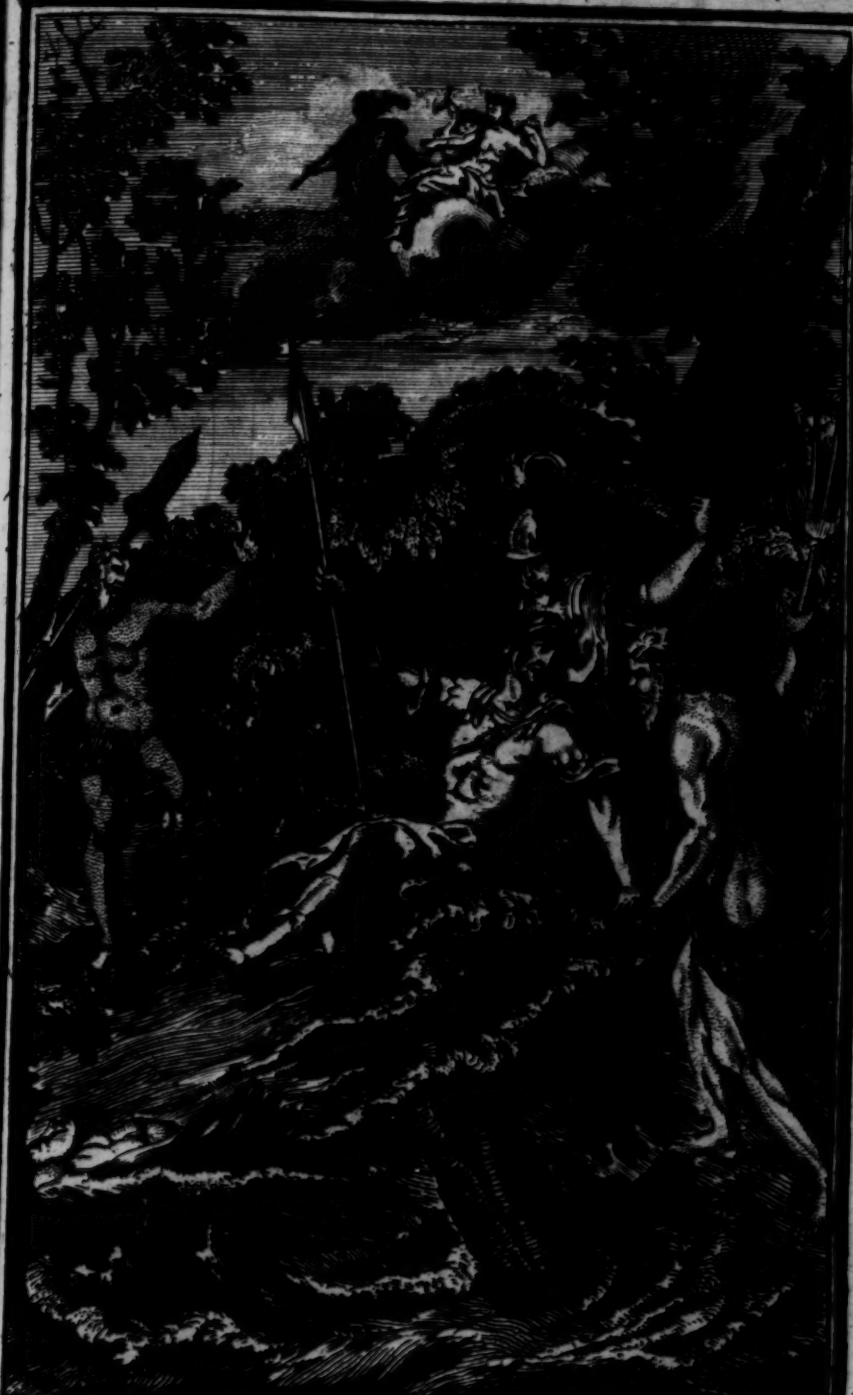
(y) *As when the Oxen in a spacious Floor.*] In *Greece*, instead of threshing the Corn as we do, they caus'd it to be trod out by Oxen, and this was likewise practis'd in *Judea*; as is seen by the Law of God, who forbid the Jews to muzzle the Ox who trod out the Corn: *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in area frugis tuas.* Deuteron. 25.

# ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY FIRST BOOK.



*HE Trojans, pursu'd by Achilles, dividethemselves. One Party flies towards the Town, the other to the River Xanthus. That Party which retir'd to Troy, are by Juno conceal'd from the Sight of Achilles, who therefore attacks the other, and follows them into the River, with a very great Slaughter. Here he makes twelve young Noblemen Prisoners, with design to sacrifice them at the Funeral of Patroclus. After this, he kills Lycaon the Son of Priam, Asteropeus General of the Peonians, with several other brave Commanders. Xanthus, enrag'd against him, attacks him in a very furious manner with all his Waves. Achilles, almost drown'd, implores the Aid of Jupiter. Neptune and Pallas come to his Relief, by whose Assistance he surmounts the Deluge. Xanthus calls in Simois to second him. Achilles begins a new Combat with both those Rivers. Juno, afraid for his Safety, sends Vulcan to engage*

Xan-



Achilles having driven the Trojans into the Xanthus, plunges in after them  
 & makes a great Slaughter. That River, displeas'd at his Cruelty, almost  
 smothers him with his Waters in the midst whereof Neptune & Pallas support  
 him, & Vulcan by drying up the River, delivers him.

B. XII.

EKirkall/10.



*[Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*



# ARGUMENT.

Xanthus. *He covers the Field with Flames, and almost burns up the River. Xanthus, just ready to be consum'd, intreats Juno to oblige Vulcan to retire. This Combat ended, the other Gods on both Sides begin the Charge. Mars attacks Minerva, who fells him with a large Stone. Venus tries to raise him, but Minerva with another Blow lays her by his Side. Neptune offers the Combat to Apollo, who out of respect declines it. Diana accuses him of Cowardize. Juno, offended at her Insolence, revenges the Affront. Diana goes to make her Complaint to Jupiter. Achilles continues the Slaughter. Priam, observing his Motions from the Tower of Ilium, orders the Gates to be open'd, to receive the flying Troops. Apollo incites Agenor, and gives him Courage to stand Combat with Achilles. He attacks him, but is convey'd away by Apollo, just as Achilles was about to kill him. Apollo in Agenor's Shape deludes Achilles, and whilst he pursues him in that Disguise, gives the Trojans an Opportunity of retiring into their City.*



THE

# THE ILLIAD OF HOMER.

## BOOK XXI.



**W**HEN to the Banks of *Xanthus*, Son of *Jove*, Push'd by *Achilles'* Arms and dreadful Fury, The *Trojan* Troops retir'd, their frighted Army Fled in two Parties; one to *Troy* retreated Thro' the same Plains, where *Hector* in his Rage The Day before had chas'd the trembling *Greeks*: (a) O'er these great *Juno* flung a pitchy Cloud; The rest on

(a) O'er these great *Juno* | Passage has strangely deceiv'd  
flung a pitchy Cloud.] This | some: *ἰφιδίμην* does not

*Xanthus'*

*Xanthus*' Shore pursu'd their way, And there surrounded, plung'd into the Deep; Their Outcries mingling with the roaring Tides Rung horribly, and eccho'd from the Banks: The Stream was full of Troops, that ply'd their Arms, To reach the other Shore, and shun the Danger. (b) As swarms of Locusts, chac'd by hostile Flames, Fly to some River to avoid the Fire, And cluster on the Surface; so the Tro-

here signifie, to hinder them from flying, but on the contrary, to save them, to steal them from Achilles. *Juno*, to hinder Achilles from pursuing that half of the Enemy's Army which fled towards the Town, covers it with a thick Cloud, for Achilles wou'd undoubtedly have turn'd himself to that side, in order to have enter'd *Troy* with the Run-aways. As the Fates had refus'd him that Glory, *Juno* hinders him from losing his Time there, and by that means obliges him to pursue the other half which fled towards the River. This was necessary for the OEconomy of the Poem, and gives the Poet an Opportunity to describe a Battle that is fuller of Prodigies, and of greater Novelty. I do not think there's a Book in *Homer* wherein there is so much Strength of Poetry, or wherein the Poet's Fancy, always sublime and always sage, appears with so much Lustre.

(b) As swarms of Locusts.] History informs us that whole Countries have often been infected and destroy'd by Clouds of Locusts. There was no other way to get rid of them, than by kindling Fires in the Fields. The Locusts, being driven away by the Fire, were at length reduc'd to cast themselves into the Rivers. This was often done in the Isle of *Cyprus*, and thereupon some of the Ancients pretended that our Poet was born there, since he reports the Customs of that Island; but this is a weak Argument; *Homer* relates the Customs of many different Countries. This Allegation can only support the Conjecture that he was of *Ionia* (from whence *Cyprus* is not very remote) because *Homer* appears more addicted to follow the Usages of the *Ionians* than of any other People.

jans, Press'd by *Achilles*, Men and Steeds and Chariots, Crowded into the Stream: Mean while the Victor Among the Willows left his bloody Spear; And drawing out his Sword, around him dealt Such deadly Blows, that all the Air resounded With dying Groans, and Outcries of the Wounded, Whilst *Xanthus* ran with Blood; (c) so from the Dolphin, Ranging the Sea with wide devouring Jaws, The lesser Fry to Holes and Creeks retire, As from *Achilles*' Rage the *Trojans* fled, To close Recesses of the winding Stream. He, when with Slaughter tir'd, around him look'd, And chose twelve Youths, then drew them from the River All in a Troop, like Colts half dead with Fear; Then ty'd their Hands behind them, (d) with the Cords They carry'd to bind others, and deliver'd The Captives to his Men;

(c) So from the Dolphin.] While *Achilles*, fighting on Land, pushes the *Trojans* into the *Xanthus*, *Homer* compares him to the Fire which drives the Locusts into the Water. But so soon as *Achilles* is in the Water, as well as the *Trojans*, he compares him to a mighty Dolphin in pursuit of Shoals of other Fish. This Remark, which *Eusebius* quotes out of the old Interpreters of *Homer*, serves to let us see the Exactness of our Poet in his Images.

(d) With the Cords they car-

ry'd to bind others.] These Thongs or Straps were not their Girdles, but Pieces of Leather which those young Princes had taken with them, through a rash Presumption, to tie the Prisoners they shou'd take. It was a common thing for Soldiers to carry about them such Straps or Thongs, for the aforesaid use. Examples are seen of it in History, and in this View it was that *Horace* said to *Iccius* (Ode 29. lib. 1.) *Horribiliq; medo necis catenas.* You at the same time prepare Chains for the terrible Medes.

they



they to his Ships Conducted them, whom he design'd as Victims To his *Patroclus*' Ghost, himself returning To *Xanthus* Stream, pursu'd the deadly Slaughter.

*Lycaon*, *Priam*'s Son, was his first Conquest, Who late had been his Captive: For *Achilles*, (e) As o'er his Father's Fields one Night he rang'd, Found the young Prince in a wild Fig-tree, felling Some Timber for his Chariot, who surpris'd In vain by Flight attempted to escape; *Achilles* to the Isle of *Lemnos* bore him, And there to *Jason* sold him as a Slave: From him *Eetion* of the Isle of *Imbros*, Who was by many Favours much oblig'd To the old King, bought the young Slave, and thence (f) Convey'd to fair *Arisba*, where the Prince Stole from his Guards, returning safe to *Troy*. Pleas'd with his happy Fortune and Escape, Amidst his young Companions he remain'd Eleven Days in Mirth and Jollity; But on the twelfth took Arms, and join'd the Battle, Fated to fall by great *Achilles*' Hand, Who to the Shades below sent him a Captive, Thence never to return; upon the Shore He stood, and

(e) *As o'er his Father's Fields one Night.*] This young Prince was cutting down Timber in the Night, because he cou'd not do it in the Day-time, by reason of the Enemy. But is a wild Fig-tree altogether so fit to make the Fellies of a Chariot? The *Trojans*, 'tis like, were reduc'd to this necessity, because the Enemy

during so long a War had cut down the most substantial Timber.

(f) *Convey'd to fair Arisba.*] This was not to detain him, but out of Friendship to *Priam*; he was minded to keep him there till the end of the War, for fear, if he sent him back, he might fall into the Enemy's Hands.

dreading

dreading to advance and plunge Into the Stream,  
 tir'd with Fateigue and Sweat, He threw away  
 his Helmet, Spear and Buckler, Which when  
*Achilles* saw, and knew the Prince, He thus  
 exprefs'd his Wonder. "Mighty Gods! What  
 "Miracle is this? In vain I kill The *Trojans*, if  
 "from Hell they can return. For see a Youth  
 "appears, whom late I took, Gave him his Life,  
 "and (g) sold him into *Lemnos*; The Ocean,  
 "that detains all other Mortals, Has sent him  
 "back; but with my Spear I'll try Whether  
 "a Tomb can hold him, and the Earth, That  
 "keeps all others down, confine this Prince.

Thus he: *Lycaon*, trembling at his Words,  
 And willing to escape the Death he menac'd,  
 Ran to embrace his Knees and beg his Pity.  
*Achilles* threw his Lance with all his Force,  
 Which the young Prince avoided, then ap-  
 proaching, He fell beneath his Feet, and with  
 one Hand Hung on his Knees, with t'other  
 held his Lance, That stuck into the Earth,  
 then thus conjur'd him.

"*Achilles*, (b) at your Feet I lye a Suppli-  
 "ant: Pity my Youth, and let my Pray'rs

(g) Sold into Lemnos.] *Achilles* is amaz'd that *Lycaon*, whom he believ'd to be a Slave at *Lemnos*, was return'd to *Troy*; the *Greeks* being Masters of the Sea. He looks upon it as no less a Miracle, than if one had risen from the Dead.

(b) At your Feet I lye a Suppliant.] He dares not

say that he is his Suppliant, *inertus*, for a Suppliant is one that comes purely of his own Motion to throw himself on the Mercy of Another and implore his Aid. *Lycaon* had been taken Prisoner, and went in his own despight: Therefore he says, as it were, and in some sort your Suppliant, &c. And he means

"prevail,

“ prevail, Since you’re ally’d to *Jove*; Accept  
 “ your Vot’ry, Who when your Captive tasted  
 “ your sweet Bounty, And as your Slave, was  
 “ from your Table fed. Far from my Royal  
 “ Father and my Country, You sold me in-  
 “ to *Lemnos*, and receiv’d An Hundred Ox-  
 “ en, as my Price, from *Jason*. You shall  
 “ have thrice the Ransom for my Life. ’Tis  
 “ but twelve Days since I return’d to *Troy*,  
 “ And from a thousand Miseries escap’d: And  
 “ must I dye beneath your bloody Sword?  
 “ Thrice has great *Jove* resign’d me to your  
 “ Pow’r, And mark’d me as the Object of his  
 “ Anger. *Laothoe*, the Daughter of King *Al-*  
 “ *tes*, Who sway’d the *Lelegeans*, fam’d in War,  
 “ And reign’d in *Pedafus*, on *Satnion’s* Banks,  
 “ Was my unhappy Mother: She to *Priam*  
 “ Two Sons brought forth, and both reserv’d  
 “ to dye Beneath your Arm; already you have  
 “ slain My Brother *Polydorus* in the Flow’r  
 “ Of Youth, and I must be the Second; For  
 “ since the Fates have left me in your Pow’r,  
 “ I cannot hope for Life; Yet this remember,  
 “ *Priam* had many Wives, nor was I born  
 “ Of her, who brought forth *Hector*, your  
 “ great Foe, By whom your Friend, your  
 “ dear *Patroclus* fell, So famous for his Sweet-  
 “ ness and his Valour.

*Lycaon* thus invok’d *Achille’s* Pity, But soon

that *Achilles* should not con-  
 sider him absolutely as his  
 Prisoner, but as a Man to  
 whom he had already given  
 his Life, whom he had taken  
 into his House, and who is

become as it were his Sup-  
 plicant, who had for a long  
 time Lodg’d and Eaten with  
 him. This is very Crafty.  
 Suppliants were Sacred Per-  
 sons.

receiv’d

receiv'd a most inhuman Answer, " Vain  
 " Youth, to talk of Pity or of Ransom; Once  
 " I took pleasure in a numerous Train Of Cap-  
 " tives, and could spare a Suppliant's Life,  
 " Ere on this Shore my dear *Patroclus* dy'd;  
 " But now whoever is of *Trojan* Race, Much  
 " more of *Priam's*, if they meet my Arms And  
 " yield, shall surely dye, and so shalt thou,  
 " Nor shall thy Tears protect thee; My *Pa-  
 " troclus*, Whose Valour far exceeded thine, is  
 " dead: And I, tho' now successful, and the  
 " Son Of *Thetis* and of *Peleus*, *Jove's* great  
 " Off-spring, Yet must resign to Fate, nor is  
 " that Day Far off: Some *Trojan* Soldier, who  
 " now flies My Presence, with his Spear shall  
 " bring me low, And gain immortal Honour  
 " by my Death.

These cruel Words transfix'd the Prince's  
 Soul, His Limbs forgot their Strength, his  
 Knees grew feeble, His Hand let go the Spear,  
 whilst stern *Achilles* Drew out his Sword and  
 plung'd it in his Bosom: He fell upon his Face,  
 and with his Blood Dy'd the red Shore, from  
 which *Achilles* threw him Into the rapid Stream,  
 and thus insulted,

" Go, wretched Prince! and feed the hun-  
 " gry Fishes, Who from thy Wounds shall  
 " lick the trickling Blood; Thy Mother need  
 " not dress the mourning Bed, Weep o'er thy  
 " Trunk, or with vain Pomp ordain Thy Obse-  
 " quies; *Scamander* (i) shall convey thee Into

(i) Shall convey thee into some time in the Water,  
 the Ocean. ] Because dead swim upon the Surface.

Bodies, after they have been " the



" the boundless Ocean, where some Monster,  
 " Inhabiting the Seas, shall swallow thee, And  
 " in his spacious Bowels make thy Tomb.  
 " So let the *Trojans* perish, 'till proud *Ilium*  
 " Be laid in Dust, whilst I pursue their Troops  
 " Thro' their own Plains, and cover them with  
 " Slaughter. *Xanthus*, to whom they sacri-  
 " fice whole Herds Of Bulls, and with (k)  
 " live Steeds appease his Waves, No Succour  
 " shall afford, but sure Destruction And Death  
 " pursue them, 'till the Blood I spill Shall be  
 " sufficient to atone the Shade Of my *Patro-*  
 " *clus*, and those numerous *Greeks*, Who in my  
 " Absence near their Ships were slain.

Thus He: His Words provok'd the watry God, *Xanthus*, and fill'd his Mind with various Councils How to allay his Rage, and save the *Trojans*.

Mean while *Achilles* wielding his long Spear March'd to attack *Asteropæus*, the Son Of *Pe-lagon*, whom lovely *Peribea*, The eldest Daugh-

(k) *Live Steeds appease his Waves.*] It was a very ancient Custom to cast live Horses into the Sea and the Rivers, to honour, as it were, by these Victims, the Rapidity of their Stream. This Practice continu'd a long time, and History supplies us with Notable Examples of it. *Aurelius Victor* says of *Pompey* the younger: *Cum mari feliciter ureretur, Neptuni sacrificium confessus est, eumq; bo-*

*bus auratis & equo placavit.* As he had been pretty fortunate upon the Sea, he gave out that he was the Son of Neptune, and endeavour'd to make that God propitious, by offering to him Oxen whose Horns were gilded, and a Horse. He offer'd Oxen in Sacrifice, and threw a live Horse into the Sea, as appears from *Dion*; which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*.

ter of *Acessumenus*, Bore to the River *Axius*; He undaunted Came forward on the Shore, to meet the Hero, Arm'd with two Spears, which in both Hands he wielded: For *Xanthus* gave him Strength and manly Vigour, Enrag'd against *Achilles*, who had slain Such Numbers on his Banks without Compassion. When near each other both the Heroes came, *Achilles* thus. "Speak, whence and what you are, "Who thus oppose my Valour? only they "Who from unhappy Parents are descended, "Attempt such Boldness. Thus the valiant Son Of *Pelagon* reply'd. "Divine *Achilles*, Why "would you know my Country and Descent? "From fair *Peonia*, leading numerous Troops "Arm'd with long Spears, to *Troy's* Defence I "came: (1) This the Twelfth Morning is "since I arriv'd; The River *Axius*, rowling "his fair Stream Along the fertile Plains, to "*Pelagon* Gave Birth, from whom I reckon "my Descent. But wherefore should we spend "the Time in Talk, Which Heroes may employ in deadly Combat.

Thus he: *Achilles* grasp'd his massy Spear: *Asteropæus*, whose either Hand could wield His Arms with equal Ease, two Lances flung; One

(1) This the Twelfth Morning is.] He was a new General whom the *Peonians* had sent, after the Death of him who came with the Fleet and was kill'd. This is the ground of *Achilles's* Questions, who art thou, and whence comest

thou? for *Asteropæus* not arriving before the time that *Achilles* refrain'd from fighting, cou'd not be known to him. *Homer* gives a Reason for every thing, and establishes Probability throughout.

lodg'd upon *Achilles'* massy Buckler: (m) But the firm Gold, forg'd by the Hand of *Vulcan*, Repuls'd it, whilst the other graz'd his Elbow: And drew the Purple Blood, thence o'er his Head Flew at some distance, lighting on the Ground.

*Achilles*, thirsty of Revenge and Blood, Return'd the fierce Assault, and threw his Spear, Which passing near *Asteropus* ran deep Into the Shore: Then from his valiant Thigh He drew his Sword, and charg'd with dreadful Fury; Three times *Asteropus* essay'd to draw *Achilles'* Javelin from the Ground, and thrice Fail'd of Success; then bending the firm Wood, Had snapp'd it short, but with his shining Blade The Hero interpos'd, and in his Belly Sheathing it deep, drew out his reeking Entrails, And clos'd his Eyes in everlasting Darkness. The Victor standing o'er him, seiz'd his Arms, Then triumph'd thus. " Lie there, " and take the Death Thy Rashness merited; " the Sons of *Jove* Are not a Match for those " of Rivers born; (n) You boasted your Descent from *Axius'* Stream, But I am sprung " from *Jove*; *Peleus*, who reigns In *Thessaly*, " my Father was, himself The Son of *Eacus*, " the Son of *Jove*; As *Jove* in Pow'r the

(m) But the firm Gold repuls'd. } That is, *Asteropus's* Javelin pierc'd the two first Plates of *Achilles's* Buckler, and stop't not before it came to the third which was of Gold. This has been sufficiently explain'd.

(n) You boasted your Descent

from *Axius' Stream*. ] It is worth while to observe, says *Eustathius*, with what address *Homer* mingles the Simplicity of Genealogical Narrations amidst the greatest Vivacity of the Action, to give variety to his Poem, and refresh his Reader.

" River - Gods excels, So must his Off-  
 " Spring be more brave than theirs. *Xanthus*,  
 " a mighty River, flows just by thee, And  
 " might have lent thee Aid; but that he knows,  
 " He can't contend with *Jove*: Nor could *A-*  
 " *chelous*, Tho' greater far than he, nor *Ocean's*  
 " self With all his deep Abysses, from whose  
 " Source The Rivers, Seas, and Fountains take  
 " their Rise: He, tho' the first of all the Water  
 " Gods, (a) Must yield to *Jove*, when from  
 " the bursting Clouds Down to the Deep he  
 " flings his rattling Thunders.

Thus he, then from the Shore with Ease  
 drew out His Spear, and left his Enemy ex-  
 tended Upon the Sands: the tiding Waves  
 and Surges Flow'd over him, the Eels and  
 hungry Fishes Fed on his Fat, and gnaw'd his  
 bloody Entrails. Mean while *Achilles* turn'd  
 his dreadful Arms On the *Pæonian* Squadron,  
 as they fled By *Xanthus'* Stream, when they  
 beheld their Leader Slain on the Shore; *Ther-*  
*silocus*, and *Mydon*, *Astypylus*, and *Mnesus*,  
*Opbelestes*, *Tbrastus*, and *Anius*, fell beneath  
 his Spear; And more his wild Revenge had  
 sacrific'd, But *Xanthus*, with the Slaughter  
 much incens'd, Taking a humane Figure, thus  
 address'd him.

" Divine *Achilles*, nothing can resist Your  
 " Valour; nor did ever Hero yet Such Con-  
 " quests boast: the Gods are on your Side;

(a) Must yield to *Jove*.]  
 He adds this to qualify the  
 Desiance he had just made  
 to *Xanthus*, a Desiance,

which, being made to a God,  
 might seem impious with-  
 out this softning turn.

" Yet



“ Yet if great *Jove* decrees the wretched *Trojans*  
 “ Should be destroy’d by you, remove the Slaugh-  
 “ ter *Fat* from my Banks; already I am clogg’d  
 “ With numbers of the *Slain*, that fill my Chan-  
 “ nel, And interrupt my Waves from passing  
 “ down, To pay their wonted Tribute to the  
 “ Ocean; Let it suffice that you have done  
 “ such Actions, As even I, a God, with Won-  
 “ der view.

Thus he, and thus *Achilles*, “ Son of *Jove*,  
 “ Divine *Scamander*, I’ll obey your Orders:  
 “ But will not cease to deal my hottest Fury  
 “ Upon that perjur’d Brood, till I have shut  
 “ them Within their Walls, or have en-  
 “ counter’d *Hector*, For whom I’ll search the  
 “ Plains, resolv’d to reach His hated Life, or  
 “ die beneath his Hand.

He spake, and (p) threw himself into the  
 Battle: Whilst with his Infotence enrag’d, the  
 River Address’d *Apollon* thus. “ O Son of *Jove*,  
 “ Skill’d in the Bow, why are the dread Com-  
 “ mands Of your great Sire thus shamefully  
 “ neglected, Who gave you Orders to sup-  
 “ port the *Trojans* With all your Forces, till  
 “ the Sun should visit The Western Sea, and  
 “ Sable Shades arise?

Thus he; and whilst *Achilles* rush’d along,  
 Divine *Scamander* rais’d his lofty Waves, And  
 threw the floating Bodies on the Shore, With

(p) Threw himself into the  
 Battle.] ’Tis impossible to  
 paint with livelier Colours a  
 Battle which is fought a-  
 midst an Inundation. It is  
 very probable that so many

Springs, which ran from  
 Mount *Ida* into the Plain of  
*Troy*, often caus’d an over-  
 flowing of the Rivers that  
 wash’d it.

which *Achilles* had damm'd up the Stream;  
 The Noisy Billows, loud as roaring Bulls,  
 Dash'd o'er the Banks, whilst in his secret  
 Creeks And Caverns, from the Fury of the Vi-  
 ctor He sav'd the trembling *Trojans*, then as-  
 sembling His Waves, upon the Son of *Peleus*  
 rush'd, Bore down his Shield, and with such  
 Force assail'd him, His Leggs refus'd their  
 Load, and he unable To stand the Shock,  
 reach'd out and grasp'd an Elm That fortu-  
 nately grew beside the Stream; The rushing  
 Waves and Hero's pond'rous Arm Tore from  
 its Roots the Tree, and laid it flat Across the  
 Stream, where like a Bridge it rested: *Achilles*,  
 to avoid the deadly Waves, And Danger that  
 approach'd him, sought to gain The Shore by  
 Flight, but *Xanthus*, to revenge The Slaughter,  
 and relieve the conquer'd *Trojans*, Renew'd the  
 sharp Attack with all his Waves, And rowl'd  
 his gloomy Surface o'er the Banks. *Achilles*,  
 swift as is the warlike Eagle, The Swiftest  
 and most Valiant of all Birds, Sprung forward  
 a Spear's cast, with active Force, Clashing his  
 Arms, whilst with tremendous Roar His rapid  
 Foe pursu'd him thro' the Plain. (q) As  
 when some Delver turns a flowing Stream  
 From its own Channel, thro' a new-made  
 Dyke, To water a fair Garden stor'd with

(q) *As when some Delver.]*  
 This changing of the Chara-  
 cter looks charming. No  
 Poet ever knew, like *Homer*,  
 to pass from the Vehement  
 and the Nervous, to the  
 Gentle and the Agreeable;  
 such Transitions, when pro-

perly made, give a singular  
 Pleasure, as, when in Musick,  
 a Master passes from the  
 Rough to the Tender. *De-*  
*metrius Phalereus*, who only  
 praises this Comparison for  
 its Clearness, has not suffi-  
 ciently recommended its Va-

Plants : He with his Spade removes the adverse Clods, The Waters rushing in with mighty Noise Flow down the Steep, and mix the sounding Pebbles, And oft outrun the Guide who shews their Way. So *Xanthus* overtook the flying Hero, Swift tho' he was : For Mortals must submit To those of Race Divine; oft when he try'd To stand the Charge, not doubting but the Gods Pursu'd him, all collected in a Body, And turn'd to meet the Shock, Divine *Scamander* Mounted his Waves, and press'd his Manly Shoulders, Whilst he with frequent Leaps and nimble Force Try'd to escape, oppress'd with Grief and Horror : The adverse Flood still beat against his Knees, And wash'd away the Dust beneath his Feet, Unable to support Him ; then to Heav'n He bent his Cry, and with uplifted Eyes Address'd himself to *Jove*. " Almighty Father, Is there no God  
 " to pity my Distress, And save me from the  
 " Fury of these Waves ? What would I not  
 " endure to be reliev'd ? Of all the Gods that  
 " treat me with such Rigour, None merit my  
 " Complaints so much as *Thetis*, Who gave  
 " me Birth, and made me hope in vain, That  
 " I should perish near the Walls of *Troy*, By  
 " great *Apollo's* Darts ; Wou'd I had dy'd By  
 " *Hector's* Hand, the bravest Chief in *Troy* ;  
 " His Valour would have recompenc'd the  
 " Loss Both of my Arms and Life : But now

luc. *Virgil* was so struck with it that he has transferr'd it into his first Book of the *Georgics*.

*Deinde satis fluvium inducit.*  
 &c.

*Virgil's* is fine Poetry ; but how much inferior is it to the Original !

“ Inglorious, Like some base Rustick crossing  
 “ a deep River, I shall lie buried in de-  
 “ pouring Waves.

He spake, and to his Aid *Minerva* came, With  
*Neptune*, who in humane Forms approach'd  
 him, And with these Promises sustain'd his Cou-  
 rage, Reaching their Hands to his. Great Son  
 “ of *Peleus*! Fear not, nor be dismay'd; for  
 “ I, who Rule The Watry World, and *Pallas*,  
 “ are descended With *Jove's* Consent, to aid  
 “ you in Distress; 'Tis not in Fate, that you  
 “ should perish here In *Xanthus'* Stream, whose  
 “ Rage will soon abate. Only pursue our  
 “ Councils, nor give o'er The Slaughter, till  
 “ the *Trojans* are repuls'd Within their Walls,  
 “ then to your Fleet return, When you have  
 “ slain bold *Hector*: for that Action Is by our  
 “ Pow'r reserv'd to crown your Arms.

Thus *Neptune*; then with *Pallas* soon re-  
 turn'd To their high Station, whilst the Son  
 of *Peleus*, Encourag'd by such Words, re-  
 new'd his Efforts To reach the Land: the  
 Surges rag'd around, And floating Bodies of  
 the Slain, that fell That Day by his strong Arm,  
 in heaps swam by him; His Manly Knees bore  
 up against the Torrent, Nor could the Stream  
 detain him, since *Minerva* Lent him new  
 Strength; yet still *Scamander* rag'd With fresh  
 Resentment, calling all his Waves Forth to  
 renew the Combat with *Achilles*: At last im-  
 ploring Aid of *Simois*, Thus he began. “ Dear  
 “ Brother, let us join Our Streams, and try  
 “ to rout this deadly Foe, Ere he attempt the  
 “ Ruin of our *Troy*, Whose frightened Troops  
 “ in vain resist his Valour. Then haste to my  
 “ Assistance,



Assistance, drain your Channel, And from  
 your Fountains, every Source, and Spring,  
 Bring all your Waters; swell the raging  
 Torrent, Cover'd with Trees, and floating  
 Rocks, and Islands; Drown all the Plains;  
 and fill the sounding Banks with Terrors,  
 and the Noise of roaring Surges: (r) And  
 let us tame this Victor, whose Success is  
 more than Human, worthy of a God. If  
 you unite with me, not all his Force, Not  
 Godlike Form shall save this mighty Hero,  
 Nor yet the Arms he boasts, which soon  
 shall lie Deep in our Bosoms, stain'd with  
 Blood and Mud. I'll rouse my Sable Waves  
 like Mountains high, And crush him, roll  
 my Sands around his Trunk, That none of  
 all the Greeks shall ever find His Bones, nor  
 of his Obsequies take Care: Whilst justly  
 punish'd for his daring Pride, He lies secure  
 within his Liquid Tomb.

Thus he; then with aspiring Waves he rush'd  
 Upon Achilles, cover'd o'er with Blood, And  
 Foam and floating Trunks: His lofty Tides  
 Obey'd the God, and lifted high as Hills,  
 Burst on the Hero with tremendous Roar.  
 Juno with dreadful Outcry shew'd her Fear,  
 Least Pelous' Son should founder in the Deep,

(r) And let us tame this  
 Victor. What Resources,  
 does Homer find in himself  
 to praise Achilles, and to im-  
 prove upon all the Elogiums  
 he has already giv'n him!  
 This whole Run is so admi-

rable, that I thought it would  
 make its own way to the  
 Reader's Understanding, with-  
 out the additional help of  
 any Remark, and ev'n in  
 my very Translation of it.

And with Impatience thus to *Vulcan* spake. (1)  
 ' Arise, my Son! see, *Xanthus* is in Arms  
 " To meet you, and is worthy your Revenge.  
 " (u) Then arm in your Defence, (w) with  
 " all your Flames, Whilst from the Deep I  
 " rouse the West and South Impetuous Winds,  
 " that shall a Tempest raise, To blow your  
 " hostile Fires along the Plain, To scorch the  
 " Trojan Troops, and melt their Armour.  
 " Haste you and burn the Trees that shade  
 " the Banks Of *Xanthus*' Stream, and spread

[1] *Arise, my Son.* ] It is in the Greek, *rise my Clump-foot, my Son*, ὁ δὲ οὐδὲ κλυτοπόδιον ἑμὸν τέκος. And upon this I cannot forbear reporting an Observation out of *Plutarch*, who says, that *Juno* calls her Son *Clump-foot*, out of Fondness and to Caress him, and that *Homer* by this meant to laugh at those who are ashamed of such Defects; not esteeming that to be blameworthy which is not Scandalous, nor that to be Scandalous which is Fortune's Fault not ours. I durst not, however, preserve it in my Translation, for our word, *boiteux*, *Clump-foot*, and the Greek term, κλυτοπόδιον, are two very different Terms. This is perceivable by any Ear of the least Delicacy.

(2) *Then arm in your Defence.* ] If *Homer* has with Life describ'd an Inundation, he Points with no less force the Drought which alone can Battle it, and make it with

draw its Waters. There is nothing in Nature which this Poet does not imbellish his Poem with. But in his greatest Enthusiasm he shews a wonderful Discretion, and in his most sublime Fictions he never departs from what is Natural; for it is from beautiful Nature that the true Sublime arises; nor can there be a true Sublime in what it is not Natural.

(u) *With all your Flames.* ] So does this Verse mean, if you read αὐτὸν without an Aspirate; but if you read it αὐτῷ with an Aspirate, as *Eustathius* does, it shou'd be translated: *cast your self with all your Fires into the midst of his Waves.* Each of those two Readings has its Beauty, but that which I have follow'd seems to me to be the more Natural, and agrees with what *Homer* adds soon after, *the River it self is all on Fire.*

" your

“ your Flames all o’er him: Let neither Me-  
 “ naces nor kind Intreaties Win you to Pity,  
 “ or abate your Fury: But when you hear  
 “ my Voice, be that the Signal. And then re-  
 “ tire, and quench your burning Rage.

Thus she; then *Vulcan* kindled all his Forces,  
 And spread his rapid Flames along the Plain,  
 Consuming the dead Bodies, which *Achilles* Had  
 scatter’d here and there; all the wide Field Ap-  
 pear’d on Fire, the Waters were diminish’d,  
 And ebb’d apace, as when the Northern Blasts  
 In Autumn chase the Rains and rising Springs,  
 That lay’d some Field or Garden under Wa-  
 ter; So in an Instant all the Plain grew dry,  
 And heaps of mangled Trunks were turn’d to  
 Ashes. Then on the Stream the God his Fu-  
 ry pour’d, And burnt the Trees that grew a-  
 long the Shore Down to the Root, the Wil-  
 low, Elm, and Pop’lar, The Tamarisk, and  
 Lime, and Reed, and Cypress; The Fishes felt  
 the Heat, and sought in vain For Refuge in the  
 Caverns of the Deep, Each panted just expi-  
 ring with the Flames, And often leap’d to  
 seek the cooler Air. *Xanthus* himself was  
 scorch’d, and thus complain’d; “ O *Vulcan*,  
 “ (w) who of all the Gods can combat  
 “ With thy devouring Pow’rs? then how can  
 “ I Resist thee? Wherefore would you stoop  
 “ so low, To bend your fiery Arms against a  
 “ River? Unhappy I! to mingle in the Quar-  
 “ rel, And succour *Troy*! but I desist, and

(w) Who of all the Gods.) himself has occasion for its  
 For Fire is invincible, and Aid; he borrows his Thun-  
 conquers every thing; *Jupiter* derbolts from it.

“ yield That City to be raz’d by great *Achil-*  
 “ *les*.

He spake, almost consum’d and spent with  
 Heat; His Waves boil’d up, as when a mighty  
 Cauldron Throws up the bubb’ling Fat of some  
 rich Victim, Compass’d with crackling Flames:  
 so *Xanthus*’ Stream, Bubbled with wasting  
 Heat, and spent with Flames (x) No further  
 could expand his flaming Waves.

Chac’d from the Plain he fled into his Chan-  
 nel, Pursu’d by hungry Flames; then thus to  
*Juno* Address’d for Pity, and implor’d her  
 Aid.

“ O *Juno*, why am I expos’d a Prey To  
 “ your devouring Son, let loose upon me  
 “ With all his burning Forces? I am not So  
 “ much to blame, as are the other Gods Who  
 “ take the *Trojan* side; but here I promise No  
 “ more to aid that Race, then let your *Vul-*  
 “ *can* Draw off his Flames; a solemn Oath I  
 “ take, Never to help the *Trojans*, though re-  
 “ duc’d To Ruin, (y) though I see the *Gre-*  
 “ *cian* Fires Surround their Walls, and lay  
 “ their Town in Ashes.

Thus he, and *Juno* heard him, then to *Vul-*  
*can* She call’d, “ Desist, my valiant Son, she  
 “ cry’d, And with your Flames retire, for tis

(x) No further could ex-  
 pand. I Instead of he can, no  
 longer, *Homer* says, he will  
 no longer, and *Eustathius* ob-  
 serves very well that the *Greeks*  
 often said, *is will*, instead  
 of *is be able*.

(This says plainly that *Troy*  
 is to perish by Fire, but it  
 does not say either When,  
 or by Whom; and therefore  
 to determine it, the River  
 adds, and the *Greeks* lay it  
 in Ashes.

(y) Tho’ I see the *Grecian* T

“ unjust



“ unjust, Gods should be punish’d, for the  
“ sake of Mortals.

Thus she. Her Son obey’d, and quench’d  
his Flames, And *Xanthus* in his wonted Chan-  
nel roll’d His Waters to the Sea, for *Vulcan’s*  
Pow’r Had tam’d him, and the Combat was  
decided By *Juno*, who relented of her Wrath.  
Mean while the other Gods began new Dis-  
cord From either Party, and with dreadful  
Noise Charg’d one another, (2.) *Jove* the Sig-  
nal gave With Thunder, and the Earth’s low  
Caverns roar’d; He on the Top of steep *Olym-  
pus* sat, And smil’d to see the Gods engage  
in Battle; At length approaching, Hand to

(2.) *Jove* the Signal gave.]  
*Homer* says,

*Ἰὼν δὲ θεῶν ἀντιφάσας  
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰσάμενος*

The vast Heav’n sounded the  
Trumpet; and here I can do  
no less than quote an Obser-  
vation of *Eusebius* which  
seems to me to be of some  
use. This Expression, Heav’n  
sounded the Trumpet, does  
not equal the greatness of this  
Deed, for what greatness is  
there in saying, that Heav’n  
sounded the Trumpet, when  
he shou’d rather have said that  
Heav’n Thunder’d. And yet  
*Homer’s* Expression seems fitter  
for a Fight, for the Signal for  
a Battle is not Thunder, but  
a Trumpet. Moreover, the Poet  
having already said (Book 20.)  
in speaking of the Battle be-  
tween the Trojans and Greeks,  
that the Sovereign Ruler of

Gods and Men thunder’d  
from the height of Heav’n,  
Here, to diversify his Phrase,  
and make his Thought the new-  
er, he says that Heav’n sound-  
ed the Trumpet. The begin-  
ning of a Battle, as less con-  
siderable, be heighten’d by this  
great Idea, *Jupiter* thunder’d  
from the Top of the Hea-  
vens, but as for this Battle  
of the Gods which takes all its  
greatness from the Gods them-  
selves, he contented himself with  
saying that Heav’n sounded  
the Trumpet. It may like-  
wise be said that it is a Pro-  
digy more suitable to grand  
Poetic, to represent Heav’n  
sounding the Trumpet, as if  
it had a Mouth. Whereas  
if he had bare y said Hea-  
ven thunder’d, there had been  
nothing extraordinary or sur-  
prising in that.

Hand they fought, (a) *Mars* wielding his  
vast Spear, on *Pallas* rush'd, And thus re-  
proach'd her with insulting Words.

“O most audacious of Immortal Beings!  
“Your rash imprudent Bravery excites you  
“With mortal Discord to divide the Gods;  
“Well you remember when, by you inspir'd,  
“Bold *Diomed* attack'd me, when you join'd  
“The Fight, and with your shining Spear ad-  
“vancing Still urg'd him on to wound me  
“with his Lance; See now a fair Occasion is  
“before me, And I'll improve it, to avenge  
“my Wrongs.

He spake; and on th' immortal Shield of  
*Pallas*, The dreadful *Egid*, which the Bolts of  
*Jove* Could never crush, his massy Jav'lin flung;  
The Goddess stepping back, took up a Stone  
Of mighty size and weight, which long had  
stood Unmov'd, an antient Land-mark on the  
Plains, Which at the God she threw, and  
beat him backward, His clashing Armor rattling  
with the Fall; His Hair was dawl'd with Dust,  
and seven Acres Were cover'd with his vast  
extended Body; Whilst *Pallas* smiling, tri-  
umph'd in his Fall.

“Rash God, who thus presum'st to meet  
“my Rage; Now be convinc'd I do not boast

(a) *Mars* wielding his  
vast Spear.] By this very in-  
genious Fiction *Homer* means  
that in all Wars and all Com-  
bats, 'tis Folly always that  
begins first, by opposing it  
self against Wisdom. For,

pray whence arise Wars and  
Contests, is it not from In-  
juries and doing Wrong? And  
are not such Injuries and  
Wrong-doing suggested by  
Folly, Ignorance and Bruta-  
lity?

“in

“ in vain (b) My Pow’r to thine Superior; see,  
 “ the Vengeance With which the Furies ex-  
 “ cute the Curses Thy Mother gave thee, when  
 “ thou, treacherous God, Didst leave the  
 “ Greeks, to aid the perjur’d Trojans!

Thus she: then turn’d aside her shining Eyes,  
 (c) Whilst Jove’s fair Daughter, *Venus*, soon  
 drew near, And bent her Hand to raise him,  
 for his Breath Came short, expressing Pain, and  
 near resembling The Pangs of Men just ready  
 to expire.

*Juno* beheld her marching to his Aid, Then  
 animated *Pallas* to engage her.

“ Daughter of *Jove*, see *Venus*, whom I  
 “ hate, With all her Impudence attempts to  
 “ rescue The prostrate God, and bear him  
 “ from the Field; Hasten, and prevent her, and  
 “ revenge th’ Affront.

She, ravish’d with the hopes of punishing  
 So vile an Action, rush’d upon the Goddess,  
 And with such Fury smote upon her Stomach,  
 That down she fell, (d) depriv’d of Strength  
 and Breath, (e) And lay near *Mars*, extend-

(b) My Power to thine Superior.] *Homer* wou’d thereby  
 shew that Prudence is always  
 victorious over blind and ir-  
 rational Strength.

(c) While Jove’s fair Daugh-  
 ter, *Venus*.] This Fiction is  
 very Ingenious and very Mo-  
 ral. *Homer* thereby teaches  
 that *Minerva*, i. e. Wisdom,  
 no sooner turns away her  
 Eyes from Men, but they  
 are deliver’d over to all sorts  
 of Passions.

(d) Depriv’d of Strength

and Breath.] *Venus* does not  
 resist *Minerva*. Let but Wis-  
 dom make ever so little use  
 of her Advantages, she tri-  
 umphs over the Passions, and  
 has no need of any of her  
 Arms.

(e) And lay near *Mars*.]  
*Venus* and *Mars* are the two  
 Gods who kindled this bloody  
 War; behold them now laid  
 in the Dust. *Homer* thereby  
 foretels to his Reader, that  
 the War will soon be at end,  
 and the Trojans punished.

ed on the Plain. Then *Pallas* glory'd thus.  
 "Would *Jove* permit, That all the Gods who  
 "succour perjur'd *Troy* Against the *Greeks*,  
 "were lay'd thus low, and met The same Suc-  
 "cess with *Kenns*, thus presuming To suc-  
 "cour *Mars*, and stand my warlike Arm,  
 "This fatal Discord, that infects the Gods,  
 "Would soon be o'er, and *Troy* consume to  
 "Ashes.

She spake; and *Jove* with a Smile approv'd  
 Her Victory; mean while the Sea-god *Nep-  
 tune* To great *Apollo* thus address'd his Speech.

"Whilst all the Gods on either side engage,  
 "Why do we two at distance view each o-  
 "ther? With what Disgrace, nor having try'd  
 "the Combat, Shall we return to Heav'n, and  
 "Jove's high Palace? Do you begin, you are  
 "the youngest God; I, who have seen old Age  
 "and long Experience, Scorn to attack a  
 "Youth so much Inferior To me in Arms,  
 "but will expect the Charge. Yet where-  
 "fore are you so intent to succour The *Tro-  
 jan* Race? have you so soon forgot The  
 "base Indignities we suffer'd once, Within  
 "this perjur'd and unfaithful City? When by  
 "Command from *Jove* we serv'd their King,  
 "The fierce *Laomedon*, a livelong Year; Con-  
 "tracting for a Price, like Slaves we serv'd  
 "him; I built the Walls and Fortresses that  
 "guard Proud *Troy*, impregnable by human  
 "Force; Whilst you with constant Labour  
 "fed his Herds Upon Mount *Ida*, till at  
 "length (f) the Hours Brought round the  
 "(f) The Hours. In *Homer* the word *Hora*, *Hours*, is always  
 "us'd for *Season*. It was not till  
 "after *Hamer* that the *Greeks*  
 "Year,



“ Year, in Pity to our Toils: But then,  
 “ the unjust Tyrant would not pay The Re-  
 “ compence of our long Servitude; Dis-  
 “ mis’d us with vile Menaces and Taunts,  
 “ (g) Threaten’d to bore our Ears, like Slaves  
 “ to tie us With Cords, and sell us to some  
 “ foreign Master: We, disappointed of our  
 “ just Reward, Left him, enrag’d and medi-  
 “ tating Vengeance. Yet you can aid this  
 “ false, this perjur’d Brood, And will not join  
 “ with us to punish them; To lay their City  
 “ low in Dust and Ashes, Their Virgins,  
 “ Wives, and all their Youth in Chains.  
 Him thus *Apolla* answer’d. “ Mighty *Nap-*  
 “ tunc, (h) Well you might think me rash;

us’d the word Hour, to signify a part of the Days and *Apollon* was one of the first Poets that apply’d it in that Sense, in *Ode 3*.

*Μακροχρόνιος μὲν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

(g) Threaten’d to bore our Ears. The Greek says, and end of our Ears, *ὀρύσσας τὰ ὦτα*, for *σοφία* must be read, and not *αὐροῦ*. Cutting off the Nose and Ears was the Punishment of a Slave; but the Expression not being Noble enough in our Tongue, there was a necessity to paraphrase it. It looks as if this Expression of *Homer*, *ὀρύσσας τὰ ὦτα*, were the same as *per ora* in Holy Scripture, speaking of the Custom among the Hebrews who bor’d holes

in the Slaves Ears, to shew that they were never to go out of Servitude, and that they could not be set free: but I know not whether there are Authorities enough to be found for proving that this Custom pass’d from the Hebrews to other Nations.

(h) Will you might think me rash. Two things hinder *Homer* from making *Neptune* and *Apolla* fight. First, because having already describ’d the Fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing further to say here, for it is the same Conflict between Humidity and Siccity, and Authors must avoid Repetitions and Monotonies always tiresom and fatiguing; Secondly, *Apolla* being the same with Destiny, and the Ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon

“ if

" if I should Combat With any God in fa-  
 " vour of vain Mortals. Like Leaves they spring;  
 " look green and fair awhile, But soon dry up,  
 " and fall and are no more. Therefore whilst  
 " others on both Sides engage, Let us forbear,  
 " nor mingle in the Quarrel.

He spake, and from the Sea-God turn'd a-  
 way; Shame and Respect forbad him to engage  
 The Brother of great *Jove*; but chaste *Diana*,  
 His Sister, in the Mountain-chace delighting,  
 Upbraided thus his Cowardize, and spake.

" Shall *Neptune* boast him in your mean  
 " Disgrace, Who fly, and leave the Victory to  
 " him? Why are you arm'd with Darts, who  
 " will not use them, Unable to defend you?  
 " Boast no more, As late you did among th'as-  
 " sembled Gods, In *Jove's* high Palace, when  
 " you menac'd War Against this very Sea-god,  
 " and foretold, That all the Heav'ns should  
 " ring with your Exploits.

Thus she: *Apollo* with Disdain was silent;  
 But *Juno* raging with Revenge drew near, And  
 thus reproach'd the Goddess. " (i) Foolish  
 " Maid! Thus to oppose your Confidence to  
 " me; In vain you shall resist me, tho' you  
 " bear A Quiver full of Arrows: (k) but since  
 " *Jove* Made you surpass all Females in Re-

and decided; that God can no longer defer it.

(i) Foolish Maid.] *Homer*  
 often suppresses these Con-  
 nectives, and said to him.  
 These Ellipses are very be-  
 coming in any Passion, espe-  
 cially that of Anger.

(k) But since *Jove*, &c.]

*Diana* is dreadful to Women,  
 because being the same with  
 the Moon, she brings on the  
 Pains of Child-birth, and  
 was believ'd to be generally  
 the Cause of the sudden  
 Deaths of Women, as *Homer*  
 says elsewhere.

" now.

" nown, As does the Lion the inferior Brutes,  
 " And subjected all Mortals to your Darts,  
 " Unmindful of your self, you dare attack A  
 " Goddess, who excels you. Hence, be gone!  
 " And o'er the Hills and Forests chase the Deer,  
 " And do not tempt my Valour to engage  
 " you. Yet if you still persist, (1) draw near,  
 " and try Which of us two can boast the  
 " stronger Arm.

Thus she: (m) Then both *Diana's* Hands  
 she grasp'd With her left Hand, and with her  
 right she seiz'd Her Quiver where it hung, then  
 buffeted Her Ears and Shoulders with repeated  
 Strokes, Smiling with Indignation; whilst *Dia-*  
*na* Turn'd every way to shun her Rage and  
 Fury, And on the Ground her scatter'd Ar-  
 rows lay. At length; o'erwhelm'd with Tears  
 and Grief, she fled Swift as a Pidgeon, that  
 avoids the Hawk, And to the Caverns of a

(1) Draw near, and try.] I have added the word *Draw*  
*near*, for the Ellipsis, which  
 is in the Text, and which  
 perfectly well agrees with  
 the Wrath *Juno* is in, as  
*Eustathius* observes, has a ve-  
 ry good Effect in the Greek,  
 but it wou'd be intolerable in  
 our Tongue, by its leaving a  
 Vacancy which wou'd cause  
 too great an Obscurity there-  
 in.

(m) Then both *Diana's*  
*Hands.* I am perswaded that  
 under the Fiction of this Bat-  
 tle between *Juno* and *Diana*,  
*Homer* was minded to describe

Poetically an Eclipse of the  
 Moon, which is caus'd by  
 nothing but the Shadow of  
 the Earth, i. e. *Juno*. *Juno*  
 holds *Diana's* two Hands fast,  
 that is, she ties up all her  
 Faculties; she takes off her  
 Quiver from her Shoulder,  
 because she hinders the Rays  
 of the Sun from enlightning  
 her. She strikes both her  
 Cheeks, because the entire  
 face of the Moon is obscur'd  
 in a total Eclipse. And she  
 makes all her Arrows to fall  
 at her Feet, because all the  
 Rays are stop'd and suspended  
 under her.

Rock retires, (*n*) Preserv'd by Fate from his  
destroying Talons; So fled the weeping God-  
dess from the Combat.

Then to *Latona* Mercury thus spake. (*o*)  
" Justly I fear, O Goddess, to engage With  
" you; for who can dare to meet in Arms The  
" Wife of *Jove*? then freely boast among the  
" Gods, That you in Combat met me and  
" subdu'd.

Thus he: (*p*) *Latona* gather'd from the Ground,  
The Bow, the Quiver, and the pointed Darts,  
That up and down lay scatter'd on the Plain:  
Then follow'd after her retiring Daughter.

Mean while *Diana* mounted high *Olympus*,  
And at her Father's Knees in Tears fell pro-  
strate: Her Vail with Sobs and Sighs alternate  
mov'd; *Jove* smiling took her in his Arms, and  
ask'd The cause of her Affliction. " Dear

" *Diana*, Who of the Gods has injur'd you  
" unjustly, Incapable of meriting Displeasure?

To him his Daughter thus. " Your Sister  
" *Juno* Has us'd me thus, who with her Arts

(*n*) Preserv'd by Fate.]  
*Homer* acknowledges here that  
Destiny, that is, Providence,  
extends his Cares even to irra-  
tional Creatures, which perfect-  
ly well agrees with Orthodox  
Theology. *Observe*, says *Eu-  
stathius*, that *Homer* makes  
even a Pidgeon depend upon  
Destiny, to shew that all Crea-  
tures are subject to it.

(*o*) Justly I fear, O  
Goddess.] Mercury will not  
fight against *Latona*, because  
he is a God of Peace: Be-  
sides, *Homer* gives to under-  
stand, Allegorically, that the

Planets cannot make War  
upon *Latona*, i.e. the Night,  
who alone makes them ap-  
pear and exhibits them to  
Sight, and between whom  
there is always a good Un-  
derstanding. It is *Eustathius*'s  
Remark, and shews that *Ho-  
mer* in all his Fictions is Wise,  
and couches under them ma-  
ny Natural and Plain Truths.

(*p*) *Latona* gather'd from  
the Ground.] *Homer* feigns  
that *Latona* gathers up *Dia-  
na*'s Darts, because it is Night  
that restores to *Diana* her  
Rays.

" has



“ has rais’d A deadly War between th’ Im-  
 mortal Beings.

Whilst thus *Diana* and her mighty Father  
 Together talkt, *Apollo* took his way To  
*Troy*, to guard her Walls and lofty Ramparts;  
 Least the victorious *Greeks* that Day should  
 storm it, Ev’n tho’ the Fates had otherwise  
 decreed. The other Gods forsook the Field of  
 Battle, Whilst some with Rage and Indignation  
 burn’d, And others with Success and Glory tri-  
 umph’d. All to *Jove’s* lofty Palace took their way.

(q) Yet still *Achilles* dealt his Fury round  
 Upon the *Trojans* and their warlike Steeds; (r)  
 As when the Smoke ascending from some  
 Town Cover’d with Flames, sent by the an-  
 gry Gods, Involves the wild Inhabitants with  
 Terrors: So *Peleus’* Son with Mortal Dread

(q) *Yet still Achilles.*] *Ho-*  
*mer* had left *Achilles*, to speak  
 of the Combats between the  
 Gods; and as he never loses  
 sight of his Subject, he re-  
 turns to that Hero, who,  
 having miraculously escap’d  
 from the Flood and the Fire,  
 after unheard-of Exploits,  
 continues his Devastations in  
 the Plain, and is himself  
 compar’d to a Conflagra-  
 tion.

(r) *As when the Smoke.*] This Passage may be under-  
 stood two ways, and both  
 very remarkable. First, by  
 taking this Fire for a Fire  
 really sent from Heav’n to  
 punish a wicked City, of  
 which there are terrible In-  
 stances in Holy Scripture.  
 Thus *Homer* was acquainted

with this great Truth, that  
 God sometimes punishes  
 whole Cities, by darting on  
 them his avenging Fires.  
 The Second, by understand-  
 ing by it simply the Fire which  
 an Enemy sets to a City  
 which they take by Storm,  
 as we see in the Prophet *Je-*  
*remiah*, the City of *Jerusalem*  
 crying out: *De excelsu misit*  
*ignem in ossibus meis; The*  
*Lord hath sent from above fire*  
*into my bones*, Lam. i. 13. for  
 the Prophet speaks of the  
 burning of *Jerusalem* by the  
*Chaldeans*, who burnt the City  
 and Temple. And by this  
*Homer* owns that the Fire  
 which *Mea* set to a City,  
 comes not from Men, but  
 from God, who gives them  
 up to their Fury.

dismay’d

dismay'd The *Trojans*, where he pass'd, and  
sacrific'd All that oppos'd him to his dire  
Revenge. (s) Old *Priam* from a lofty Turret  
saw The Hero clad in Dust and Blood, pur-  
suing His frighted Troops along the Plain, un-  
able With rally'd Strength and Courage to re-  
sist him; He saw, and heaving Sighs oppress'd  
his Bosom, At length descending, to the Guards  
he call'd.

" My Friends, said he, throw open all the  
" Gates, Till all our flying Troops return to  
" Troy: For see *Achilles* is at Hand, and chaces  
" Our Men along the Plain, intent on Slaugh-  
" ter. But when the *Trojans* are come back,  
" and shelter'd Within our Walls, then with  
" firm Barriers guard The Passage, lest this  
" Conqueror break in With those who fly,  
" and spoil our lofty City.

Thus he: whilst they obedient clear'd the  
Portal, And open'd a wide Passage, as a Refuge  
To the affrighted Squadrons as they fled;  
With them *Apollo*, fav'ring their Retreat, Re-  
turn'd to *Troy*, for whose Defence he labour'd.  
The thick Battalions pour'd into the Town  
Cover'd with Sweat and Dust, and spent with  
Thirst And raging Heat: *Achilles* with his  
Spear Follow'd, dispersing Wounds and Death  
around, Mad with Revenge, Insatiable of  
Glory.

That Day the *Greeks* had sackt the Walls of

(s) *Old Priam from a lofty Turret.* Here we see the Advantage *Homer* makes of the Order he caus'd *Hector* to give, that every Body should

watch for the Security of *Troy*, and that the old Men shou'd mount the Battlements to look to every thing that might happen.

*Ilium*, But (r) *Phabus* animated brave *Agenor*  
 To meet *Achilles*' Rage, inspiring him With  
 double Life and Vigour to sustain The Hero,  
 and engage him in the Combat: The God  
 stood by him, shelter'd by a Beech, and hid  
 him in a Cloud from Mortal View. He,  
 when he saw *Achilles* just advancing, Felt his  
 great Heart with strong Emotions beat, (u)  
 Such as disturb the Waves, when Storms a-  
 rise, And stir the Deep: then sighing thus de-  
 bated Within himself. " Unhappy Man di-  
 " stracted With various Doubts! Should I, op-  
 " press'd with Fear, Accompany the *Tro-*  
 " *jans* in their Flight, And take the common  
 " Rout, he'll soon o'ertake me, And kill me  
 " like a Coward. If I quit The Crowd, and  
 " fly along the Plains from *Troy*, To gain  
 " the Forest at the Foot of *Ida*, There I might  
 " hide me in the woody Covert, And when  
 " the Shades arise, steal to the Stream, And  
 " wash me from the Blood and Dust, and  
 " then In secret to the Town retire with  
 " Safety. But wherefore do I dwell on vain  
 " Illusions? Will he not spy me flying thro'  
 " the Plains, And reach me soon, for he is  
 " swift of Foot, Then slay me? for his Valour  
 " and his Strength All Mortals else exceeds.  
 " How much more gallant Should I be thought,  
 " to meet him in the Combat Here in the

(r) But *Phabus* animated  
 brave *Agenor*.] *Homer* makes  
*Apollo* do this, because *A-*  
*pollo* is the same with *Desti-*  
*ny*, and because *Destiny* had  
 refused to *Achilles* the Glory  
 of taking *Troy*.

(u) Such as disturb the  
*Waves*.] This is the Idea  
 convey'd by the single Word  
 in the Text, *νόστος*, which  
 is borrow'd from the Sea,  
 when the Winds begin to  
 blacken the Waves.

“ City’s view ? (w) He is not sure Incapa-  
 “ ble of Wounds : A Spear will pierce him :  
 “ Nor has he many Souls to lose in Battle,  
 “ And he is said to be of mortal Race ; (x)  
 “ The Favour of the Gods is all his Glory.

Thus he, collecting all his Force and Con-  
 rage, Resolv’d to stand, and meet the Son of  
*Peleus*. As when a Panther by some Hunter  
 wounded, Forth of the Forest rushes on his  
 Foe, And tho’ he feels the Arrow in his Sides,  
 And hears the Cry of numerous Dogs around  
 him. Relents not of his Courage, but moves  
 on To try the rough Encounter, and disperse  
 His Foes, or leave his Carcass on the Plain :  
 So scorning to retire, the valiant Son Of stout  
*Antenor*, to the Fight advanc’d, To try *Achilles*’  
 Strength ; his Shield he bore A mighty Orb be-  
 fore him, and his Spear Erect he wielded, then  
 bespake the Hero.

“ In vain you think to sack the Walls of  
 “ Troy : But many Dangers and Fatigues re-  
 “ main Before you triumph there : Those Walls  
 “ contain Numbers of valiant Chiefs, who will  
 “ defend Their Fathers, Wives and Children

(w) He is not sure incapa-  
 ble of Wounds.] The Fable  
 of *Achilles* being vulnerable  
 only in the Heel, and that  
 all the rest of his Body was  
 incapable of a Wound, was  
 not known in *Homer*’s time ;  
 nor had our Poet been over-  
 forward in giving in to a  
 Fiction which wou’d have  
 dishonour’d his Hero.

(x) The favour of the Gods  
 is all his Glory.] But the Fa-

vours and Protection of *Jupi-  
 ter* are a more certain Succour  
 than any Man’s own Strength.  
*Agenor* means, that since those  
 great Achievements of *A-  
 chilles* proceed from none but  
*Jupiter*, *Jupiter* may likewise  
 fortifie him too, and give  
 him the Strength necessary  
 for vanquishing *Achilles* :  
 for *Jupiter* favours whom he  
 pleases.



“ to the last, And guard the Ramparts from  
 “ the bold Invader. You, tho’ renown’d for  
 “ Valour and Success, Shall never see that Day,  
 “ but find your Tomb Within these Plains, for  
 “ your last Hour draws near.

He spake, and threw his Spear with all his Force, Which not unactive smote *Achilles’* Leg Below the Knee; the Buskin with the Blow Resounded, but repuls’d the massie Point, For by a God ’twas fram’d: Then *Peleus’* Son Rush’d on his Foe, but *Phæbus* interposing Bore him away, and hid him in a Cloud. Himself, to save the *Trojans* and delude *Achilles*, took *Agenor’s* Shape and Face, And fled before *Achilles*, who pursu’d him Along the Plain to *Xanthus’* Stream; he falter’d, And often feign’d a Weakness in the flight, As if he droop’d, to give *Achilles* hopes Of reaching him at last, and thus diverted By Stratagem his Fury from the *Trojans*.

(y) Whilst stern *Achilles* chac’d him o’er the Field, The flying *Trojans*, glad of their Escape, All crowded to the Walls, and fill’d the Town; Such was their Fear, they staid not till the Troops That lagg’d behind, came up, nor took the Numbers Of those who fell, or those who were return’d: But fast as Fear and Strength to fly could drive them, Pour’d thro’ the Gates, and skulk’d behind the Walls.

(z) While stern *Achilles* [chac’d him o’er the Field.] By this Fiction *Homer* would make his Reader sensible, how dearly Men often pay for their Obstinacy and Vain-Glory. *Achilles*, by being too eager in the Pursuit of the false *Agenor*, gives time to a great number of *Trojans* to escape into the Town, and loses an opportunity of making a great Slaughter among them, and perhaps too of entering himself into the Town with the Runaways.

*The End of the Fourth Volume.*

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